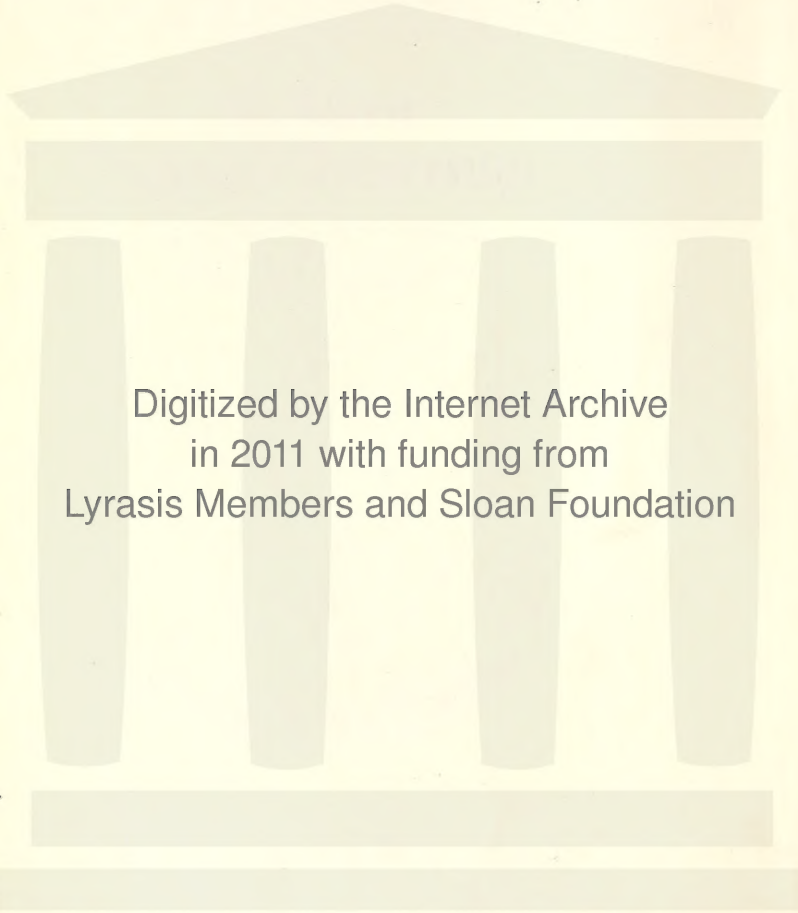


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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1924.

Number 1.

A Welcome.

WE shudder and murmur while climbing
The hill that is winding its way
To the spot where the school bell is chiming,
Pealing out over city's mad fray.

'Tis a call, sharp and stern to duty,
'Tis a farewell to field, flower and brine,
To the laughing of soft, silvan beauty,
Or the land of the sky-reaching pine.

'Tis a swan-song to newly-found treasures
Of friends, who tomorrow may fade,
To the summer's blue ocean of pleasures,
And the waves where we playfully swayed.

She opens her portals and meets us,
A mother with arm's embrace—
Fond welcomes are there, and they greet us,
As schoolward our footsteps we trace.

Once again at the altar we're kneeling,
We prostrate before Jesus' feet,
And His Mother in humble appealing
We pray, as at God's Wisdom Seat.

—MICHAEL F. COLEMAN

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Shipwrecked !

v. 32.

H. J. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp.

AS my vacation was drawing to a close I was in Boston visiting friends. Having travelled by sea during the last forty years approximately thirty thousand miles with no untoward incident to mar my pleasure with the very rare exception of an attack of seasickness, I decided to take the water route to New York City. Accordingly I engaged a stateroom and passage on the *Boston* for Monday evening, July 21. The *Boston* is a magnificent boat about four hundred and two feet long with three decks, and is capable of accommodating 1,080 passengers. She was recently built at a cost of \$1,750,000.

We started promptly at five o'clock, and were due in New York next morning about seven-thirty or eight. We steamed through the harbor and out into the open sea with scarcely a ripple on the water and with a gentle breeze fanning us at the end of a very warm day. At seven forty-five we entered the Cape Cod Canal; for the next hour we watched the scenery on both sides and returned the salutes of the spectators on the banks, waving their handkerchiefs or tooting their horns from automobiles parked in numbers along the roads. Conversation with an officer who had circumnavigated the globe and had visited every important port in it, kept me interested until I felt it was time to retire. A heavy mantle of fog had settled over us and the horn was blown every thirty seconds warning of our whereabouts and of possible danger to craft in adjacent waters. I composed myself to rest, but the sound of the foghorn was no lullaby, and I lay there in my berth, little dreaming that coming events had in them the makings of as great a tragedy as ever coast-wise waters had seen.

The curtain of a great sea drama was about to rise. At eleven forty-two a tremendous crash, followed by a fearful grinding and tearing which shook the ship like a leaf, convinced me that a mighty vessel had collided with us and that my place was on deck. The voice of an officer was heard in the corridors: "*Dress quickly and put on your lifebelts.*" Instantly the vessel was in an uproar. Scantily dressed passengers rushed out to find the extent of the damage and to enter the lifeboats as soon as they should be lowered. But the excitement speedily died down. Men went about dispelling fears and assuring the timid and affrighted that radio messages had been

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flashed along the coast and that vessels were already on the way to the rescue; they endeavored to inspire a confidence that they themselves did not feel. Naturally I inquired if any one had been injured. I was taken to Deck C where an officer had been posted at a stateroom. On informing him that I was a Catholic clergyman, I was admitted, and found the front and rear walls of the cabin almost crushed together with a woman—Mrs. Oscar Green, a former actress recently married to a Brooklyn theatre manager and just returning from her honeymoon—doubled up between them in so narrow a space that she could not be extricated. She apparently had suffered instant death. I gave her conditional absolution and started out to look for other victims. The neighboring doors could not be opened, so I made a slight detour at the end of the corridor, and came to a gaping hole rising twenty feet high from slightly above the water line and so wide that it had wiped out two sets of four staterooms with the corridor between them. Two petty officers on guard directed my attention to the hanging arm of one man and the head of another—the brothers Chlemm—and I gave them, too, the benefit of the Church's ministrations in the case of sudden death. A fourth victim, Charles L. Copeland, of Brookline, Mass., was pinned down in agony beneath steel walls and was released only to lapse into unconsciousness and die of his injuries.

Returning to my own stateroom, I secured my breviary and railroad clergy certificate. I found the passengers calm and collected, the men encouraging, the women resignedly awaiting developments. Though the thought of impending death occupied the minds of all, they gave little sign beyond the trembling of the lips freighted with earnest prayer. Some came to me for absolution, and I gave it.

Noticing that many shoeless and hatless passengers had hastened from their cabins with coats covering their pajamas, we urged them to dress more comfortably so that they might not suffer from approaching exposure. One man was conspicuous in union suit, life-belt and panama hat. By the time they got into the boats nearly all had listened to wholesome advice and had taken necessary precautions.

The grimness of the situation was relieved with touches of the humorous. A portable phonograph was carried on deck, and feet kept time to the popular negro melody, "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No Mo'." Elsewhere an irrepressible youth cheered his companions by humming, "Pack up Your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile."

When the captain had ordered the life boats to be lowered, the nervous hands of colored stewards fumbled with the boatfalls when once the small craft had been swung out on the davits. Kinks developed in the new cables, and pulleys failed to work. More expert hands amongst the passengers cheerfully smoothed out the tangles and lowered the first boat to the sea below, forty-five minutes after the accident. The rule of the sea: "Women and children first, men last," was observed to the letter. When I saw the admirable order that reigned and contrasted it with reports that I had read of other mishaps, I marveled at the fortitude and courage of women and men alike in the presence of danger with the grim figure of Death hovering over them. For water had burst into the engine rooms and extinguished the fires; the foghorn and siren that might have warned off an approaching monster of the deep from running us down, had gone silent from lack of steam; the dynamos had ceased to work, and we were absolutely in the dark save for what feeble and ghostly light radiated from a half dozen lanterns and passengers' flashlights; lastly, our stricken ship was listing very noticeably to her injured side. Yet no screaming men and women rushed wildly up and down the decks, no gang of brutes shoved men and women and children indiscriminately aside, to be the first to leap into the lifeboats; no challenging officers, revolver in hand, held back a surging mob; no orchestra was called upon to play, "Nearer, My God to Thee." There was no rush, no elbowing; all awaited their turn with less eagerness than is often shown to board an excursion train or boat for a holiday outing.

The women were handed down to boats six feet above the sea level, and when the allotted forty-two had taken their seats, they were lowered and shoved off to a safe distance to await a rescuing ship. The men, all on the starboard side with the exception of a few whose wives refused to be parted from them, climbed down the cables, hand under hand and with gripping knees, to the wave-tossed boats below. I was amongst the last. I found myself safely ensconced with two others in the stern. A colored steward, lantern in hand, issued orders to two rowers—one a colored gentleman who a few hours previously had cultivated successfully the culinary art in the kitchen, and the other a passenger who, for want of a better, volunteered to dip and feather an oar in our distress. But, ridiculous as it seems, nearly everyone interfered with contradictory orders; some were for clinging close to the abandoned vessel that they might more surely be picked up, and others more wisely urged that we should

withdraw to a safe distance so that if the *Boston* foundered we might not be sucked into the raging whirlpool which her sinking would develop. The advice of the saner element prevailed. We floated about for two hours, peering through the heavy fog for an approaching vessel that might run us down and keeping a strict watch lest sister boats might collide with ours. At two forty-five we discerned a light at a distance and pulled toward it. A cheery voice hailed us with a welcome invitation to come on board. We clumsily climbed up a rope ladder and found ourselves safe on the tanker, the *Swift Arrow*, that had almost consigned us to a watery grave but now provided us with a foothold firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. Hot coffee was freely served to the ladies and children. Every arriving boat increased our numbers, and united husbands, wives and children, dearer to one another after the brief but eventful parting. Experiences were exchanged, and the circumstances of the collision discussed. S. K. Paige, of Worcester, Mass., said that he woke up suddenly to find himself looking at the protruding bow of the tanker, which pinned him down until the mass of steel withdrew from his cabin. Another passenger told us that he was getting ready to turn in to his berth when he saw his dressing bag fall through a big hole which had mysteriously appeared in the floor. He lost no time in getting to a place of safety. One boat was occupied exclusively by ladies. They had to pull the oars. For a long time they were kept busy bailing out incoming water; in their boat, as in others, the insertion of rain plugs had been overlooked in the hurry to get away from the helpless vessel.

From discussing experiences we turned to inquiries as to the cause of the accident and the circumstances that followed. The information we gained was afterwards supplemented from reports from the chief officers. It seems that in the dense fog, about four miles off Point Judith, the *Boston* had narrowly missed running into a schooner. She had slowed down as she distinctly heard the warning signal of an adjacent vessel. The latter proved to be the *Swift Arrow*, a steel-clad tanker four hundred and sixty-two feet long, laden with 76,000 barrels of oil. She was on the port bow and was expected to pass under the *Boston's* stern. Through a confusion of signals the *Boston's* officers were under the impression that the *Swift Arrow* had decided to pass under their bow, and immediately ordered the machinery to be reversed. Captain Gomez, on the tanker, gave similar orders, but the orders came too late, and her sharp prow

caught the passenger vessel squarely amidships and crashed almost half way through her. So violent was the impact and so interlocked was the prow in the buckling steel of the staterooms that a huge portion of it was torn away in the effort to draw apart. In placing the blame, the United States local Steamboat Inspection Board will have a knotty problem to solve.

Captain Call, solicitous for the safety of his passengers, inspected the damage done, and seeing that his boat was helpless, megaphoned to the *Swift Arrow*, "I want you to stand by and take my people off this boat." Then he ordered the watertight doors in the bulkheads to be closed, the life boats to be lowered and the passengers to board them.

The mast stay on the *Boston* to which the wireless antennae were attached, was smashed in the collision, and thirty minutes elapsed before a workable wireless set could flash its signals of distress. At twelve-twenty, the *Priscilla*, thirty-five miles away and just off New London, received the message and responded that she would hasten to the rescue. Almost regardless of danger she put on full steam, and when she neared the scene of the disaster, she wirelessly: "Keep your whistle blowing; we cannot locate you," and she received the answer from our radio operator, E. H. Walters: "We can not whistle; our fires are out; be careful when you get close; passengers are all around in small boats." Soon the searchlights of several vessels probed the darkness; they were so many beacons guiding to safety.

At four-thirty we were transferred, 526 in number, to the *Priscilla*. Two wooden ladders were braced to the upper rail on the first deck for our convenience. As our boat leaped and swayed, we climbed up and were warmly received with helping hand-clasps of welcoming officers. The dining room was largely patronized; coffee, rolls and butter put us very much at our ease. Passengers who had slept the night through generously placed their staterooms at our disposal, an offer that was as gladly accepted as it was generously proffered. As the fog lifted and the day dawned we scanned the horizon for the *Boston*; we discerned her being towed towards Newport by the *Commonwealth* and two mine sweepers, the *Teal* and *Bobolink*.

When we arrived at New York, a number of anxious relatives lined Pier 14, to greet survivors or to make inquiries about the missing. Every figure was carefully scanned as we came down the gang-

way. Joy or disappointment was reflected on every face as the last of us treaded our way through the passage kept open for us by lines of policemen. Jacob and Mrs. Silbert, parents of Mrs. Oscar Green, had received a message that she was coming by the *Priscilla*. When the last passenger had disembarked, in answer to their inquiries, a word of hope and comfort was on every lip, but when they left the wharf their hopes were turned into the most poignant grief for the afternoon papers in glaring headlines told the sad news which no traveler had the courage to impart.

We had been notified before quitting the *Boston* to leave our baggage in our staterooms as it would prove exceedingly embarrassing on board the life boats. On Thursday morning we found it neatly and systematically arranged according to stateroom numbers on Pier 19. Piles of men's and ladies' hats attracted attention. As minutes wore away, each one recognized his belongings, duly made a report to the clerk in charge, and proceeded at once to a railroad station to make arrangements for an early departure, thanking God that the *Boston* had been so staunchly built, that she had not been hit below the waterline, that the *Swift Arrow's* machinery had been reversed to modify the terrific violence of the crash, that the sea had been exceptionally calm beneath the heavy pall of a murky fog, and that the passengers had all been picked up and safely landed at points from which they could easily reach their destination.



Baccalaureate Sermon

By V. REV. PATRICK K. COLLINS, LL. D.

* * * * *

When I was a child, I understood as a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away the things of a child."—I. COR. XIII. v. xi.

VERY Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Dear Graduates and Friends:

In studying the life of our Divine Lord, as it is put before us in sacred history, and in the writings of the inspired Evangelists, we find particular stress laid upon His tenderness of heart, His amiability of disposition, His meekness of character, and His compassion for suffering humanity.

"The bruised reed He would not crush, the smoking flax He would not extinguish."

"He was the Lamb of God, and like a lamb, He was led innocently to the slaughter."

"He wept tears at the tomb of Lazarus out of compassion for Martha and Mary, sisters of Lazarus."

But in dwelling intently on these sweet-tempered traits of our Divine Lord, are we not perhaps apt to overlook the sturdiness of His manhood, and His great force of character?

Let us not forget that as Christ is called "The Lamb of God," He is also called "The Lion of the fold of Juda," that if He exhibits the meekness of the Lamb, when led before judges and executioners, He displays the courage of the Lion when He confronts the Scribes and Pharisees, upbraiding them for their incredulity, tearing off their mask of hypocrisy, and exposing them before the public, in all their hideousness and duplicity.

"Ye hypocrites—Ye brood of vipers—Whited Sepulchres fair without, but foul within!"

Those eyes that shed tears of compassion at the grave of Lazarus, flash with indignation, as He denounces the desecration of the Temple. The hand that was habitually raised to bless innocent youth, and repentant sinner, is now lifted to smite the traffickers, and the money-changers who profane the House of God.

"My house is the house of prayer, you have made it a den of thieves."

Tenderness, amiability, meekness, compassion, are not incom-

patible with the highest degree of moral courage, and of manly Christian character. Nay, rather do they serve as a basis, a groundwork for a perseveringly honorable and upright career.

I purpose this morning to speak to you on the subject of Christian Manhood. It is practical for all, but especially for those of you who have, theoretically speaking, completed your studies, and who are about to go forth into the active world to enter upon that calling of life, for which you have spent years in preparation.

The question may here be asked, what is the greatest need of our times for the betterment of Christian society? Is the answer Christian churches? Temples of worship are indeed very necessary. Take away our places of worship, and what would our community be? The construction of elegant, substantial, and well-adorned houses of worship is evidence of the faith, the sacrifice, and the devotion of our people; yet houses of worship are not the most essential requisite of the times. The primitive Christians paid homage to God in the catacombs. Our forefathers of a few hundred years ago adored God under the broad canopy of heaven, in secluded mountain-fastnesses, or in the caves of the earth, and history testifies that they were among the very best of Christians; moreover, what would be the use of churches if we had not worshippers to frequent them?

Is it Christian schools that are most needed? Christian schools are certainly demanded for the preservation of the faith and morals of the rising generation. We know in our parish work that no parish is complete without a school. The recent diocesan drive for funds with which to erect schools, is proof sufficient for us of the great importance of schools, yet schools do not constitute the most essential requisite of the times. There have been periods in history when Christian schools were not tolerated. Their absence, however, was supplied by the heroic struggles of Christian fathers and mothers, who sowed the seeds of faith in the souls of their children and raised up in their homes a generation of God-fearing and law-abiding citizens.

Is it hospitals, or sanitariums that the times call for? Hospitals are indeed the land-marks of Christian civilization. They do not, however, constitute the greatest need of our day. They relieve the misery of only a small portion of a community.

Do the times need majestic and colossal convention halls and auditoriums for national and state gatherings in which to meet?

Last week in the city of Cleveland the national convention of the Republican party, to nominate candidates for the office of president and vice president of our country, was held in a hall that cost over six million dollars. Go back in history to the year 1787, to the city of Philadelphia, where a convention was held to devise the most momentous constitution ever framed for the civil guidance of man, and that convention was held in a common hall, by no means conspicuous for majestic proportion.

What is the greatest need of the times for church men themselves? Is it lordly palaces that are required for our bishops and clergy? External pomp does not increase the influence of bishops, nor augment the dignity of the clergy. "You ought to see what a splendid Episcopal residence we have for our Bishop," said a priest to a brother priest of a neighboring diocese. "And you," replied the other, "should see what a splendid Bishop we have for our Episcopal residence." It is not the residence that ennobles the Bishop, but it is the Bishop that ennobles the residence.

Not lordly mansions, not majestic halls, not hospitals, nor sanitariums, nor schools, nor churches do the times need. Neither is it wealth, nor riches, nor increase of business, nor anything else that is of its nature material; for while these are important, and we, by no means, desire to minimize the part they play, still they remain auxiliaries, and only incidentally do they contribute to the betterment of Christian society.

What then, we ask again, is the greatest need of the times for the betterment of Christian society? We answer: The times demand men, not spineless men, nor men of negative texture, not men who pay more attention to the cut of their clothes and to the color of their neckties, than they do to the cut of their character, and to the color of their souls. What the times need now, and what the future calls for, is men of strong, sturdy Christian character, endowed with the courage of Christian conviction. We need a manhood controlled by conscience, and not by expediency; a manhood directed by principles, and not by popularity; a manhood actuated by a sense of duty, and not by self interest; a manhood swayed by a spirit of patriotism, and not by a desire of political preferment. Above all, we need men who are grounded in Christian faith, ready to defend their convictions in the face of all opposition, censure, and popular

prejudices. In a word, we need today men and women of upright Christian character.

In the great battle of life, true and real success depends upon character. If your character be above reproach, you are always sure to win. You may not attain distinction in the civil, military, political or ecclesiastical walks of life, but the attainment of distinction is not a criterion of genuine success. The true test of ultimate triumph lies in the faithful fulfillment of duty. If you are faithful at the post of duty, which you have embraced, and to which Providence will assign you, no matter what that post may be, you will be successful in life. You will enjoy the testimony of a good conscience, you will merit the esteem of your fellowmen. Above all, you will have the approval of heaven. Your name may not be emblazoned in the fading pages of earthly history, but what is infinitely better, it will be inscribed in the imperishable record of the book of life.

Now this fidelity to duty demands no small measure of Christian virtue. Many a soldier who would fearlessly rush to the cannon's mouth, has quailed before the shafts of ridicule, and the shouts of popular prejudice. The man who calmly fulfills his duty in the face of public clamor, displays a higher courage than the general who leads an army to victory in active battle. Let us mention a few incidents in the way of illustration.

Some of you have, no doubt, read a book entitled "Tom Brown's School Days." George Arthur's noble character is well portrayed in that book. George's mother was a good, pious woman, all that a mother should be. She taught and habituated her son to the practice of Christian virtue. George, before leaving home and entering Rugby college, had the idea of religion well fixed in his mind. He knew that it was not a thing to put off, or lay aside, like a holiday dress, but something to be worn abroad as well as at home. The first night he spent in Rugby, he knelt down at his bedside to say his prayers, as was always his practice before retiring to sleep; the other students who occupied the college dormitory with him, hooted, jeered, and ridiculed him, and even went so far as to throw across the room pillows, and slippers. George paid no attention whatever; he continued on, and finished his prayers. When matters quieted down, the story goes on to say, that George's companions were secretly ashamed of themselves, and in their own hearts, admired, and applauded their

victim to such an extent that George afterwards became the most popular student in the college. On that occasion, George Arthur performed a more heroic act, than had he jumped into a river to rescue a drowning comrade, for in continuing his prayers under such circumstances, he was actuated solely by a sense of duty, whereas in the other, he might have been moved more by the cheers and plaudits of the spectators.

When the Ark of the Covenant was brought to Jerusalem, David in his pious enthusiasm, danced before it. Dancing in those days, as it is now in some countries, was a religious ceremony. David's wife, on beholding him, ridiculed and censured him. David in turn meekly replied, "Before the Lord who chose me I will both dance and play, I will make myself meaner even than I have done, and I will continue to appear little in my own eyes for in so doing I discharge a religious obligation pleasing unto the Lord."

Gregory the Great, commenting on this act of David, observes that the royal Prophet on this occasion performed a more heroic deed than when he slew Goliath or killed the lion, for in smiting the giant, and killing the lion, he overcame his enemy, but in honestly following his conscience and dancing to the Lord, he performed what he believed his duty.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish tribune, accepted in his younger days a challenge to a duel from a gentleman named D'Esterre, whom he killed. In his later years, sobered by religion, and by reflection, he refused a second challenge. Now O'Connell displayed greater manhood in declining the second challenge than engaging in the first, for in consenting to fight, he yielded to a depraved public opinion, and against the voice of his conscience; whilst in refusing the second challenge, he obeyed the dictates of conscience in defiance of the public clamor which branded him a coward.

Robert Wright, who was elected Governor of Maryland in the year 1806, fought three duels, in each of which he reluctantly accepted the challenge, for he was a man of peaceable disposition, but he was unwilling to decline, lest he be branded as a coward. After the third duel, a gentleman friend of his, approaching him, said: "Governor, you must be a very brave man to confront death three times." "Not so," replied the Governor, "any coward can fight a duel, but it takes a man of courage to refuse one and it often takes a man of greater courage to say the words, 'I beg your pardon.'"

From what has been said, it follows that Christian Manhood is nothing more nor less than constant fidelity to conscience, to principle, and to duty. It is a virtue, and like every virtue, it has its opposite vice. Opposed to Christian manhood, is human respect, which consists in this, that a man acts against his own intimate convictions, either because he dreads to give offense to others, or he hopes to win their friendship and good will. The slave of human respect is like the idol mentioned by the Psalmist: "He has eyes, but he sees not; ears, but he hears not; a tongue, but he speaks not"; rather, he sees through others' eyes, he hears through others' ears, he only acts as the mouthpiece of others. He is a mere echo, a reflection, an entirely negative quantity; he tries to please man, which is right, but he does it at the expense of his conscience, which is wrong. The slave of human respect is universally despised. He is odious in the sight of God, because he stifles the heavenly voice of conscience from a servile fear of men, he tries to serve two masters, which our Lord tells us, no man can do. He is odious in the sight of his fellow-men, for how can they respect a man who has not the courage to speak and act up to his honest conviction? He is odious even in his own eyes, because when he looks into his heart, he must acknowledge that he is a coward.

Be not, then, you graduates of today, slaves to human respect, but form your models in accordance with the high ideals put before you in this great school of learning. No matter what career in life you follow, be it lowly or exalted, base your future upon loyalty to conscience, fidelity to principle and obedience to duty. The present occasion is indeed a happy one for graduates, students, and teachers. Although loathe to break the ties that have bound you to your Alma Mater, yet in reaching the goal of your ambitions, in finishing your course of studies, you have a right to feel a satisfaction and joy. Some of you, no doubt, intend to continue along the still higher departments which Duquesne University conducts. Profit by your opportunities here, so that when you complete your course, you will be not only men of education, but men educated right, men of conscience, loyal to God, and men imbued with the true spirit of patriotism, loyal to country.

And now in conclusion, my dear graduates, may the future bring you all the success in life that you hope for. May you bring credit on your Alma Mater, may you bring happiness and joy to your teachers and professors, and may you pass through life, shining examples of true, genuine, Christian Manhood.

In a September Garden.

SUMMER'S amorous days have departed, leaving in the colorful garden the proudest flowers to blossom in all the glory of blue, purple, crimson, and gold. The September skies, clear and blue as the dainty aster or bashful forget-me-not, hints of the destroying frost whose heavy hand will soon lay low the blooms of golden autumn.

The distant hills, veiled in the hazy mists that rise from the restless river, give warning of relentless Winter's advent by the gorgeous coloring of the trees amid the fast disappearing viridescence of their sides,—swelling hills that carry the chain of the Blue Ridge to the western plains. In far-off woods the crows caw aloft. Their hoarse cry, mellowed by distance, harmonizes with the lazy drone of bees and crickets in the garden.

The September wind, with the lingering passion of July, sighing gently, touches the tall straw-flowers, evoking from them a gentle protest as one and all they bow before him. Superb asters, stately dahlias, sweet smelling mignonette, modest marigolds, flaming scarlet sage and queenly zinnias, still bask in the coy smile of the autumn sun. Morning glories with delicate tinted trumpets that greet the early sun with a flare of beauty, cling to fence, posts and trellis work.

At mid-day the air is mild and pleasant, and as the sun sinks lower and lower in the darkening sky its ruddy light is reflected on clouds of gray. Slowly and quietly they ascend the heavens and extinguish the bright silvery light of the brooding Venus. The stars in the west blink and soon hide in the gloom. October rain descends upon the richly arrayed garden and with the aid of the destructive frost, humbles its pride.

—STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25.



Transformation.

DEPARTING Summer, we bid thee adieu,
To nascent buds that were thy pride,
To meadows hearsed in nature's shroud
Crushed by Winter's ruthless stride.

The hills and valleys far and near
Thou hadst decked with lavish hand,
With verdant splendour of earthly charms
That erstwhile graced this barren land.

Thy blossoms flaunting in Summer's day
Have now moved onward to the grave,
To bloom in Celestial gardens
In undulating sequence there to wave.

Pause! Let mortal man take heed
From nature's lesson glean the thought:
Ne'er to strive for earthly gain
That after life avails him naught.

—JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B. '25.



Night.

SABLE night her charm displays
Black her robes, star inlaid,
Many stripes of silver rays—
Quiet night, God-made.

—STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

An Outline of Policy.

THE incoming staff of a college magazine represents a remarkable equation. Its good resolutions are only equaled by its capacity for breaking them a few months later. Its enthusiasm is commensurate with its lassitude along about January. Its division of labor stands for parts of a task than which, quite fortunately, the whole can be no greater, for the bulk of the work is extremely apt to fall upon the shoulders of an energetic, but victimized, minority ere *finis* be written to the final number of the year. We of the Duquesne MONTHLY set ourselves on no pedestal of journalistic virtue this early in the game. It is altogether possible, perhaps even probable, that we, too, may soon succumb to the fascinations and distractions that have lured many, oh, so many, of our predecessors of the scholastic press from the good, old "straight and narrow" to the broad and well-illuminated highway leading fair and full into the limbo of mediocrity, there to await judgment and damnation by the discerning young gentlemen in charge of contemporary exchange pages. But whatever may happen at least we do not enter the field incognizant of the pitfalls that dot our path. If we should stage what is vulgarly known as a "flop", we won't wake up head-achy and ask, "Where are we?" We will merely wake up head-achy. The query will be superfluous. We will be painfully aware of our whereabouts and of precisely why we landed there. As to the accomplishments to which we aspire: It is our ardent hope to make the MONTHLY interesting not only to alumni and students, but the general reader who has never been connected directly with the University. Pursuant to this, we shall

incorporate into the booklet as much live maerial as possible and shall shave to the quick certain departments which at best are but necessary evils to its scheme of existence. We believe that the MONTHLY is intended to be a combination of literary effort and chronicle, the former to include verse, the essay, and fiction; the latter to care for sports and past and future events. Verse of all sorts shall be given free play, for we feel that it lends such color to a publication as no other form of expression can furnish. The essay is rather a ticklish proposition to handle. Had we an Addison in our midst, we would have no worries on the score—provided we discovered that he *was* an Addison. Unfortunately we are not thus favored and must blunder along as ordinary mortals will, running the risk of seeming over-academic in choice of subject and disastrously obtuse or amateurish in treatment of it. We promise, however, to do our utmost to avoid the hackneyed, the radical, and the sensational, and trust that we may achieve some small measure of success as reward for our endeavor. Worthy fiction we shall seek eagerly, but the rambling, pointless, hastily-concocted variety can expect no better fate than a place in one of our nice, new waste-baskets. Truth is undoubtedly stranger than fiction, but it is even stranger than truth how it is that much of our college fiction ever breaks into print. Lastly, in the matter of chronicle we shall attempt to get away as much as we can from dry routine and to offer paragraphs that are palatable as well as informative. Now, gentle reader, you have our entire editorial platform, with planks touching upon every issue that may come before our notice, except perchance those of the Ku Klux Klan and beer and light wines. We invite you to watch our progress. If we amount to anything, congratulate us. If we fail, just poke your head into our holy of holies, shout, "I told you so!" and we'll all join in a hearty laugh at the frailty of human nature.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



Thus the School Year Beginnith !

BY the time this October edition of the MONTHLY shall have been released from the custody of printer and binder, Duquesne will be traveling full blast toward her forty-sixth annual goal. In fact, those whose spheres of activity lie within the Arts and Preparatory Departments have had steam up for several weeks, even as we write. But to strike at the point of this article: Never in our rather lengthy connection with the University have we returned after what persons are wont to describe most inaccurately as "vacation" to discover affairs in so promising a condition. The new buildings, not quite completed when we landed back in 1923, have seen just enough usage to render them familiar and home-like. The campus, under the direction of Brother Ammon and his corps of assistants, is undergoing a process of renovation that is bound to cause favorable comment among visitors during the football season. The grid squad itself, mentored by the redoubtable Mike Shortley, captain of the crack eleven of 1920, and the energetic and capable Frank McDermott of Nanticoke fame, shapes up as the likeliest since the revival of the sport the season after the war. Prospects for basketball, baseball, and tennis, despite the remoteness of the winter and spring campaigns, are exceedingly bright. And best of all, the student body is looking forward to the grind of college life with a keenness and anticipatory relish hitherto unprecedented except possibly at "dear old Siwash". Indeed, one feels almost irresistibly impelled to snatch off one's chapeau, fill one's lungs with elixir of Pittsburgh smoke, and shriek frantically out of sheer autumn-intoxication, "Come on, Dukes! LET'S GO!"

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



National Defense Day.

THE recent test carried out under the supervision of the War Department was a decided success. The "stock-taking" plan has demonstrated quite conclusively that the lesson learned just a few years ago has not been forgotten.

It will be remembered that when the United States entered the World War, although untrained man power was to be had in

limitless force, the organization necessary to take care of it was lacking. Precautions which should have been taken long before that period were then attended to, and, of course, much precious time and money were lost. Our resources were not at all mobilized for conflict. We were unprepared.

Why should this lesson be forgotten?

The War Department is determined that it shall not be forgotten. "The best defense is a good offense." Just as long as Uncle Sam is in a position to take care of his interests, just so long will he command the respect of his neighbors. The idea behind "National Defense Day" plan was a worthy one, and the "tests" were ably and fittingly executed.

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



De Fresh-Hominibus.

THIS is an editorial for Freshmen. It is also about Freshmen. Freshmen are creatures fated to remain in school for a period of one year, after which, if they have been good, they will be promoted to the rank of Sophomores. Freshmen frequently arrive at college with the idea that the good green earth is exclusively their bivalve. By the time they leave they have usually come to the conclusion that they, and not the good green earth, are bivalves. But this latter sally is beside the point. Just now we treat of Freshmen in the earlier and less desirable stage and out of the kindness of our benignant upper-classman's heart we set down certain admonitions which, if heeded, will render Freshmen less Freshmen-like and Duquesne a better place to exist in. Thus, Mr. Freshman:

Please, oh, please, do not fancy that you are doing the University a prodigious favor by matriculating here!

Kindly bear in mind that it is possible that some one connected with the institution, if only one of the ripe experience of a veteran faculty member, might know a thing or two more than you on one subject or another.

Milton has said, "They also serve who only stand and wait," but for young men not yet well acquainted with running a school, it might be best to try working before bossing.

It is not beneath your dignity to soil your hands in assisting this or that project for the advancement of the welfare of school.

And lastly, do not forget the biblical precept, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land."

And now, Mr. Freshman, having absorbed the foregoing, display the great, big, broad spirit. Act according to advice and, when the weary months and seasons have passed by, perhaps you will attain to the excellence even of an upper-classman or a post-graduate student, which is very near perfection, indeed.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



A Day.

'TIS morning and—

Against the hue of a pearly sky
I see a feathered songster fly.
I hear in pain all his plaintive song
As southward bound he wings along.

'Tis mid-day and—

Now gray, or gold in the Autumn rays
Of tinting sun, the fair leaf sways,
Or joins itself in the mirror lake
That gleams resplendent through the brake.

'Tis evening and—

Descending shades, through the chilling air,
Obscure the woodland scenery fair.
And from the cloister's distant halls,
The vesper bell, soft tongued, calls.

—GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25.

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

SEPTEMBER 3, 1924—After the passing of almost two and a half months absence from school work, the toll of the college bell summoned the old gang back to the Hilltop. As usual the first day was spent in handshaking and renewing old acquaintances.

It certainly will be difficult to settle down to serious work. Well, it is not the first time that most of us have returned from a vacation. Since we have undergone the change in former years, it will not take us very long to fall back into hard and serious work.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the university chapel, where also the entire student body assembled. After services, students were assigned to their respective rooms, there to await the command that would officially inaugurate the scholastic season of 1924-1925.

SEPTEMBER 4—That first day spirit of willingness and determination was much in evidence on those scholarly countenances, as Fr. Carroll, sitting at his elevated desk, uttered the initial sentence which marked the introduction of philosophy to the members of the Junior class.

The Junior class of this year seems to be exceptionally large. In regard to the older members, the Seniors, it may be well to wait a few more days before saying anything, since many of them have yet to return from their vacationing points.

SEPTEMBER 5—It won't be long now until we see the boys in action. Football candidates made their first appearance on the campus, and it surely was encouraging to see the large turnout of aspiring young men.

The student body evidently bears signs of being heart and soul in all the work that is being undertaken by our popular coach, Mike Shortley. Mike (as we know him best), a former Duke gridiron luminary, is an unassuming individual possessing a magnetic personality which stamps him among the most popular athletes of Duquesne. You can rest assured that Mike will always have the boys in there hustling, fighting, and striving for the prestige that the Dukes once had on the gridiron.

We have also been fortunate in securing the services of Assistant Coach McDermott who comes to us from Nanticoke, Pa., where he established an enviable reputation by producing winning combinations at the local high school. In a recent conversation I learned that Mac was so popular in that locality that, had he decided to remain there, he would have been accepted as the logical candidate in the next mayoralty fight.

With two such competent men forming our coaching staff, there is no reason in the world why the Dukes should not enjoy a successful season.

SEPTEMBER 6-7—The first week end of school life certainly was appreciated. It seems so hard to get started at once, and thus a little rest now and then helps one become accustomed to the sudden change.

Quite a number of the young men of the Senior class, who for the past few weeks had been spending their time "roughing it" at a Duke camp near the wilds of Butler, Pa., again returned to civilization. If, in the near future, any occasion should arise requiring the services of an efficient cook, it would be well to communicate with "Spike" Monaghan who served rather well in that capacity. All the boys seem to have survived the situation quite well, thus necessitating no need for an investigation of his ability.

SEPTEMBER 8—The feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M. found the students attending High Mass in the college chapel.

Father Carroll was obliged to take a few moments from our philosophy class to extend his greetings to some of the Seniors who happened to be making their debut in class. It certainly was a hearty reception.

Fate dealt a cruel hand to most of the late coming Seniors, by denying them the opportunity of securing a ringside seat. One of the members, through a previous plan with some of his classmates, was to have returned to school for the first time today, but, in his anxiety to lay claim to one of the above mentioned seats, forgot his promise and presented himself in class one day before the "scheduled" time. Perhaps he is a staunch believer in the old saying that, "He who hesitates is lost." However, in accordance with the wager-like promise agreed upon, he has yet to perform what the bet calls for.

SEPTEMBER 9 — The many candidates seeking positions on the Varsity are gradually rounding into the best of shape. It is probable that within a few days Coach Shortley will have the boys scrimmaging

in preparation for the opening game. The material at hand looks exceptionally promising, and it will not be the least bit surprising to see the Dukes finish a very successful season.

"Barney" Appel, importing all the new fads and news which Atlantic City could offer, surprised his classmates this morning by entering the room during philosophy class. At the first available opportunity, we had Barney relate to us the entire doings during his stay at the famous summer resort.

He informs us that he overlooked nothing—not even the annual beauty pageant. He also enjoys the honor of having spoken to Miss Philadelphia, winner of the contest. This came about when she unintentionally dropped her handkerchief, only to have it courteously returned by our own "Sam." It certainly must have been a thrilling moment.

SEPTEMBER 10—We had the pleasure of meeting some of our former students, who paid a visit to the campus to see what was going on. Among the many were "Mike" Cusick, "Johnnie" Joyce, "Joe" Nee, and Heilman, all of whom will, within a few days, pack off to their scholastic duties at St. Vincent's Seminary.

The boys are becoming somewhat impatient and worried from the lack of news concerning the whereabouts of a certain Vitullo. If we remember rightly, this same individual put in a late appearance last year, thus we still have hopes of seeing his rotund features in the near future.

SEPTEMBER 11—The senior prefect, Mr. Maron, needs no introduction to the students, for his genial smile was much in evidence on the campus last year, and it worked wonders in the performance of his arduous duties. His assistants, Mr. Smith and Mr. Brady, are new to us. Nevertheless we shall get acquainted with them presently, let us hope, to our mutual enjoyment, for you know that there are two ways of making the acquaintances of these college police.

I had a few words with Mike McNally today, and he laments pursuing the study of Greek. Well, Mike, you are only a freshman, so wait until you have had about four years more of it and then we will talk things over concerning the dropping of Greek.

SEPTEMBER 12—Classes were suspended this afternoon enabling many of the students to participate in the "Defense Day" observances. Needless to say, the student-body unanimously endorsed this day which released them from the confinement of the class room.

While everybody appeared rather serious and interested in Father heard in the rear of the class. Naturally the unfamiliar sound attracted the attention of Father Carroll and also the entire class. Upon investigating we found that "Firpo" Guthrie was administering a morning windup to his Big Ben. Mr. Ford would surely feel humiliated if his cars were to act in a similar manner. A silencer would solve the difficulty, "Firpo."

SEPTEMBER 13—Investigating the reason for all the activity and noise on the campus, I discovered Brother Ammon with a corps of helpers busily engaged in reconstructing the bleachers. Proudly pointing to the work already completed, he volunteered this information: "You can sit, stand, or jump on them now without fear of them collapsing."

SEPTEMBER 15—Elections of the MONTHLY staff for the coming year were held. The editorship was drawn by P. G. Sullivan, of the Senior class. He will be assisted most capably by John E. Monaghan, '25, James F. McCaffrey, '26, and an experienced corps of associates.

SEPTEMBER 16—Father Zabarowki has become the latest addition to the teaching clergy at the University. He was once a student at the Bluff institution and is therefore quite at home with his new surroundings. We all hope that he will find Duquesne an ideal place.

Our friend, Father Bryan, seems to be on the recuperating list. During the summer vacation he had his tonsils removed and with the operation followed a bit of misfortune. After the operation it was discovered that Father Bryan's voice had become somewhat impaired. We notice today that he manages to speak, but with some difficulty. However, let us hope that within a few months he will again be able to address the students in Canevin Hall with his melodious voice.

SEPTEMBER 17 — Besides Guthrie's Big Ben we have Savage's Verner boots which serve the purpose of broadcasting his arrival. His Collegiate shoes, void of any traits of Akron's best known product, broadcast loudly his approach. His chances of ever becoming a Sherlock Holmes are very remote.

The Varsity went through its first hard session of scrimmage, and after a while it looked as though the boys were quite willing to call it a day. The team in general appears to be in the best of condition and, by the time of the opening game, the Dukes will be able

to place a team on the field which will surely carry the colors of Duquesne nobly.

SEPTEMBER 18—The time will soon be at hand when the members of the Junior and Senior classes will welcome their first opportunity of settling their petty arguments. Debates are as a rule unpopular with the students, but, since they fall under the requirements of the English class, they must be given full consideration. The Seniors who are quite confident of administering the first defeat of the year to the Junior class are Bernard Appel and Paul Sullivan. Among the Juniors who are determined to hand out the whitewash are James McCaffrey and Coleman Carroll. William McGarry of the Senior class drew a bye and will act in the capacity of chairman. The date of the affair has yet to be decided upon.

SEPTEMBER 19—Edward ("Beep") Kelly, former member of the Senior class, gave a little farewell party to his classmates at which he announced his intention of entering Pitt. Edward may have hurriedly abandoned us, but he will not be easily forgotten. We wish him great success at the Oakland school.

No delay whatever—as one goes another arrives. Unexpectedly and surprisingly the honorable and original Vitullo made his appearance in room 37. What a grand reception he was given! The new members of the class were trying to make out who this person could be that he should be received with such enthusiasm. Well, as soon as they know our popular "VIT" they will realize fully what it was all about.

SEPTEMBER 22—Strains of music emanating from room 104 announced the first rehearsal of the orchestra. This caused little excitement or comment among the students; yet it was an occasion worthy of notice and consideration, for it marked the inauguration of Mr. Charles B. Weis's forty-third year as professor of music at Duquesne.

Almost half a century has passed since he came in the vigour of young manhood to cast his lot with that of a very small school. To-day, that little institution of learning is a large and rapidly developing university—he is an old and sorely tried man.

Year after year he endeavored to brighten the hours of school life with music, encouragement, and kindly advice, and many are the students who have gone forth from Duquesne bearing as warm a regard for Mr. Weis as for their Alma Mater.

SEPTEMBER 23—The Seniors and Juniors held a little get-together stag affair at the home of "Sam" Appel, and I certainly wish to say that the time which everybody had will be rather hard to forget. As means of entertainment the class secured the services of the renowned Corinthian Six orchestra, while the melodious voice of a certain "Jimmie" McCaffrey added to the occasion.

The feature events of the evening were the rainbow tie which "Roscoe" wore, and the excellent eulogy of a certain individual rendered by "Nig" Savage. In all it was a glorious evening while it lasted.

SEPTEMBER 24—Let us unite and sing a song of praise to honor "Roscoe" Thornton and "Girard" Sullivan for they have yet to be tardy for class. Paul attributes his early arrivals to the recent improved car service, while "Tom" claims that he has invested in a Big Ben which appears to be working wonders with him. I wonder if his Big Ben is any relation to "Firro" Guthrie's rattler!

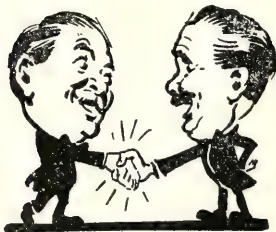
Apology after apology do I owe to my new assistant for having neglected to introduce him sooner to our many readers, but however, being a firm believer of the old saying, "Last but not least," I will proceed to do so at once:

"Jerry" Doran of the Senior class and a musician of repute, has been selected to aid me in the publication of "*Day by Day*," and I must say that a better and more competent helper would have been hard to find.

We are now anxious to secure the service of some student to take charge of the night end of "*Day by Day*." Line forms on the right.

C. J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25.

G. D. DORAN, A. B. '25.





FOOTBALL

The score and ten men who comprise Duquesne's football hope for the current season have practically finished their "roughing up" exercises of early training and are now at the barrier awaiting the gong to start the race for collegiate pigskin honors. Our boys after long gruelling sessions have been moulded into as formidable an aggregation as ever represented the school. Due to a dreary pre-autumnal sun, the days have been rather hazy, giving the candidates an opportunity to take off superfluous weight. Some of the heavyweights put in a howl about Old Sol's demeanor, but to no avail, because Mr. Haymaker insists upon shining forth in all his gleaming splendor. To make the party more interesting, a procession around the campus is held every afternoon at a more or less Charley Paddock gait. The two-hundred-pounders fail to appreciate this part of the program, but believe in being sociable, so they join in the parade. The sons of fleet-footed Mercury enjoy this session. McDonald said that old "Merc" would bow his head in shame if he could only take a glimpse of the varsity sprinters.

But getting down to brass tacks, as Shakespeare would say, the Varsity football outlook for this year is exceedingly bright. In the first place Duquesne has been fortunate in securing the services of two of the best coaches in this vicinity. In Mike Shortley and Francis McDermott, the school on the Hill can boast of a pair inferior to none in the history of the institution, with all due credit to their predecessors in this capacity. Head Coach Shortley, our own "Mike," received his early football knowledge on none other than the same field of which he is now master. Yes, in the days of Morrissey, Zitzman, Obruba and the rest, Mike carried the burden of the attack through the lines of opposing teams. Then he migrated to Catholic U., where he was proclaimed the best quarterback on any Catholic school team. After spending a year at the Capitol Institu-

tion, he drifted back to the Bluff and again joined the ranks on the gridiron. That season was disastrous as far as victories were concerned, because at that time Duquesne was trying to make a comeback in football circles and like all such attempts, the going was rough. Still Coach Shortley, then captain of his team, fought hard in the face of these trying circumstances. The squad suffered reverses of every description but the spirit of the men could not be dampened because they were driven by a dauntless leader. He is the same "Mike" today as he was then, always plugging along with a fearless spirit, and due to his untiring efforts, his perfect knowledge of football tactics, and above all his desire to see Duquesne University now what it was in former years, has given him the power to build a well-balanced, smoothly-running football machine, one which will show the results of his methods of training in the forthcoming games of the year.

His system brings out the best efforts in a man. The boys under him are physically fit for the battles to come, a surprising fact when one considers that they are not obliged to observe the strict discipline of the training table, an important factor in physical training. The fact that the athletes are in condition due only to their desire to be so, is a compliment to their coach and incidentally gives one an idea of how well the mentor is respected. Captain Lee Schneider and his men have a world of confidence in the judgment of Shortley as can be seen when they go through practice in such a willing manner. Lee attributes the wonderful progress made to the perfect harmony between coaches and players.

But when it comes to fighting spirit, Assistant Coach Francis McDermott walks away with the olive-wreath. It is doubtful whether Duquesne ever secured the services of so valuable a man. "Mac" hails from Nanticoke High School where his efforts blossomed forth into teams of championship calibre. It is no wonder that he is successful because his methods make every one under him toe the mark, or else—. There is no indifference connected with his work. When he talks he talks business. McDermott has been taking care of the line and the men whom he coaches realize what hard work on the field really means. Everything is undertaken whole-heartedly. He says, "If you intend to tackle a man, hit him so he doesn't feel like getting up in a hurry." "Hit 'em hard",—that's Mac's motto. The fighting character of this man will mean a great deal to the team this year. His spirit will enliven the hearts of the players when the

tide turns against them; his pep will be the dynamo of the grid machine; he will instill in them that never-say-die spirit. These qualities are outstanding in the make-up of our assistant coach. He has made things hum on the campus and the players seem to have partaken of his spirit because it is remarkable how willing the men are to practice. The other day someone asked while observing the teams in practice, why it was the players were so anxious to get into their togs, trot around the field several times, scrimmage, punt, pass, and run about with so much pep and always eager to work hard? What's the answer? Simply this: that these boys who are representing Duquesne University on the field this season are determined to give their best in order that victory may come to their school. They are fighting hard to perfect themselves for the contests to come so that they may show their gratitude to the two men who have been working patiently with them. Not only that, they are fighting for you—students and alumni! Yes, that the song of victory will come to the throats of all students both past and present. They are striving to bring recognition to your school. Now what say you, students? Are you going to stick with the team? Join the ranks of a real fellow! Sing loud praises of coaches and team! Talk Duquesne football, morning, noon and night! If so, all will be well. First get acquainted with the players and remember them whenever you see them. That's the way to create an interest in your team. Know the men so that you will take individual pleasure in seeing them battle on the field. And you, Alumnus? What are your intentions? Your school has the best team in its history. The most prominent athlete in the country is playing on this year's squad. Pittsburgh hockey fans packed the Garden arena to see Lionel Conacher play. His football ability is not inferior to his hockey playing. If you don't come to the games you will never see him, so—get the spirit and follow the crowd to the games on the Bluff, root your head off, see Duquesne's best carry off the honors on the field, make things hum in that Alumni Association and it will be a banner year for your Alma Mater.

Let's go everybody!!

Here's the schedule; be on time for the kickoffs:

September 27—Broaddus at Duke Field
October 4—Davis and Elkins at Duke Field
October 11—Niagara at Niagara Falls

October 18—Dayton University at Dayton, O. *W. L. C.*
 October 25—Salem at Duke Field *W.*
 November 1—Permanently open
 November 8—Thiel at Greenville ✓
 November 15—Westminster at Duke Field ✓
 November 22—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitsburg, Md. ✓

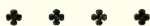
JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B., '26.



Exchanges.

By R. C. GUTHRIE, B. A. '25

IF the Exchange Editor is to be sincere, he must mention the faults as well as the merits of the journals which he surveys. He need not, however, assume the role of one who feels it his duty to protect the public from displeasure and waste of time by exposing worthless works and by bringing to light works of real value, but he should aim to encourage and aid those whose efforts come under his observation. Nevertheless, the Exchanges should not be a reciprocation of compliments. Either extreme is to be avoided. Our policy, then, is to help better other publications and we gratefully appreciate the assistance they in turn may offer us.



THE DIAL:

The June Issue affords its patrons quite a bit of story reading. The introduction of "The Amazing Smile" is rather obscure. There is mention of "smoke" and "fire" which seemingly has no connections with the succeeding paragraphs. Nor could a person of "Bud Dyer's" character arouse much more than sympathy in a girl who had been educated as had been "Jo Ann Bennett." Like "Why Casey Missed the Ball" it resembles too much the type of short story that makes up the magazine page of the daily newspapers. "Isn't

Bee, Betty?" is full of interest and cleverly handled, keeping the reader guessing until the very end when Betty explains things. "Summer Sunsets" deserves its prominent position, possessing the metre that is best adapted to the theme. Let us recommend more effort in the Essay and Editorial Departments.



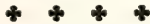
THE DOVE:

After silent admiration of the beauty and taste which mark the cover design, we find from the contents of the June number that we have acted prudently in selecting the book by its cover. The verse of this issue stands out. "The Present Casts Its Shadows" and "Changing Views," though both treating the same theme, *i. e.*, the illusions of life, show a clear insight into the workings of the human heart. But, for metre and grace, the former ranks the latter by far. "A Song of Summer" is a sublime thought beautifully expressed. The essay is in practically every case characterized by simplicity of style which is the greatest asset to clarity and force. Judging from the style of the introductory volume, *The Dove* already holds a place among the best school publications.



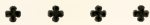
Duquesnicula.

MR. SHERWOOD drank some gasoline at a party last night, and now instead of "hic-ing", he honks.



SHE—Herbert, I can't find my bathing suit anywhere.

HE—See if you've got it on.



SOPH—What is the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe?

FROSH—A canoe tips.

HUSBAND—You fairly take my breath away!

WIFE—I wish I could.



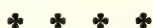
NEWLYWED—My wife and I had our first quarrel this morning.

ROSCOE—Did it amount to much?

NEWLYWED—I think it totaled \$81.50.—*Life*.

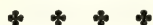


LATEST PUBLICATION: "*The Sleeping Child*," by Samuel Waker.



LADY (to Gardener)—And how is my Sweet William this morning?

GARDENER—Fine, Mam, but how did you know that my name was William?



The laziest man in the world is Appel, who bought a Lizzie so he wouldn't have to shake the ashes off his cigar.



According to Confucius, bankruptcy is putting your money in your hip pocket and letting your creditors take your coat.—*Life*.



FROSH—I saw Jones at the dance last night with some hot stuff on the hip.

SENIOR—A kick in the pants, as it were.



Here lie the bones of Jock MacTavish,
An upright mon, and nowise knavish.
He dined at La Cafe de Beck
With seven friends,—and got the check.



Do your parents know that you smoke a pipe?

No; I want to surprise them.

—*Le Monde Illustre* (Paris)

CALLER: Is your boss busy?

OFFICE BOY: Whatcher want to see him about—golf, booze, or business?

— * * * * *

REVISED QUOTATION: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than merely to have lost."—*Life*.

* * * * *

LITTLE LUCY (to guest) — "Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN—"Yes, dear, very much."

"That's funny, 'cause mother said you haven't any taste."

* * * * *

We know a guy that's so narrow-minded he can pin his ears together in the back.

BUTLER—YEAGLIN



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Number 2.

November.

NOVEMBER'S melancholy days
Drag slowly through a somber haze.

Old mother earth in misty gray
To sad and tearful hours falls prey.

Void now the fields of verdance fair,
Still mournful sorrow's weeping there.

Each year when Autumn's winds have seared
The lovely bloom that Nature reared,

Methinks such transformation fraught
With lessons bounteously taught

By Him to us who wax and wane,
Who die to live with Him again

Eternally in joyful peace
Where boundless blessings never cease.

Rejoice, though cold the world and drear,
It's Author serve in love and fear.

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B., '25.





One Secret of Success.

IN this, our own Twentieth Century of speed and action, we find two very distinct classes of persons comprising the world of commercial activity. One includes men of alert cognoscitive faculties, the other those of a dull and inert nature. The former is the more conspicuous of the two and harbors the frigate of the successful man, while the latter, being the less important part of this duo-version of the business world, contains not those who have been fortunate in their enterprises, but, instead, people who have been unsuccessful because of their listlessness in performing duties to themselves and others. The first mentioned class is an ensemble of men who transform ideas into action, while the members of the second part are satisfied with the mere entertainment of notions in their minds, but seldom act in conformity with the precepts of progress which bid the thinker perform according to his useful thoughts if he is to succeed.

To succeed is to act! Thus reads the slogan of the progressive, of the chap who realizes the necessity of activity in the race to material happiness and prosperity. This type of individual is controlled by an unseen power that instills in him the desire to move forward so that he might pass his competitor on the highway to the summit of achievement. That impetus with which he is endowed enables him to relish the labors and hardships of that troublous journey so that in performing his tasks, in developing a desire for hard work, the active man becomes an untranslatable passage in the minds of his less ambitious contemporaries. They marvel at his undertakings and ask him how he is able to endure such unremitting toil without tiring of its monotony, why he takes delight in contending with difficult problems, and what it is that gives him the urge to strive for all these things. He will no doubt answer that his ambition to become greater impels him to act so. His response may be true and plausible, but ambition alone does not account for his toil. There is that unseen power, that something which drives onward and that something is called, "Initiative".

Initiative is an inclination of the mind forcing the individual possessing it to action. Its fortunate possessor is innately alert on account of it and naturally advances in his particular line of business. He is successful because he acquaints himself with new situations and fights to overcome new difficulties as he forges onward. Due to his restless nature, he grapples with these problems, sometimes emerging victorious, other times failing; but even in failure he is victorious, for when he does not meet with success he makes a more determined resolution to do better in the future, a move to be regarded at least as moral victory.

When the gods have turned against him, your dauntless, driving battler refuses to down. He seeks prosperity in new fields of endeavor. He prepares himself for another joust in the lists of the morrow. He possesses the stamina of the man of courage. Truly he is deserving of the choicest fruits in the garden of his labors. Initiative then, coupled with perserving efforts, is the steed, the lance, the wrought-steel doublet, of the knight of the business kingdom.

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A. B., '26.



Pests.

THERE are pests of every nature
 And pests of every kind;
 Some are long, some short in stature,
 Some are deaf and even blind.
 Pests are found in all the classes;
 They show up in all the sports
 And appear sometimes in masses
 Both at home and at resorts.
 Matters not our course of travel
 Whether here or there we roam
 For the schemes we may unravel
 Merely make them feel at home.
 Just a thought about ourself, though:
 Are we different from the rest?—
 Do we never, ever act so
 As to make ourself a pest?

CHARLES E. McDONALD, A. B., '27.



The Holy Name Parade.

IT seemed as though a Divine Hand was choosing the words of that magnificent sermon. It was a masterpiece, a true work of art, startling in its simplicity and powerful in the thought conveyed; a symphony of sound, blending with that beauty that can come only from a supernatural source. Just as a harmony of colors steals into the eye to delight, so also does the magnificent sermon, the musical voice, steal into the soul, there delicately to bring home a lesson. The sermon was the great Holy Name parade.

Blasé Washington, accustomed to beholding great columns of men moving down Pennsylvania Avenue, sensed something different. That undercurrent of feeling that one might call earnestness puzzled those who did not understand the motive for the demonstration.

Every walk of life was represented 'neath the crimson and blue banners that led each detachment of this "milk white cavalry of Christ." Well groomed, dignified business men, neat, dapper clerks, healthy, clean-cut college youths and, most important of all, the bent and plodding laborer; men from the Scranton anthracite fields, muscular titans from the New York and Philadelphia docks, broad-shouldered youngsters, stooped old toilers from the great mills and foundries of Pittsburgh, stolid but dependable men from the great bituminous coal fields of Central Pennsylvania; they came from the steel districts of Alabama and the great farms and plantations of the South; they rallied from the manufacturing towns throughout Ohio; the clean limbed giants of the Western plains answered the call and joined with those of the East in making it the monster demonstration it was.

I apply the term, most important of all, to the laborers because it was they who were forced to make the greatest sacrifices in order to participate in this mighty public devotion. Some were compelled to lose several nights' rest and then return to work on Monday morning. This was cheerfully endured in order that they might be numbered among the 100,000.

The drizzle of rain that fell unceasingly from 12:30 must have become cognizant of unfavorable reception, for it ceased

about 4:30 and the last hour and a half of the parade enjoyed clear weather. To the spectator this was a boon as it enabled him better to view the stupenduous spectacle.

Standing at the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue and gazing up the broad thoroughfare, one at first could see only the field of blue pennants carried on the shoulders of the marchers. Then one perceived the ranks; then finally individuals became discernable as the eye strayed back to those nearer at hand.

Looking up the Avenue to the Capitol building in the background, I was struck by a similitude: the Capitol standing for national unity and political freedom, the great sermon standing for Catholicity and freedom from the slavery of sin.

As the crimson lees of the fading sunset drained away behind the great dome of the Capitol and the last marcher passed the reviewing stand I breathed a prayer that "some of the sheep who are not of this fold" would receive the grace to be touched by the sermon.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A. B., '26.



The Greatest Play I Ever Saw.

(NOTE:—The following is the 321st of a series of articles on "The Greatest Play I Ever Saw", as related to the writer by the leading football coaches of the United States and Tasmania. The ensuing story is told by Pilford Wump, Pestilential, '39 $\frac{3}{4}$. Mr. Wump was a member of Pestilential's first and foremost gridiron aggregation some years ago in 1828, playing tackle, guard, end, and sprained-back for the honor of old *Alma Mater* for twelve consecutive seasons until barred by the P. D. Q. shortly before his expulsion from college. During his stay at Pestilential he was noted as an exponent of clean, hard athletics. "There is nothing like cleaning up on your opponents, Mr. Wump has frequently declared in his speeches before the International Bible Institute, "and you have to be a hard guy to do it." That "Old Pil", as his classmates were wont affectionately to dub him, was versatile is evidenced by the fact that he was awarded a place upon Walter Damp's All-Agrarian eleven on

no less than eight occasions under the names of Dobbs, Epstein, O'Reilly, Peterson, Schnabelfritz, Del Vecchio, Bootemoff, and Wump, respectively. Since 1878 he has mentored the University of Neurasthenia squad which, during the 46 campaigns of his regime, has been defeated but 487 times and has copped 38 championships of the State of Disintegration. Mr. Wump, though now 126 years of age is as spry and vigorous as the average man of 85, and daily dons the moleskins for practice, taking his place in the line of scrimmage with all the nerve and enthusiasm he displayed when he was known the county over as "Pestilential Plague". He attributes his extraordinary longevity to regular living. "I have never done a day's work in my life," Mr. Wump remarked to the writer, "and I invariably sleep for from 12 to 14 hours between stretches. Yes, my habits are extremely simple. I have been smoking since 1802 and drinking since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. I hope to be at Neurasthenia for the next 55 years at least.")

By Pilford Wump.

IT is quite a coincidence, but the greatest play I ever saw was also the brainiest. I made it myself. It was back in '34.

Good old Pestilential was playing her ancient rival, Synopsis Scientific, in the final game of the year. It was on Thanksgiving which fell on a Thursday that season and a mighty holiday crowd estimated at approximately 982.674 was on hand for the fray. I was captain and the greatest fullback in the history of the school. We had beaten Synopsis eight times in a row, but in '34 the Scientific outfit boasted the fastest eleven she had had since Alexander Hamilton had been shot.

The pre-game dope favored Synopsis, $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$, but old Lucifer Lafcadio Lumley, beloved President of Pestilential, placed plenty of confidence in me and had mortgaged the Physics Laboratory, Freshman Dorm., and the faculty subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly* to lay the coin on Pestilential at the prevailing odds. If we lost, Pestilential would stage her graduation early, about December 5th, and after that there wouldn't be any college a-tall.

Well, we started out O. K., I being in form and running off four touchdowns single-handed in the opening half. But just before the whistle blew to end the second quarter, the Synopsis right tackle bit me in the leg as I went past him on a 96-yard

run. With admirable presence of mind I kicked him in the jaw but the "ref" who was as crooked as they come saw me and put me out of the game, weakening the team to such an extent that Synopsis tallied three touchdowns in four minutes before the period ended.

Seeing right then that dear old Pestilential was in for a wallop unless something should happen that I could get back into the contest, I set myself to thinking. In a flash my agile brain struck a plan. In those days it was customary for football players to wear whiskers instead of shoulder-pads. I myself had a full beard, the finest and most luxuriant in the college. But what was it compared to the honor of dear old *Alma Mater*? Unobserved I sneaked into the dressing-room. With rare presence of mind I laid my course thither past Washington Brown, our faithful darky trainer, picking his razor from his hip-pocket as I passed. It was the work of but a few moments to shave off my whiskers and there I stood before the mirror, a new man.

Rushing back to the field, I called to the "ref" "McGilligan for Snedecker," and took my place in the Pestilential backfield. My mates recognized me as I carried the ball for 40 yards on the initial play, but the "ref" never batted an eye. By that time Synopsis had piled up four more touchdowns. With hope renewed, they battled doggedly, so that with but two minutes left they led by a single touchdown. The best, it seemed that Pestilential could land was a tie—and that meant bye-bye—to the dear old Coll.

But even with the worst staring us in the face, I refused to give up. Pilford Wump still held a card up his sleeve. Synopsis punted to our left half and downed him on our own one-yard line. Only 20 seconds to go! Calling a wide formation invented and perfected by myself, I took the pigskin 11 yards behind the Pestilential goal. Straight forward I dashed to the line. A mighty leap and I grasped the cross-bar of the goal post, swinging far out over the Synopsis line ere dropping to the ground. A well-directed elbow laid a couple of backs flatter than horizontal, and now I was clear of all but the safety man. This chap was easy. "Look out for the airedale," I cried, as he headed toward me on the 50-mark. He looked behind him and I flashed safely past, continuing over the line for 111 yards and the touchdown. I kicked goal as the concluding whistle sounded.

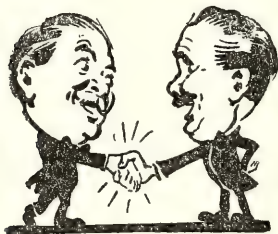
"Tie" shrieked the stands. "Tie," shrieked President Lumley.

"Nix!" I cried, waving a telegram that a uniformed messenger boy delivered at the moment.

I read the wire as the multitude paused in hushed wonderment. "Rules committee at 3:30 P. M. to-day decrees that touchdowns shall now be counted as five points instead of four as previously. J. Smytheton-Jones, Chairman."

"The last touchdown before my 111 yard run was made before this new ruling went into effect," I shouted. "Pestilential cops by one point!" The mob went mad, particularly the Synopsis section. They started for me. I also started. When the riot was over and the dust had cleared 36 Synopticans were down with heart failure from over-running. I was still half-a-mile ahead. Pestilential had won!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B., '25.



Evening.

The sun sinks low in the golden west,
 Deep shadows gather in the dell;
 Gilded are tree-tops and lofty crest;
 Trembles the note of a distant bell
 On the quiet air, and evening rest
 Descends with the toll of the vibrant knell.

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B., '25.



To One's Liking.

DONALD HASTINGS sat slouched in a great, over-stuffed arm chair, gazing steadfastly into the low-burning embers in his drawing-room fire-place. A neglected cigar gave evidence of his distraction as meditatively he strove to ameliorate the discontent of his troubled heart. A rich man's son he was, a parasite of wealth, and that was all.

It was no difficult matter to retrace the twenty-five years of his carefree life, a life well-guarded from the rebuffs and hardships of the world. His present manner of living suggested nothing but the monotonous pursuit of vain and selfish pleasure in aristocratic social circles. So unreal, so unnatural was it all that the very thought disgusted him. Yet a reflection upon his childhood days seemed to awaken fond and tender memories of the unalloyed happiness of simplicity and contentment.

Don had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The plains of Arizona that had claimed his youth were now asserting the right of possession and beckoning him to follow. He loved the land of the sinking sun. The far-reaching plains, the graceful slopes, the climate, the atmosphere, all seemed to blend harmoniously with the natural setting of Hastings' life drama. He felt that now he had reached that stage of his career where a final decision must be made on the question that meant for him happiness or the reverse. Would he satisfy that instinctive craving for a life in the great open spaces with its romance, thrill and adventure or would he, like his father, sacrifice those blessings merely to know and to experience the power and influence of wealth? No! This was not the life for a man who bore the blood of sturdy pioneers in his veins. It was monotonous, it was aimless. But to forsake it, to renounce the pleasures to which he had grown accustomed required almost superhuman determination.

* * * * *

The last rays of a golden sun pierced the encircling dusk shades that heralded approaching night, as a traveler, clad in

khaki, toiled doggedly but cheerfully up the last stretch of a long journey. A smile that seemingly refreshed feelings of reminiscence, of precious memories rising out of the past, crept gently over his face. Here and there he began to distinguish familiar landmarks with which he readily connected various incidents of his childhood days. The road he traveled was narrow and well-hidden, winding upward in graceful ascent, and carpeted with a soft dust that lay under the shadowy thickets of bushes and trees.

"Well, back again to the old homestead," Don found himself saying half aloud.

"I wonder how Wagners are making out on dad's old farm?" Then, "I presume the Banes are as friendly as ever with all the neighbors." He mused to himself, as again the path before him arrested his attention: "Thirteen years since I last traveled this road. Time has certainly been kind to it. Even the trees, the birds, the thickets have been safeguarded for my return."

A thickening came into Don's throat, his heart beat a little faster as a sharp turn in the road revealed a little white cottage that looked out proudly over its hundred acres. Don's quickened pace soon brought him into the very shadow of what had once been to him "home". For some time he stood in reverence at his shrine, silently observing and admiring its charm, when the door opened and the cheerful voice of Mrs. Wagner rang out in surprise, "Well, if it isn't Donald Hastings. Come in, Don, I recognized you the moment I laid eyes on you, although it is well nigh twelve years since I seen you last." "Indeed it is and then some," replied Don good humoredly.

Once inside, the Wagners submerged their guest under an avalanche of questions that he strove vainly to answer. At last he stated his intention of residing permanently in the West and perhaps of making an offer for his old home.

When the dinner dishes had been cleared away, topics for discussion were again in order, the conversation concerning mainly the affairs of the neighborhood. "How is Betty Bane?" Don forced himself to ask, for the mere mention of Betty's name seemed to awaken in him the tender memories of youthful romance.

"Betty has grown into a fine young lady," replied Mrs. Wagner.

"And with a sweet word for everyone," added her spouse in his countryman's drawl.

"Is she married yet," persisted Don somewhat anxiously.

"No, not yet," assured a quartette of voices.

The reply seemed to set Don's heart at ease, for he spent the rest of the evening in contemplation, spoke only when spoken to, and finally lapsed into an indifference that was almost boorish and seemed to invite a "snap-out-of-it" from the host.

At last Don came back to earth, glanced at his watch, and announced the time as ten-thirty (past midnight on any farm). The remark was at once taken up by all as a signal to retire, Mrs. Wagner being already some few notches in the shades of Morpheus. Time was taken out for yawning, after which the survivors of a rural Saturnalia retired in haste.

* * * * *

Don tossed restlessly in bed. Somehow the enthusiasm that had prompted him to leave the luxuries and comforts of dear old New York had not so easily returned in Hopperville, Arizona. At that moment he would have given practically anything for a cigarette. He thought of 'phoning for a carton, but abruptly reflected that there was no 'phone. Refusing to walk a mile—or ten miles—for a Camel, he decided to remain smokeless.

The thought of Betty Bane refused to be dismissed, and although Don felt an infatuation for her growing more and more intense, the idea of augmenting the ranks of the benedicts was another question that to him seemed less inviting.

Climbing out of bed in nervous confusion he began blindly to grope for an elusive electric button when a misplaced foot-stool caused him to trip and fall heavily to the floor. The violence of the jolt set the contents of the room in vibration, an alarm clock pealed out an insistent melody from the mantel-piece and Don opened his eyes to see the last flare of light gleam from the dying embers of a parlor fire-place.

"Glad its only a dream," mused Don, "I think I'll stick to the East for the rest of my life."

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B., '25.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Election.

WE have read somewhere that there are six regularly-nominated gentlemen running for the office of President of these United States. We have forgotten quite completely the names of three of them, together with those of the parties which they happen to represent, though we believe that one of the aspirants carries the catsup-hued banner of Socialism. Thus you, gentle reader, may glean that we are no political Roger Babson, that we have not played "rail-bird" by clocking the entries in their trial heats for the cross-country steeple-chase to Washington, and that we know no more of the inside details of the threatened election than does the average upright citizen. We are not setting out to tell you who is going to win. We have our opinion, but there is no need of expressing it. If we did so and you agreed, it would do neither of us much good; if it chanced to be at variance with your conviction, it would make no difference to you anyway, and you'd probably put us down as of very inferior judgment. Further, we hesitate to square the nation off into checker-board sections and to inform the world that Mr. So-and-so has the Pacific Coast sewed up in his vest pocket, but that he is regarded in the East in rather the same light as the dread and insidious halitosis. We'd hate to lay a wager on the exact solidity of the Solid South and we're sure we would be forced to register extreme doubt if asked to point out to whose girth the Corn and Wheat Belts will eventually be adjusted. We offer the following more or less cogent paragraphs merely as a resume

of matters on the battle's eve. They stand for our own private impressions and are to be valued only as such.

Calvin Coolidge is the typical Yankee Republican. As many of us are already aware, he is the present chief executive—has been, in fact, since the death of President Harding a little over a year ago. Persons living near the White House declare that he has proven an exceedingly quiet tenant. His habits are moderate, his policies, conservative. He has been criticized aplenty for not doing this or that and it is likely that he would have been criticized even more severely had he done either. Coolidge inherited a trying situation and however little his enemies may credit him with having improved it, few have been so brazen as to assert that he has made it worse. He is not a man who shines brilliantly before the public. He is neither golfer nor dog-fancier. He is evidently an exponent of that sage bit of counsel, "Make haste slowly." If Cal falls into a pit, it will probably be because some one has pushed him.

John W. Davis, of West Virginia, resembles Coolidge in that he is a "regular" party man. There the similarity ceases. The Mountaineer is a staunch Democrat. Whether or not he is staunch enough to favor personally the League of Nations is problematical. He has come out with a vitriolic denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan, but as our benighted brethren of the Fiery Cross were overwhelmingly defeated in their own Texan stronghold by "Ma" Ferguson, avowed enemy of "Hundred-Per-Cent-Americanism", it is hardly to be imagined that Davis will be repudiated in the invariably Democratic states beneath the Mason-Dixon Line on account of his pronounced sentiments on Kleagles, Klaverns, and Kut-throats. The New Dominion's favorite son has been adjudged sufficiently capable and prominent to be selected for the presidency of the American Bar Association, which also may mean something.

Robert La Follette, "Fighting Bob", lacks the support of a party organization; but that means nothing to the gentleman from Wisconsin. He's used to it. He has been characterized as a radical. He isn't one. La Follette is a progressive. The Socialists have endorsed him, but he can't

help that. One doesn't blame a cinema star for receiving unsolicited mash notes. La Follette has been ridiculed and reviled time and time again for the introduction of bills and laws that were later adopted and proven highly practicable. He is no demagogue, but he is too wild a proposition for the powers of either Republicanism or Democracy to handle. Unfortunately, though, should La Follette be elected, it is most likely that he would be harried and heckled constantly by a hostile congress so that, whatever his efforts for good, they would be largely nullified by legislators who might find it to the advantage of themselves and their parties to cast the President into a bad light.

And there they are. You pay your money and you take your choice !

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



Sportsmanship and Sports.

HOW splendid the amateur ! How sordid the professional ! So seems the gist of modern attitude toward those who participate in the great athletic pastimes of the day. Yet :

The American Davis Cup Committee discarded the picturesque and well-beloved "Little Bill" Johnston from the 1924 Challenge Round singles competition despite the fact that he was a foregone certainty to triumph over both Patterson and Wood, the Australian invaders. It was argued by those in charge that young Vincent Richards boasted a slightly better record than Johnston for the summer. This point was open to debate, but there was no question of "Little Bill's" ability to defeat the Anzacs. Still, though Johnston had been virtually assured of a place in the man-to-man contests, Richards was awarded the honor and to the Californian was left a portion of bitterness, disappointment, and humiliation. And Johnston had not only traveled half-way 'round the world to bring back the trophy to the United States in 1920, but he had been a mainstay in our defense of it for the

three ensuing years. Such is the gratitude of princes—ha, ha !

Over in New York, John J. McGraw holds forth, monarch of all he surveys and mighty solon of the ever-so-commercialized sport of baseball. Employed about the Polo Grounds, where the Giants have just won their fourth consecutive championship, are various grizzled old chaps who hold pretty warm spots in their hearts for the "Little Napoleon". They are veterans of the game who have out-lived their usefulness as players and who failed, perhaps, in their palmy days to appreciate the necessity of providing for a less glittering future. McGraw might have read them a lecture and remarked, "I told you so," when they came to him in after years for help. But he didn't. Instead he remembered the fashion in which they had given of their best for his club in decades gone by and made it his business to see that they are cared for now that age has dimmed their eyes and removed them from the field of combat. John Joseph McGraw is a *big* man.

The contrast between the foregoing examples is striking, possibly too striking. They may be exceptions, even, that only prove a converse rule. Anyway we cannot help thinking of the ancient verse :

" There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us ! "

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.




Election Day Obligations.

DUE to the efficient work of the "Get-Out-the-Vote" Committee there can exist but little doubt that each citizen has had ample opportunity to register. Now that this is an event of the past, it remains for the voter to cast his ballot on November fourth.

Many important issues are to be settled at the polls this

Fall. The campaign has been unusually heated, owing to the fact perhaps, that a Third Party candidate is in the race. Mr. La Follette has added an uncertain quantity to the problem of election. Regardless of the outcome of the balloting, there is another matter which is of vital consequence to the people of the United States. There is a tendency on the part of too many persons to expect someone else to shoulder burdens which are properly their own. This is most noticeable on Election Day when so many fail to exercise their Right of Franchise. Those who are qualified to vote and, who through negligence, fail to do so, are generally the first to complain of the very conditions which they refused to remedy. They have lost sight of the all-important fact that the ballot is the most powerful instrument in the hands of the people.

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, A. B., '25.



DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

SEPTEMBER 25—Messrs. Strobel and Boggs addressed the members of the senior class of the college department, explaining the object and activities of the Duquesne University Club and inviting the graduating class to become members of that organization.

They have to speak on the same subject again, and were extended a hearty invitation to do so by the class which enjoys all talks and incidentally the recesses from class work which they necessitate.

SEPT. 26—A mass meeting was called during the noon recess to practice yells, to strengthen school spirit, and to arouse the enthusiasm of the student body for the opening gridiron battle of the season.

SEPT. 27—Dukes in their initial pigskin tilt failed to register a tally against their opponents. We might say, however, that honors were even, as Broaddus College also left the field without having scored. The final whistle found the count at 0-0.

The Dukes had their best opportunity to score when they found themselves within two yards of the enemy's line; it seemed though, that the employment of anything but the opportune play was responsible for the 'Varsity's failure to cross the goal.

An exceptionally large crowd was on hand to greet the Bluffites in their inaugural tilt, and the majority of the fans returned home that evening rather disappointed and dissatisfied by the showing of our squad. Here's hoping the 'Varsity will come through with a score and a win in its next tussle!

SEPT. 29—Rain—Rain—Rain! Torrents of it.

There were no lagging feet plodding up the hill this morning. Indeed the deluge seemed to sweep the students along before it and into the buildings.

The School of Accounts began the scholastic year to-day. If there was any joy in the expression of the students' faces this morning it was hidden under an umbrella. Canevin Hall is now completely filled.

Among the many new faces in the Accounting school we notice one that should add considerable sunshine to that department. According to Keefer and Savage she has already become the most popular student in the university. Imagine how the scholars of the Arts Department envy their fellow students of the School of Accounts!

SEPT. 30—The Very Reverend President read the September notes to the classes in attendance during that month.

Each class received a warm reception this morning on reporting for recitations. The air had a tingling sharpness to it to-day, and long before the bell sounded for studies heat had been turned into the radiators.

A member of the Junior class when asked recently to give a philosophical explanation in class failed to employ his thinking faculties properly. Father Carroll, losing his patience and genial smile remarked, "Your head is for two things—to hold your hat up and your collar down!"

OCTOBER 1—After hotly contested balloting the following officers were elected to represent their respective classes: Charles J. Cherdini, Senior; Coleman F. Carroll, Junior; James T. Philpott, Sophomore; Raymond A. Berg, Freshman.

Besides a good football squad, the Dukes proudly boast in the following players: Beck, Jimmy Kelly, Duffy, and Galardi,

one of the finest and most up-to-date "beef trusts" in or around the tri-state section. Their weight in money would boost any school financially.

OCT. 2—Classes were interrupted, enabling the students to go to confession in the university chapel in preparation for the first Friday of the month. Savage still clings to his well-known war cry, "He can become an Irishman at any time he desires."

OCT. 3—The students received Communion in a body at the 8 o'clock Mass in the chapel. After which they broke their fast in the cafeteria where Father Danner's perpetual smile and the savory food provided fitted them well for the toil of the day.

I received a letter from our dear friend, Father Mack, who informs me that he is getting along rather well in the State of Wisconsin. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends.

The 'Varsity has been practicing faithfully throughout the week and it is its aim to prove to the fans and followers of the team that it is capable of playing better ball than it displayed against Broaddus last week. A rather hard battle faces it to-morrow. Let us hope that it will emerge victorious.

OCT. 4—Displaying a brand of football which differed greatly from that of last week, the Dukes held the heavy and much more experienced Davis-Elkins outfit to a scoreless tie. As the visitors made their appearance on the field the spectators were in doubt as to whether the 'Varsity was playing Nebraska or Davis-Elkins. It is true that our squad boasts of a "beef trust". Yet the West Virginians took the money when it came down to the question of avoidrupois.

It seems that our warriors are unable to score; but we are at least content when we consider that they have yet to be scored upon or defeated. It gives us a distinction which our neighboring colleges cannot enjoy.

OCT. 6—"Bob" Murphy made his first attempt at smoking at Noroski's party when he bravely puffed away on an "El Verso". Since then we have learned that he has become a strong supporter of the anti-tobacco league. You can rest assured that he will be one student who will never smoke before reaching Forbes Street.

OCT. 7—The college students attended Mass in the chapel where they also enjoyed an interesting and instructive address given by the Very Reverend President.

During English class Father Carroll informed the students that October 8th was the anniversary of Cardinal Newman's birth, a great day in the world of literature. Hardly had he finished speaking when a courageous student uttered "Half day". Yes, we did expect it, but we are still waiting.

OCT. 8—Mike McNally has been appointed student manager of the baseball team for the 1925 season. He is a popular boy and somewhat of an athlete himself, having performed on the gridiron during his high school days.

OCT. 9—"I'll meet you at the Dugout." I heard this said so frequently among the students that I really decided to investigate for myself. I discovered that the so-called "Dugout", which is located on Locust Street, directly opposite the gymnasium, served the purpose of a coffee and chocolate house, such as Sir Richard Steele mentions in his work, *The Tatler*, where the students gather to transact their affairs. It is there also that Butler gets so many of his jokes, and Murphy his cigars.

OCT. 10—The Sophomore class of the Arts department has announced that on Tuesday, November 18, at Duquesne Council House, it will hold its first dance of the year. At the present moment they are trying to secure a first-class orchestra, so that quite a time is in store for those aiming to be on hand that evening.

OCT. 11—After two successive tie games the Dukes traveled to Buffalo where they handed the strong Niagara University a 13-12 setback. Conacher, our sterling fullback, was credited with two touchdowns, while Dan Rooney dropped one between the bars for the other point.

The Dukes are gradually rounding into a well-balanced combination, and at the rate they are going right now they should tuck a few more victories under their belts ere the curtain be rung down.

OCT. 12—In the initial debate of the year the Seniors found themselves defending their laurels against the Juniors. The argument over which both parties temporarily laid aside their friendship was: "Resolved, That Senator La Follette's plan to limit the powers of the judicial department is for the betterment of the nation. "On the affirmative side we found Appel and Paul Sullivan of the Senior class, while McCaffrey and Carroll of the Junior class upheld the negative side of the proposition.

After the smoke had cleared away and peace reigned once more in the auditorium, we learned that the verdict of the judges favored the affirmative side, thus enabling the Seniors to march out with the cream-puffs, while the Juniors were forced to be content with the coffee-cake.

During the course of the debate, I took occasion to notice with interest that the debaters paid considerable attention to a pitcher resting on the table around which they were seated. Really I do not mean to insinuate that suspicion prevailed among the audience as to the contents of the receptacle; still the spirit and eloquence that the speakers manifested after imbibing was certainly worthy of notice. Perhaps the pitcher was entirely innocent. In the future, however, it would not be surprising to find many students volunteering their services for debate merely to solve the existing mystery.

OCT. 14—Father Retka, a former member of Duquesne's faculty, paid us a farewell visit before his departure for the distant fields of Poland, where he has been placed in charge of the new Holy Ghost Mission House. After Mass he addressed the students in the chapel, thanking them for the help they had given and asking to be remembered in their prayers.

CHERDINI—DORAN.



THE DRAMA *and* SUCH

THE PURPLE COW.

It is with interest that one watches the initial effort of the newly-formed Musical Comedy Guild unfold itself. Gelett Burgess and Carolyn Wells have elaborated the germ of an idea contained in Mr. Burgess' noted quatrain,

"I've never seen a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you here and now,
I'd rather see than be one!"

and have built thereon the structure of a very pointed, but withal exceedingly incoherent, phantasy. The plot, if such it may be called, deals with the usual jaded "society" folk who seek novelty and relief from the hum-drum whirl.

Through the kindly offices of a runaway monkey upon which the power of speech has been bestowed by the installation of parrot-glands, the boys and girls learn of an enchanted island where no one is permitted to take himself or herself seriously. Off they hie in the invention of the handsome young gardener, Victor, and eventually, with the monkey as pilot, they descend on the "Island of the Purple Cow". There they are met by the charming Princess Nesla and a rascally Gilbert-and-Sullivan high-priest, Powdowdy. The queen of the island, it seems, has been changed into a purple cow for having regarded herself too seriously, and only Powdowdy is supposed to be able to interpret her grunts and so forth. Naturally Powdowdy aims to turn this fact to his advantage by declaring that it is the queen's wish that Princess Nesla marry him. This runs riot with the plans of Victor and the princess who have meanwhile fallen in love with each other, so that it is up to the gorgeous gardener to do things to Powdowdy. Here again the monkey comes in, stealing the high priest's treasured book of magic and giving it to Victor. Our hero finds that the only way in which to bring her majesty back to normalcy is by making her see herself as others see her. This is accomplished by holding a mirror before her. Upon seeing herself the queen laughs and is immediately restored to her original identity. Thus the idea is thrust home to us that we who hold exaggerated opinions of ourselves are merely so many purple cows and that once we have seen how ridiculous we look to others we will get sense and be human.

The lines of "The Purple Cow" are rather mediocre, but there are several bits of music that deserve mention, particularly "The Magical Isle" and "Long Live Her Royal Bovine Highness". Edward L. Helms is responsible for the score and may rank it an achievement. Gertrude Vanderbilt, as "Oval", a young matron, is amusing and clever. Dorothy Francis in the role of the Princess, sings well, and Joseph Harper Macaulay endows the wayward "Powdowdy" with a pleasing baritone and a delicious stage-sardonic laugh. Considering the rambling nature of the play, the production of it is genuinely meritorious. We may look to even better things from the Gulid, however, when superior vehicles shall have been offered it.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Failure to mention Jane Cowl's interpretation of the immortal "Juliet" as perhaps the most splendid bit of artistry to come under our observation during the past several months would be to sin grievously by omission. Our word can scarcely be taken as an authority upon the doings of the "Montagues" and the "Capulets", for, alas, the modern stage seems more inclined to favor the production of the reeking drivel of certain gutter-pup realists than to bend its energy toward the perfection of the Shakesperian drama. Hence in the brief span since our youthful self has joined the play-going body politic, creditable versions of "Romeo and Juliet" have been exceedingly few and discouragingly far between. Miss Cowl, however, at least to us whose acquaintance with the "divine tragedy" is but newly-formed, was a charming and beautiful revelation. Not only was she typically suited to our preconceived idea of the part, but her indubitably remarkable histrionic ability brought out in finely-chiselled relief the very human character of the love-stricken daughter of the house of Capulet, probing its every possibility, searching out the deep, dim, fiery recesses of the heart of a maid of feudal days.

An extremely capable cast supported Miss Cowl. Rollo Peters, endowing "Romeo" with youth and a rather pleasing profile, registered a most favorable impression here throughout the engagement. Mr. Peters looks not unlike Valentino, which costs him nothing in the estimation of matinee audiences. His delivery was at times a trifle fast, which may be attributed to the passionate earnestness required to lend conviction to various scenes; but on the whole he was excellent. John Crawley merits special mention for his "Friar Laurence", which a veteran student of the theatre pronounced to us the best seen in Pittsburgh in the many years of his experience. Charles Brokaw as the debonair and courageous "Mercutio" scored a genuine success and Milton Pope portrayed the hunchback servant, "Peter", with rare perception and delicious humor.

Mr. Peters adds further laurels to his crown by virtue of his designing of the scenery and costumes, neither of which can be classed as hardships on the eye. Director Frank Reicher has displayed unusual nicety of taste in staging the production and Max Bendix has arranged most appropriate incidental music. By all means see "Romeo and Juliet".

THE MIRACLE.

One has scarcely been to New York within the past year unless one has taken advantage of the opportunity to witness Morris Gest's production of Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle" at the Century Theatre. This splendidly impressive dramatization of an old Rhenish legend of the Blessed Virgin is epoch-making in the annals of the American stage, not only by virtue of the minutely perfected detail of its settings—the entire theatre was remodeled to represent the interior of a mediaeval cathedral,—not merely because of the originality of the theme, but mainly because of the remarkable attention Messrs. Gest and Reinhardt have given to interpreting the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. True it is, that the atmosphere created by the players falls somewhat short of that to be found in the actual ministrations of religion; but so true to life are the surroundings, so familiar the hymns and chants of invisible choirs, that one lacks little of feeling oneself present at a festival of centuries gone by.

The story is unfolded entirely by pantomime, thus necessitating the reading of a brief synopsis of events if one is to keep track of the trend of action. The tale has to do with the youthful Sister Megildis who, upon the day of her entrance into the convent, falls in love with a young knight and elopes with him from the cloister. Sister Megildis was to have been Sacristan at the Cathedral, wherein is enshrined a miraculous image of the Virgin, and it is while she maintains her first nocturnal vigil before Our Lady's statue that the knight arrives and carries her off. The knight is killed by a robber count and Megildis is seized. There follow for her seven years of wandering and misery until at last, on Christmas eve, she finds herself, freezing and in despair, at the door of the Cathedral. Entering in, she casts herself before the image of the Virgin and implores forgiveness. To her amazement she finds at her feet the habit of her order which she had taken off and left behind her on her departure years before. Excitedly she dons the veil and prays again. This time she drifts off into peaceful slumber. On Christmas morn the nuns arrive early at the Cathedral for Mass, and Megildis, upon being awakened, turns to flee in shame. But the sisters greet her as if she had never been away. For seven years, unknown to all, the Mother of God had performed the duties of Sacristan in the place of the wayward child who had followed a will-o'-the-wisp almost to destruction; and now this same Mother of the understanding heart was ready and waiting with the forgiveness

and comfort ever the portion of the contrite and repentant sinner!

Lady Diana Manners, in the difficult and exacting role of the Madonna, was a portrait from the brush of an old master. Lyoff Bulgakoff imparted more than a touch of artistry to the fanciful Piper, whose miraculous cure is the indirect cause of all the trouble. Rosamond Pinchot injects just a bit too much of the Russian Ballet into her portrayal of Megildis, but otherwise leaves naught to be criticized. It is very much of a pity that the nature of "The Miracle" precludes the possibility of its being staged effectively without changing practically the entire interior of the playhouse in which it is put on. As we go to press the Cleveland Municipal Auditorium is being arranged to harbor it. It might be well for those who wish to behold the Reinhardt and Gest achievement to journey to the Ohio metropolis to do so, for it is doubtful if Pittsburgh will be included in its itinerary.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B., '25.



Thooch=Am=Pagne.

Gin—gerly groping,
Wine—ing old toper,
Whisk—ey-eyed moper,
Ale—ing old Jack;
Rye—eld, indignant,
Port—er malignant,
Stout—ly is hoping
Beer—will come back!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B., '25.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

SINCE our last issue of this column dedicated to Olympian Zeus, the 'Varsity has engaged in three contests, emerging from each unscathed by the mar of defeat. The opening game witnessed a band of tanned warriors hailing from the hills where the moon always shines, determined to lower the colors of Duquesne. Broaddus College from Phillipi, W. Va., sent a troupe of huskies in our midst to engage in *le mors combat*. Engage they did, but the Bluffites gave them all the opposition they wished and then some. The first quarter showed the real strength of the Dukes as Conacher, giant home fullback, made repeated gains through the opposing defense; but to the surprise of the large crowd present the charges of Shortley suddenly slowed up and the remaining three quarters were devoid of anything that resembled real football. Something was wrong, the team wasn't hitting on all eight. The best crowd of three seasons lapsed into a sort of coma while gazing at a most listless exhibition. Perhaps the teams were too evenly matched for either of them to make impressive gains; but notwithstanding, sweeping end run plays A LA Notre Dame could have been tried instead of the uninteresting line-plunging. The days of massacre football are about over. Speed is the word now. With a backfield such as the locals boasted in the Broaddus game, any number of successful end runs could have been torn off by our fleet backs; but the play was not called so it couldn't be executed. The brightest part of the game was the punting of Lionel Conacher. The Dukes should have won, but the Fates ruled otherwise, and the score read 0-0.

The squad benefitted by its mistakes in the first game, and when it trotted on the field to play Davis-Elkins in the second contest it seemed rejuvenated. The opening exhibition effected a drastic change in the line-up of the second tilt. The line was bolstered by the addition of big Jim Kelly and the reliable Dan Rooney was elected to call signals from a half-back position! Our friends, Tiny Graff, Eddie Klein and Bennie Cohen, made up the personnel of the backfield. Conacher was saved for the impending Niagara battle and watched the game from the bench. With Dan "callin' em", this new combination gave a splendid exhibition of prowess. The Davis-Elkins crew, coached by Nuss of W. & J., was given a betting edge and predictions warranted a President victory, but the Duke line was impregnable. The highly-touted Mountaineers gave up the thought of line-plunging

after they had hit the stone-wall of the Dukes a few times. Jim Kelly and Beck surely "piled 'em up" when an Elkins rush came in their direction, while on the other side of the line "Pappy" and Duffy tried to outdo their team-mates by "piling 'em even higher." Petey Caslin, like the Prefects of Discipline, was everywhere. He smashed play after play in his customary Lawrenceville fashion. When Pete tackled, they stayed tackled. The Duke's center seems to have an uncanny instinct for analyzing enemy formations, for he manages invariably to be exactly where the play is directed. The same can be said of Dan Rooney. On the defense this erstwhile Duke star of a famed athletic family was in on almost every tackle. He was here, there, and everywhere, injecting spirit into his mates, giving them much-needed encouragement against their heavier opponents. There is no sympathy for a "Swan Song" singer, but truly the Hill-toppers deserved to win this game. In the first half, due to Rooney's generalship, the ball was carried to the Davis-Elkins four-yard line. It was fourth down and two to go when the Crimson-jerseyed line braced and Duquesne failed to negotiate the necessary yardage. Again in the second half the Red and Blue marched from her own twenty-yard line to the West Virginians' ten-yard mark, by a series of terminal sweeps and short passes, only to lose the ball again. In these drives the Duke backfield worked brilliantly. The quartet, Rooney, Klein, Cohen and Graff made repeated gains by running the ends, a play rendered conspicuous by its absence in the curtain-raiser with Broadus—the broken field running of Graff and the line-plunging of the veterans Klein and Cohen brought numerous bursts of applause from the student section. The team, fighting till the last, withstood the aerial barrage launched by the visitors in the last quarter. The game ended in another scoreless tie.

Incidentally, a word about the cheering. The cheer leaders and the students who attended the game must be complimented upon their good work. At no time did they lapse, but cheered, cheered, and cheered. A surprising difference could be noticed in the Duke team when it started that long march down the field. It was the spirit shown by the students that enabled the members of the eleven to fight so desperately. The players realized the fact that the students were with them, and they showed their appreciation by smashing the Davis-Elkins line to shreds.

The squad, instilled with this same spirit, traveled to the city of the Falls and played Niagara University. The previous

Saturday the Empire staters had held Cornell to twenty-five points. 'Most everyone except the players themselves expected to see Duquesne beaten. Strengthened by the addition of Conacher, the Red and Blue team fought hard, however, and came out of the struggle on top by the slim margin of one point. The score, 13 to 12, does not indicate the real superiority of the victors. Our boys battered the Buffalonians all over the field. Conacher and Rooney carried the brunt of the attack. The tall Canadian accounted for both Duquesne touchdowns, while Dan brought victory to his school by booting one of his two drop-kick attempts between the uprights. The home team was completely outclassed by the brand of football displayed by the Smoketown citizens, being quite unable to cope with the all-around play of the Duke star, Conacher. The entire team performed in commendable style, offsetting a dangerous attack launched in the last quarter by the Niagara squad. The tactics of Coaches Shortley and McDermott are proving beneficial to the success of this year's 'Varsity. Keep up the good work! We're right with you!

PICK-UPS.

Charles (Chick) Davis is to succeed Bill Campbell as 'Varsity Basketball Coach. Davis comes with an enviable reputation acquired in this line of sport. Much is expected of him.

Roy O'Donovan, Johnny Serbin, Lou Allman and, of course, our famous Captain Chuck Cherdini, all stars of last year, are in school anxiously awaiting the first call for floor practice.

The outlook for this year's team is exceedingly bright, due to a wealth of new material. The new men who have come to Duquesne as past luminaries in their respective schools are the following: Schrading of Grove City, Duvall of Wilkinsburg High, Augie Brukoff and Nat Moll, who both performed for Fifth Avenue High, and numerous other lights of the court.

JAMES F. MCCAFFREY, A. B., '26.

C. S. M. C.

In a recent issue of *The Shield*, it is asked, "By what standard are we to judge the qualities of a Crusade Unit?" And the answer is given, "Not by its power of raising money, not by its great display of activities, but by its knowledge of the true purpose and method of the Crusade and by the honest effort it makes to realize the end for which the movement came into

being." Such will be the purpose of the Father Simon Unit for 1924-1925. A new year is before the Unit and it is well to look forward. New opportunities of furthering the work of the Crusade lie ahead. The Unit, if it is to live up to its reputation of the past, must rouse its dormant spirit. The Father Simon Unit has always been classed as "live", and if it is to continue to be so characterized, it is necessary for us to pull harder than ever to achieve things worth while.

The coming year promises to be a busy one for Pittsburgh Crusaders. At the last meeting of the Local Conference, ways and means of arousing enthusiasm were discussed. General opinion seemed to favor another pageant or a project of like nature. A lecture system, by which Senior students would go around to various Units of the Conference, speaking at their "pep" meetings, was proposed. Continuance of the inter-unit debates was brought up for consideration and quite a tilt of words resulted. The Father Simon Unit cannot lag behind in these affairs. We have the duty of upholding Duquesne in the Crusade, and we must not fail. Your support, your co-operation, together with that of the 400,000 students all over the country, will sound a note of challenge and courage, bound to bring victory to the banner of Christ. Duquesne must not hold back in this noble work. "God wills it!"

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

THE School of Accounts has opened for the year with a record attendance, both in the day and evening classes. Many old faces have returned to pursue the theories and practices of modern business, and can be seen mingling with the new in Canevin Hall. The large Freshman class necessitated a division in order to insure better instruction. This department, starting from a humble beginning in 1922, has grown to one of the largest in Duquesne, and has taken a position among the leading schools of business administration in the country.

Aside from the scholastic duties, the social season was inaugurated by the Gamma Phi Fraternity at a Columbus Day dance held at the Knights of Columbus hall. The hop was a great success and the members and students are eager for the next. The Students' Association has again become active. Numerous delightful entertainments will be held under its

auspices. Every student in the School of Accounts is a member of the Students' Association. The directors of the Association are elected annually by their respective classes.

Freshman Rules, as formulated and adopted by the Tribunal and class directors of 1923-24, were put into effect Monday, October 20th. Any infractions of the rules contained therein will be dealt with accordingly.

Class officers were elected Friday, October 10, for the ensuing year. In the School of Accounts, the system of student government has been functioning for some time. Mr. Moran reports that the work accomplished is very encouraging, especially in matters of discipline and decorum in the class-rooms and corridors. It is the theory of Mr. Moran that student government places a sense of responsibility upon every student; that each student is responsible for the conduct of the class. This eliminates "policing", a procedure that is obnoxious to faculty and students. Considering each student a gentleman and treating him as such has been the keynote of the success of student government in the School of Accounts.

HENRY X. O'BRIEN, B. S. in E., '26.

Exchanges.

HAVING by this time shaken off the lethargy of the vacation "daze" we are now more deeply immersed in our scholastic responsibilities. We plunge with zest into our task and regard the work of our department as not so much an irksome necessity as a sincere appraisal of the efforts of our fellow publishers. But alas! no doubt, like our own, the initial number of the vast majority of the papers before us has been produced hurriedly, more as a work of requisition than a work of art. On investigation, however, we find that quality is more essential than quantity and, as we delve into the contents of the crisp pile of journals on hand, our former animation returns.

ST. JOHN'S RECORD.

We greet with pleasure the early receipt of the *Record*. The October issue impresses us singularly with the smooth rapidity evident in the style of several of its writers. "The Rapids" readily elicited our commendation. The rhythmic flow of the verse vividly conjures in the mind a realistic picture of the bubbling streamlet trickling along; swelling into a mad torrent;

rushing on for a time in its precipitous race, and gradually quieting down into a placid stretch of limpid waters, paralleling the course of all things in nature. "The Conversion of the English" is indicative of the author's potential genius. It beautifully and truthfully narrates the conversion to, falling away from, and re-conversion to the Faith of the English race. The religious sentiment running throughout excites the finer emotions of the reader. "Tagalong" is indeed a forceful description and its deep pathetic tone wins one sympathy. As a closing comment, let us recommend that an occasional work of a faculty member, aside from being a somewhat silent confession of our own mediocrity, lends a polished tone to the journal that makes up, in some degrees, for our own weak student attempts.

R. C. GUTHRIE, B. A., '25.

Alumni.

WE are pleased to announce the return of Father Theodore Schultz to the Pittsburgh diocese. After his graduation in 1910, he studied Theology at St. Mary's, Baltimore, at which college his ordination took place. His superiors, recognizing his ability sent him to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., to continue his studies. Upon the completion of his post-graduate course, he was overtaken by ill-health, which has long kept him in the West, where his ministries stamped him as one of the most splendid young clergymen in the country to-day. We welcome him most heartily to the city of his birth and trust that his stay may be long and blessed.

DR. M. F. WALSH, recently graduated by the Pitt Dentistry Department, has opened an office in the Washington Trust Building, at 931 Fifth Avenue. We wish him the splendid success which favored him in his college days.

DR. SLASKI, newly-graduated chiropodist, has recently arrived from Chicago. He will gladly receive our students at the Hirsch Building, 339 Fifth Avenue.

RAYMOND M. MARLIER, one of Pittsburgh's most promising young architects, announces the removal of his office to 1001 Empire Building. Our felicitations upon the expansion of his business which has necessitated the change.

ANYONE having seen D. W. Griffith's "White Rose" was most certainly impressed with its accompanying musical pro-

gramme. Joseph C. Breil, its composer, has earned well our congratulations upon so great an achievement; incidentally we appreciate him more as the composer of our *Alma Mater*.

B. A. SCIOTTO, former crack backstop of the Bluff outfit, is to-day a full-fledged attorney. He is located at 632 Philadelphia Street, Indiana, Pa. We are certain that his energy and resourcefulness as an athlete will assert itself in the practice of his chosen profession.

JOSEPH MCINTYRE, is to-day known as Father Bede in the Franciscan Order, having been ordained in Jersey City the latter part of August. We trust that his future days will be marked by great achievement.

FATHER HALBA, long desirous of missionary work, is hastening toward the African Missions. He has been assigned to Zanzibar, where his characteristic zeal and vigilance can but mean the surrender of many neglected souls to the banners of Christendom.

ARMAND CINGOLANI of basketball fame, recently graduated from our Law Department, has departed for his home town, Butler, Pa., to begin the practice of his profession, taking with him our heartiest wishes for a brilliant future.

COY HARRISON, another floor star, is temporarily a physical director under city employment. We fancy that he contemplates matrimony as his recent engagement would indicate.

PAUL MCCRORY visited us last month to look over the football squad. Though still convalescing from ill-health, he has not lost that blithe temperament so characteristic of him.

OF last year's Pre-Medics, Vincent Simpson and Joseph Meier have matriculated in the Georgetown Medical College, while Conlon and Reckley have registered at the Electic Medical School, Columbus, Ohio.

OF last year's A. B.'s, Nee, Schramm and Beck have entered the Theological Seminary at St. Vincent's; others have entered our Law School, and still others have embraced the teaching profession.

BERNARD J. APPEL, A. B., '25.



Duquesnicula.

"The landlady threw my best coat and trousers out into the street."

"What did you do?"

"I followed suit."

"Do angels have wings, mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, when is nursie going to fly, 'cause daddy called her an angel?"

"To-morrow, darling."

"Will ye hae a drink?" inquired the Scot.

"Thanks," replied the Saxon, "I think I will."

"Aye," said the Scot disgustedly, "I thought ye looked that sort."

FIRPO: "Why couldn't they play cards on the ark?"

CHUCK: "Easy. Noah sat on the deck."

"Are you sure," asked the old woman, "that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?"

"Positive, ma'am," answered the florist, "if it doesn't, bring it back."

ANDY: "Why is a rat like hay?"

GUMP: "Because the cat'll eat it."

FLIP: "What rose is born to blush unseen?"

FLOP: "Negroes."

PROF.: "How would you classify telephone-operating—business or profession?"

STEWED: "Neither, it's a calling."

A lawyer must be a restless sleeper; he lies first on one side and then on the other.

PHI: "Why is a hen immortal?"

GAM: "Because her son never sets."

CO: "We girls are having a contest to see which one can go out with the most fellows this year."

ED: "Is that so? Who's in the lead?"

CO: "Well, I'm about ten laps ahead." *Michigan Gargoyle.*

HUBBY: "I've waited an hour for you."

WIFF: "But I said I'd be five minutes late." *Life.*

There's many a true word spoken through false teeth.

"Can I see Mrs. B?" asked the reporter.

"She's out, sir."

"One of the family then?"

"All out, sir."

"You had a fire here last night?"

"It's out too, sir."

TO THE THIN: "Don't eat fast!"

TO THE FAT: "Don't eat--Fast!"

MR. BROWN: "Who was that lady I saw you with yesterday?"

MR. BLACK: "Oh, that was my wife. My stenographer is on her vacation."

"All my life I've been unfortunate. When still a child, I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it?"

"That actress is a glutton for publicity."

"What has she done now?"

"Shot her press agent."

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Christmas Morn.

Ring, chimes, ring
Silvery notes from your several throats.
Fling, chimes, fling
Peace unto men as the angels did when
Christ was born!

Swing, chimes, swing,
Toll forth in praise with antiphonal lays.
Sing, chimes, sing,
Join with the choir Seraphs form 'round your spire
Christmas Day!

Bring, chimes, bring
Grace from above with His blessing and love.
Wing, chimes, wing
Thanks to the One Who sent His own son,
Christ, our Lord!

—GERALD D. DORAN, A.B. '25

The Psychology of Santa Claus.

AMERICA has canonized Santa Claus. From the icy fastnesses of Alaska to the orange groves of Florida the families of our country have become his suppliants. No longer is Christmas considered primarily the birthday of Christ. Progress has been too swift. Christmas is now the day upon which Santa Claus gives presents to the children. Gone are the days when the "crib" was the pride of every child. Our modern youngsters go to see Santa Claus at one of the department stores.

A person who has reached that stage of life which entitles him to parade the title of adult treats Santa Claus as a harmless and rather jolly creation of the fancy, and his veneration, as a babyish custom, unique in its way, it is true, but quite absent from the lives of those who have seen the last of perhaps their ninth year. And so it is. Revered and honored by all, Santa Claus is laughed off as the harmless cajoler of children, while the psychological effect of his being is forgotten.

The American child passes his youth in the expectation of Santa Claus. From the first Christmas when a new rattle finds its way into his cradle, until the time when the tricycle and bicycle drop from the sky into his possession, his existence is a long tenure of office in the kingdom of Santa Claus. His whole policy, is "I'll wait till Christmas and then I'll get something." And so it is that the first thought of the American child is a sneaking feeling that if he waits long enough something will turn up.

That feeling has become the spirit of the vast majority of Americans. Despite the early realization of the mythological character of Santa Claus, this spirit is not changed, for the youth still relies on the hope that the kindness of others will be his redemption. Today ninety-eight out of every hundred people are waiting for something to happen. The result is that the control of our country's wealth has passed into the hands of two per cent. of the people. While the average citizen sits by the wayside and waits for Santa Claus to come along, a few energetic individuals hasten on the road to success, and capture the resources of the nation. The psychology of Santa Claus has been the dominating factor in the success of the minority.

People growl and rail at the capitalists, but fail to realize that when their own time to act had arrived, they were waiting for something good to turn up. Most people fail to comprehend that the only way to get ahead, is to do the work themselves. A hundred men

can hope for success year in and year out, but it is the individual who works so hard that he hasn't time to hope, who opens the door to prosperity.

America has become a land of "watch-and-wait" men, ruled by a band of "work-and-do" men. Santa Claus has been an important link in the chain that has engendered capitalism, and the jovial fantasy of children's brains has done his work thoroughly and well.

—PATRICK W. RICE, '26



Pax Hominibus

Stars twinkle merrily
 In sky of purple hue,
 Silvery gleam nightly
 O'er fields a-spark with dew.

Shepherds watch dreamily
 Flocks by pallid light—
 Lo! the heavens brightly
 Ope to wondrous sight.

Blanch'd, the feeble flicker,
 Shines a brilliant star;
 Strains rain celestial
 In notes of gold, afar.

Cherubs chant joyously,
 "Christ, the Lord, is born!"
 Shepherds kneel devoutly
 To greet the hallow'd morn.

In a stable lowly
 Lies the Child Divine—
 Jesus, Infant Saviour,
 All the world be thine!

—STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A.B. '25.

My Brother.

THERE is about the Christmas season a cheeriness that finds its way into the hearts of almost everyone, guiding not only internal actions, but also directing the relations of the individual to fellow members of society. The spirit of peace, the peace which the world cannot give, is the impelling force behind this good will to men.

The term "almost everyone" is used with forethought, since John Walsh would have hesitated before admitting such sentiments had found place in his heart; not that he was one in whom the milk of human kindness had soured, but rather was his indecision about his own feelings in regard to Christmastime due to the small part played by him in a drama which began, and, strangely, had its conclusion around the Christmas season.

When attempting to analyze the feelings he found in himself at this time of year, he always came back to the point from which he started—the strange influence exercised over him by David King. He knew David had had no inkling of this, and he had always tried to avoid acknowledgement of it even to himself, thinking it to be a confession of an intangible sort of weakness. But since David's death he had brought himself to the admission of the existence of an influence which he attributed to—well, one had to know King as he had known him, pass through dangers with him as he had done while in France, and finally to have seen the agony of soul in his eyes as from parched, foam-flecked lips he breathed his prayer for forgiveness. These things happening to anyone, argued John Walsh with himself, would bring about those mingled sentiments of joy and sorrow and a certain sense of loss and gain, for he could not, he admitted despairingly, classify them otherwise.

* * * *

The twenty-third of December is a date indelibly stamped on the mind of John Walsh, for it was on that evening the event took place, that was to remain forever in his memory.

Christmas weather to delight poet or painter was paying its annual visit to the thriving western metropolis in which John Walsh had been born, and in which he had always lived, except for the interim spent at law school and his service in the army.

As he stood gazing out the window at the swirling flakes, watching their fantastic darts and eddies as playful gusts of the wind caught and whirled them on their downward course, his mind went back to the scenes of two years previous. "Let's see," he mused

aloud, "About this time—Oh, yes! Dave and I were on leave in Paris. We spent the week before Christmas buying gifts for the folks back home. What did we do on this same evening?" He smiled as he considered this. "Getting old and sentimental trying to recall this stuff, but what did we do? Two days before Christmas. I remember now! Had dinner at one of those queer little restaurants with the big price lists, that dot the Montmartre district. Dave called it his bachelor dinner, since he was to be married to Marion Cowden, that pretty little society blonde who crossed as an ambulance driver. Reminds me, the letter Dave sent telling of her death last spring certainly sounded as though the old boy was broken up about it. Well, in a short time we can talk over all the happenings; he promised to be here either today or tomorrow."

His musings were interrupted by the ringing of the phone. Going over to the instrument he lifted the receiver and heard a voice inquire, "Mr. John Walsh"? "Yes," he answered. "Good Samaritan Hospital speaking; there was a Mr. David King brought in a half hour ago, he has asked for you. It is best that you come at once." There was a click as the connection was broken. For a brief second on grasping the news John's brain became numb. As he heard the click, he worked the transmitter hook frantically, while his mind blindly asked, "How badly is he hurt"? The racing of his thoughts was interrupted by the impersonal "Number please" of the operator. Replacing the receiver he stood staring blankly for a moment. Then in a mad rush, he threw on his coat, snatched up his hat and dashed for the garage which stood next to the house.

In a few minutes he was speeding toward the Riverview section of the city, where the hospital was located. The howling winds that whipped the snow around the car were but a picture of his blindly groping mind as madly he conjectured the extent of David's injuries. His lips could only murmur, "God, please let him live."

He arrived at the hospital and was taken by a nurse to the room in which David lay. The nurse paused at the door. "He has relapsed into unconsciousness," she whispered, "but the doctors think he will come to shortly." She opened the door. He broke past her and rushed to the bed. Falling to his knees he seized the hand of the sufferer who lay tossing, and moaning, "John, John!"

As he held the hand the watcher was conscious of a strange sense of calm. The feeling seemed to pass to David, for he grew quiet. Ere long John became aware of the presence of three doctors who were conversing in low tones. One of them, seeing the ques-

tion in his eyes, drew him aside. "Not a chance," he said kindly. "Just a matter of hours. The cab in which he was riding was struck by a street car. The driver of the cab was killed and your friend sustained a fracture of the skull and serious internal injuries."

Returning to the bedside, John waited and prayed for David to regain consciousness. "If only he might speak a word," he thought.

It was not until about three o'clock, though, that there appeared at last a look of recognition in the eyes of the injured man.

"My brother," came the greeting, through the parched, pain-twisted lips. John's eyes filled with tears at the familiar greeting. "Guess I'm about finished this time." A spasm of pain disfigured the pallid face and left the brow glistening with moisture. "You'll find my Rosary in my trousers; bring it to me. Now lift me higher." As John complied with King's request, a shudder passed through the body of the stricken man, and the brown eyes clouded. But an indomitable will fought back the assault of death as David clutched the beads to his heart, breathing desperately, it seemed, a final prayer. Soon he steadied, however, and began quite intelligibly.

"John, I've got quite a story to tell you. God alone knows how I hate to tell it to one whose opinion I value more than that of any one else on earth. My prayer is that you will do this favor which I shall ask of you and that this act of mine, bad as it was, won't live as a monument in your heart."

"Never, Dave, I——" protested John passionately. But he was interrupted by a gentle smile that told him he was understood.

"It's an old story," went on David, "this sin against brother, and in my case, it has been all the more bitter because I have never had the courage to confess it.

"I have a younger brother, Arthur, who is, or was, something of an artist. I believe I mentioned this to you before. He was sent to Europe by my father, to complete his studies, while I was taken into my father's bank. My brother became involved in several bad mixups and after these escapades father was in a state of anxiety as to what he would do next.

"One day we received information from Paris to the effect that Arthur, in a brawl, had killed a fellow student. My father, never a strong man, died a few days later, while I was making arrangements to go to my brother. The doctor attributed his death to apoplexy, but—well, I knew.

"Just as I was about to start for Europe I received word that the student had been merely injured and that they were sending my brother home.

"About this time I was caught in a bad financial jam. Things came to a crisis with my father's death. I was in a quandary. Conditions were relieved to a certain extent by the knowledge that I would receive a portion of my father's estate, which would enable me to straighten things out. Unfortunately, however, I found myself forced into such a position I couldn't wait until the estate was settled. If I went to the directors of our bank for a loan, I knew they wouldn't grant it, for the stocks I had bought had been hammered down until they were considered poor security in financial circles. The thought came to me that as vice-president I would be in a position to take the money without anyone knowing, until such a time as I could return it. There was one thing I had to risk. That was the visit of the examiner. After some indecision I determined to chance it as I was being pressed by my brokers. Accordingly I took twenty-five thousand in bonds, deposited them personally with a man who made a practice of such shady deals, and had them converted into cash. He promised to hold the bonds until I should be in a position to redeem them. In fact, he had to hold them. The reason he granted the loan was because I was to pay an exorbitant rate of interest. He ran no risk, for if I was caught or something happened to me, he could squeeze my brother who, bad as he was, would never let such a thing come out.

"A short time later, I received some of the money from the estate and reclaimed the bonds. At the same time the bank examiners came in. I was in a panic. I had been dealing on the stock exchange under my brother's name, through an old employee at the bank whom I could trust absolutely. The only time I had figured in the deal was when I transferred the bonds into cash, and I knew the man who had loaned the money would keep quiet to save his skin. My brother had arrived home several weeks before the examiners came in and I thought of slipping the bonds into his effects, for I was very bitter against him, as I blamed him for the death of my father. At first the idea was repugnant to me, but I toyed with it until I began to think that it wasn't so wrong after all. At least it wasn't so ugly as it had seemed at first.

"It was an easy matter to put the bonds in his room and when their loss was discovered to direct attention and suspicion to him by seemingly innocent insinuations. They were found in his room and, as he had no defense, he was convicted."

The speaker paused to gather strength, for he had been steadily growing weaker. When he continued, John had to lean forward

to hear him. "I have suffered, John!" This cry was torn from his heart. "Oh, it's so easy to do wrong but what a difficult thing to right that wrong. Promise," he panted, "you'll see that my brother is released. Promise! My God, forgive!"

It required John but a few seconds to scratch on the back of an envelope a brief confession, which David with much labor signed. The torture that was in his eyes was replaced by a look of peace as he sank back; from the fast-chilling lips came faintly the words, "God bless you," and with a smile of peace lighting up his face, he died.

* * * *

No doubt you have heard of the David King Memorial Chapel at the Catholic College in our state. It is rightly famed for the beauty of its Gothic structure and most of all for the magnificent mural decorations, the work of that distinguished young genius, Arthur King, who has built the edifice in memory of his brother.

The chapel was dedicated on Christmas, three years after the death of my friend. Christmas, the day of joy, the day of gladness, the day of cheer: Christmas, the day on which the *Et homo factus est* in the Credo takes on a newer and deeper significance when one pauses to think of the consuming love of God for man when He sent His only-begotten Son to live and die for us.

Never will I forget the scenes that Christmas. The bishop, surrounded by his army of assistants, the beauty of the paintings, the roll of the great organ accompanying the golden-voiced tenor who sang *Adeste Fidelis*, and the tender notes of the ancient hymn mingled with the incense to be lost among the lofty arches and within the vaulted knaves.

Often since have I visited the chapel, for it is here that I feel a certain intangible something, first noticed at the Christmas dedication, that brings me closer, through God, to David King.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B. '26





If I Were Santa Claus.

I'd give to every Eskimo guy,
Who never tasted Eskimo-pie,
A chocolate-covered ice-cream stick
That bears his name on every brick—
If I were Santa Claus.

I'd make of each pedestrian
A forty-horse-power equestrian
Who wouldn't stop at seventy-three
Until he'd wrapp'd around a tree—
If I were Santa Claus.

And to the students that I know,
Who study seven hours or so,
I'd do my best to light their toil
With two quarts of banana-oil—
If I were Santa Claus.

I'd bring Some One a seal-skin coat,
A diamond-ring, a yachting-boat,
A Cadillac, a Rolls-Royce,
Or something of a similar choice—
If I were Santa Claus.

—JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A.B. '25



Thoughts on the Yuletide.

THE day we celebrate as the birthday of Christ we find is not the real day. Disturbing and impassioned inquirers after truth have settled the question for us by pointing out that the twenty-fifth day of December falls in the midst of Palestine's rainy season and, therefore, shepherds were certainly not watching on that date their flocks by night.

The early Christians were not agreed upon the celebration of the feast. Some observed it in January, others in April, and still others in May. Indeed, it was a Pagan notion that finally drove them to agree upon the 25th of December. Before the Christian era it was the time of the universal celebration of the winter solstice, when men commemorated the victory of the sun over the powers of darkness, when the days became longer and the nights, shorter. Such was the symbolic moment chosen for the feast of faith, good will, and joy. And the fitness of the selection is just as perfect in this day of the electric light and the automobile as it was when the Roman bard, Virgil, described a Christmas tree. All of which may or may not be the fact. At least the celebration of the day took on many of the ancient and beautiful pagan customs. The lighting of the Yule log dates back to the time of the Saxons and Goths, the Christmas tree found its beginning in the Roman saturnalia, the practice of decorating with mistletoe was sacred to the Druids, and that wonderful old chap, Santa Claus, is the subject of tradition running back almost to the very beginning of the Christian era.

The practice of Christmas grew, and about it some of the most charming legends and stories have become a part of every Christian's life. People threw open their houses and real good will and hospitality existed among men.

But as time went on and the race advanced in wisdom and learning, "progressives" set out to make a commercial orgy of the festal season.

Christmas today is still Christmas. It still lives. The attitude of men, however, has changed. The spirit of the day remains, but its commercial aspect is pushed so far that the sentiment of it loses its charm and the Christmas shopper, buffeted about like a chip in the turbulent sea of the holiday crowd, suffers such a revulsion of feeling that he often hates the very day he ought to bless.

The modern Santa Claus, devoid of time-honored sleigh and reindeers, and now the proud owner of an up-to-date aeroplane, is so intent upon the cost of his gifts that he forgets the truly worthwhile ones, good will and friendship. Eat, drink, and have a rollicking good time is the order of the day. But be on hand with a

pretty check for the good old department store before the first of February!

We send off a batch of Christmas cards, over-burdening post-office employees, simply because some one else may drop us one. The custom of present-giving is a venerable and excellent one, but it has been taken up by the shopkeepers and made a decoy that they may dispose of mountains of secondary merchandise at exorbitant prices. The sentiment that actuated the first Christmas present is sadly lacking. We give 'em now to pay back So-and-So.—“She gave us one last year, you know.”—The present causes worry and fretting. We hate to pay more than “she” did “last year”, and yet ours must look better. Thus it's the same old round, year after year.

But the bottom hasn't been knocked out of Christmas. 'Way down in the heart of man, the true Christmas of peace and good will, of happiness and holy joy, survives and overcomes the spirit of buying and giving. We all hope for the fun, the frolic, the tenderness, the sentiment, the poetry, the piety of Christmas-tide. When we light our fires and set up our trees we are one with our ancestors of a thousand years. Memory and good will toward men are the elements that must save the true Christmas for us.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B. '27



The first Christmas.

'N EATH Bethlehem's brightly-gleaming Star
 The Incarnation is complete;
 The Child Divine is laid to rest,
 Close-bound within the swaddling sheet.

Celestial music softly streams
 Around the manger where He sleeps;
 The Virgin Mother, Lady blest,
 With loving care a vigil keeps.

The guardians of the God-Man-child,
 Adoring Him, their homage pay,
 All-rapt in holy ecstasy
 On this, our Saviour's natal day.

—GERALD D. DORAN, A.B. '25.

A Few More Daze

(FOREWORD: Readers, constant, gentle, and otherwise, of the MONTHLY, may recall that some three years ago we ran in these pages a translation by Professor Agamemnon Thucydides Stump of an original manuscript of the Roman poet-historian, Sciatica. The learned Dr. Stump, it will be remembered, came upon the Sciatican scroll while excavating in the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. At the time, he was under commission to the American Society for Psychic Research and had been engaged in seeking the spirits of the departed Pompeiians and Herculaneans. Dr. Stump had been successful but once in establishing communication with the spirits, and even on that lone occasion he had been doomed to disappointment, an untimely pick-thrust having smashed the jug and spilled the priceless ectoplasmic juice all over the catacombs, starting a fire from which the gallant little party was extremely fortunate to escape with no worse effect than a consuming thirst. It was shortly after this discouraging episode that Dr. Stump happened upon the Sciatican document. Realizing the significance of his discovery and hoping to bring to light the remarkable formula for compounding Dago Red in two days mentioned by the ancient writer, he immediately jumped his contract with the Psychic Research Society to turn entire attention to his quest for the further works of Sciatica which he was morally certain must exist. That he was correct in his assumption and that his labors have borne fruit, is evidenced by the fact that he has now at hand several interesting and invaluable extracts from Sciatica. The MONTHLY has secured exclusive rights to the publication of these and will present them to its public from time to time if it can get hold of nothing else to cover its forty-eight pages. The accompanying selection, breathing, as it does, the very spirit of Christmas, is offered as peculiarly appropriate to the approaching Yuletide.—THE EDITOR).

* * * *

THE day was a roaring roisterer. Old Boreas, in meaner mood even than his wont for the never-too-pleasant Kalends of December, was busting loose in all his North Wind savagery from somewhere up around Cisalpine Gaul. The turbid Tiber, slashing and dashing high on its frost-bitten banks, had but a few moments before torn loose the Quirinal Boat Club barge from its moorings at the foot of Septima Via and was even now carrying the palatial scow and a dozen terrified club-members downstream at a great rate to the infinite amusement of a throng of shivering spectators on the Mulvian Bridge. Biting gusts of sleety snow swirled viciously to earth where it attained a depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubits. The official thermometer in the Capitoline Weather Bureau registered eight below and Yellow Chariot drivers were swilling bottle after bottle of denatured alcohol into their faithful steeds lest they freeze up while parked at the vehicle stands. Imperial Rome appeared to have relapsed into the glacial epoch and many of the more adaptable citizens were already subsisting upon tallow candles and gum-drops in the fashion of true Esquimaux. It was a time, in short, when all good Romans were wishing to Jove that Romulus and Remus had had sense enough to have settled farther south.

But the Forum Cafeteria, presided over by the genial Gammonius, presented violent contrast to the rumpus of the elements. Here all was peace and good will as became the Yuletide season. The savory aroma of frying garlic, the sprightly sizzle of broiling rutabagas, the steady "slu-rur-rup!" of Decius Brutus downing vegetable soup in a distant corner, merged in gustatory harmony as Quirites and Patres Conscripto alike rubbed elbows in the camaraderie of the cuisine. It was the noon hour and most of the notables of the Empire were on hand, having eased out of the Senate-house where M. Tullius Cicero was already in the fifth week of his widely-heralded speech in favor of the Celts, "Pro Maloney." Seated at the counter in company with Metellus Cimber, and the poets, Horace and Virgil, was the well-known conspirator, Cassius, looking as lean and hungry as possible in the hope that some one might wax sponge-hearted and stake him to an onion sandwich. In a booth to the right of the door Marcus Antonius was speaking to Cleopatra over long-distance, declaring he was leaving at once for Egypt in all haste and seeking a heavy date for the Cairo Univ. Prom on his arrival on the Ides of March.

But in the very midst of hallowed joy and tranquillity there sat one brooding, one with whom the world was not at peace. Quartus Bacterius, most lordly of all the Eternal City's vast and mighty horde of boot-leggers, holder of the secret formula for the concoction of "Dago Red" in two days, was at odds with himself and those about him. And well he might be! Was he not between the River Styx and the deep, blue sea? He certainly was!

Octavius Caesar, a monarch who had sowed his wild oats and knew 'em up and down, was throwing a royal brawl on Christmas Eve. Octavius fooled not at all when he tossed a party. His guests came thirsty and left by the side door on a stretcher. "I aim to please," he was once heard to remark, "and my fracasces mean a boon to every man who drops in!" Now Octavius, despite the *lex prohibitionis* which he had passed a couple of years before, was still laying in a little on the side. He had placed an order with the renowned Bacterius for six thousand cases of the best two-day stuff to be delivered by noon of December 24—and not maybe!

Right there loomed the difficulty of Quartus Bacterius. He had the six thousand cases, all right, safely stored in the police station where none of the *Reformores* could nail them. But six thousand cases was all he could muster—and what of the parched Patres Conscripti, what of the clamoring Quirites, who would soon be on deck to seek their annual Yuletide stock? Should he fail Caesar, it would mean a distasteful session with the lions on the next legal holiday. The emperor was a bloke who wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, and well was Quartus aware of the fates of previous boot-leggers whose deliveries had been off schedule and had spoiled a kingly gin-fest. If, on the other hand, the Patres Conscripti and Quirites should be forced to go dry on Christmas, they might be apt to withdraw their patronage for the rest of the year, and give it to a rival manufacturer, thereby ruining the unfortunate Quartus in the Republic at least. Verily, our hero was in a bad way, indeed!

Quartus Bacterius groaned aloud as he called for a fourth bowl of java and a seventh smoked-herring. If only his sodden son, Semper Plenus Bacterius—the blighted young squirt!—had had sense enough to stick to business, everything would have been serenity itself. How, oh *how*, could a father have been so utterly simple-minded as to have sent so manifest a pin-head as Semper Plenus to the gay and carefree city of Paris on a mission of paramount importance?

For the gin-loving youth was at the very moment sojourning in Transalpine Gaul in the town that the Roman Daily *Tuba* had characterized "*urbs sceleratissima terrae*", and as he had been due home three weeks ago and nary a word had been received from him since he had left Rome, the distracted parent was about ready to give him up for lost.

Ordinarily Quartus would have bothered little whether Semper Plenus came back or not. But under the existing circumstances it was of imperative necessity that the lad return and return without delay. The fact was, Quartus had run out of "prognosticate of dyspepsia," an essential ingredient of the two-day "Dago Red," and no more of the life-giving beverage could be brewed until Semper Plenus should land back from Paris with a mule-train load of the precious "prognosticate." And this latter was precisely what Semper Plenus had not done. As a result, the professional activities of Quartus were already at a standstill with no prospect of early resumption unless an earthquake should come to the rescue and break every bottle in Paris.

Already travelers were drifting in from the North with extravagant tales of the prodigality of a *juvenis Romanus* who was painting *Omnis Gallia*—including the nose—exceedingly red. One told of the casting of a dish of stewed rhubarb into the luxuriant beard of old Maximus Parsimonius, tetrarch of Gaul, during a tussle in a boulevard cafe. Another chronicled the hurling of genuine money from the top of the *Turris Eiffeldius*, while a third detailed the loss of twenty-eight thousand sesterces on the football clash between the College of Praetors and the Peripatetic School—a contest which the Peripateticians won by the narrow margin of two theses and a hypothetical syllogism. Undoubtedly Semper Plenus was raising general and particular *infernum*, and just as unmistakably he would not reach Rome with the "prognosticate" in time to fill orders for the Christmas rush. What wonder if Quartus Bacterius seemed nigh to distraction! What wonder if, in his shroud-like pre-occupation, he failed to notice the oily Cataline sneak off with his new "*Cor, Schaffner et Signa*" over-toga and fade from view in the chill, bitter gloom of the stormy Great Open Spaces!

* * * *

The Tiber Roadhouse of Bongius resounded to the din of rev-

elry. Noble Romans, clad in vari-hued evening-togas, sat at table or danced with their gorgeous ladies, the latter a-sheen in silks and a-sparkle with gems from Helferius and Loftus, the far-famed credit jewelers and originators of the "talent-down and catch-as-catch-can system" in great vogue with the Patricians of the day. Socrates and in great vogue with the Patricians of the day. Socrates and his his ever-popular "Greek Philosophy Phive" were tearing off "Bee, Be My Honey", with Aristotle, the idolized Athenian oboe soloist, introducing his latest terpsichorean creation, the "Stagyrite Shuffle," to the infinite delight of both patrons and Nubian waiters. But a week remained before Christmas and Imperial Rome was acquiring its pre-holiday bun and acquiring it well.

Quartus Bacterius sat slouched at a corner table, a dish of his favorite smoked-herring on the floor beside him where, unbeknownst, a Maltese cat was sampling it, licking his chops voraciously as he did so. Quartus was not exactly at peace with the world, but matters might have been worse. He had made his decision. The six thousand cases would go to the Emperor and the head of the Bacterian house would fare forth to Syracuse or perhaps Ithaca and start business anew with wayward college and fraternity boys as the nucleus of a clientele. First, though, he would drop off at Paris to interview Semper Plenus who was still batting along nicely there. If there remained enough of that young worthy to travel after the talk, the irate father would bring him to Rome and cast him into the Bastilium till his ardor for adventure should cool off. Prospects weren't so bad, at that. The affair would blow over, the Patres Conscripti and Quirites might soon forget, and Quartus would return to resume operations in a year or so, anyway.

Even as he cogitated, however, a mighty rumble rose on the stairs without. A terrific crash resounded through the hall as the great crystal *portae* at the entrance burst open and fell, smashing to smithereens and severely scratching Bongius and M. Tullius Cicero who had been in the midst of a heated argument over a dinner-check at the cashier's desk. The mob watching Aristotle and the "Stagyrite Shuffle" fell back in alarm, the outermost layers on either side falling respectively into the gold-fish pond and the potted cactus plants that screened the orchestra platform. Through the opening thus left, driving madly a three-horse chariot, careened Demitassius,

trusted Corinthian slave of the Bacterian household. Straight for the table of Quartus he steered, pulling up short a little to the left of the salad-fork and thrusting a parchment scroll into his astonished master's hand.

Mechanically Quartus unrolled the papyrus and read. At the second line he turned purple, at the fourth, white, at the fifth, green, and at the seventh he fainted dead away, sliding under the table, his nose buried in a fat, juicy smoked-herring. The shifty-eyed L. Cataline, sidling up at the moment, glanced at the note and had barely time to catch its import ere Demitassius snatched it away and bore Quartus off in the chariot. The paragraph, however, was brief and to the point. Thus it read:

"Carissimus et Exaltissimus Quartus:

Thy wet goods hath been high-jacked in transit from the *Statio Policiorum* to the palace of the *praeclarissimus* Octavius and the entire *sex milia* cases are gone. The Emperor expects his shipment daily. What may be the solution? I await orders.

Thy agent, TREMENS DELIRIUM."

* * * *

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house of Bacterius not a creature was stirring, even the reliable Demitassius having fallen asleep over his volume of *Avunculus Wiggili* while tending the prodigious cauldron of *gin ordinaire*, a new French drink, which according to directions should have been kept in constant circulation while boiling. Quartus Bacterius, in mortal terror, had been hiding in the fuel bin since early morn in momentary expectation of a summons from the Emperor who must soon be seeking his six thousand cases. But once during the arduous eighteen-hour hide-out had Quartus shifted position, and even then he had done it only on discovery that he had mistaken hard coal for soft and had slid in under seven tons of anthracite instead of taking advantage of the greater ease and comfort offered by the less malleable bituminous.

Quartus was at wit's end. For one long, frantic week he had moved *coelum et terram* in effort to hook onto six thousand cases of any liquor of any grade. But all in vain! The insidious Cataline had beaten him to the punch. For a sizable financial consideration

he had imparted his knowledge of the straits of Bacterius to every rival boot-legger in Rome, and the envious pack, seeing a chance to rid themselves of the competition of the over-successful king of "Dago Red" makers, had refused to sell him for any sum so much as a pint of common "*albus mulius*." And now the hour of reckoning for Quartus was at hand!

The cellar water-clock trickled, "Twelve!" A gigantic pair of bare Nubian feet rustled on the stairs and the mighty-muscled furnace-tender and general handy-homo, Duskius, descended to his nightly charge. Seizing the coal-shovel, he heaved lustily into the pile of bituminous.

"Ow-oo-o-oo-oo!" shrieked Quartus, leaping to his feet in a shower of big and little lumps as the plunging blade bit deeply through sock, pajama and skin to bring up with a metallic rattle against his right shin-bone.

"Ow-oo-o-oo-oo!" shrieked Duskius, diving into the furnace and slamming the door after him at sight of what all logical deduction proclaimed a ghost and a wicked-looking one at that.

Quartus was first to recover. In a flash the realization struck home to him that if the slave were scorched too badly in the flames, he, Quartus, would be out the purchase price of 16.98 sesterces. A jerk re-opened the furnace door and a convulsive pull dragged Duskius forth by the badly-singed wool.

"Thou sap!" berated the sorely-tried Quartus. "Have I not *difficultates* enough without thee causing me further loss? Knowest not thy master when thou seest him? Wise thee up! Call thy shots hereafter! Half-a-mind I have to feed thee to the *pithecanthropi erecti*."

The burly black cringed before his master's fury, mumbling prayers for forgiveness and edging toward the wash-tubs with a view to hopping 'neath the hydrant and cooling off. In a moment the disturbance quieted down, Quartus coming to his senses and fearing that additional noise might draw the Praetorian Guard, and Duskius forgetting all else in the cooling stream now plunging from the wash-tub faucet.

Presently matters returned to normalcy and Duskius mustered courage to inquire in rich African Latin, "Wheah yo'-all been all day, boss? Cap'n f'um Emp'ah 'Ctavius come heah 'bout noon an'

give me lettah fo' yo'-all, an' Ah ain't been able to fin' yo' nohow. Said the Emp'ah was mos' dead set on gettin' this yeah lettah to yo'-all. Golly," chuckled the Nubian reminiscently, "he suah did seem *ankshusissimus* to see yo-all!"

Quartus turned ashy pale beneath his honest coating of coal-dust. Weak went his knees and a-chatter his teeth. It had come at last! Octavius, primed for a party, had discovered the absence of the all-requisite "Dago Red" and now would wreak vengeance on the delinquent boot-legger. Oh, the weak-minded, insipid, fat-headed, gin-sopping, *stultissimus* Semper Plenus! For one soul-satisfying wallop at him with perhaps a crow-bar! For one glimpse of him disappearing, as Duskius had done, into the furnace! Would Quartus yank him out? Like *avernus* he would! He'd be too busy shoveling more coal into the fire-box!

Not noticing the change his words had brought about in his master, Duskius bungled merrily along.

"Ah do believe Ah've got dat very lettah right yeah in mah toga-pocket," he prattled, still chuckling. "Ya-is suh! Right yeah it is!"

Fumbling in his dripping garment, the slave produced a sodden document and proffered it to Quartus. Dully, mechanically, the despairing boot-legger extended a hand for it. Dully, mechanically he noted the Emperor's seal and broke it open. Dully, mechanically, too, he read.

On a sudden the grasp of Quartus tightened. Farther he read. A gasp escaped him as he seemed to finish, and the parchment slipped from his nerveless fingers as, crumpling to the cellar-floor, he swooned dead away.

Duskius, genuinely alarmed, bent over his prostrate master, removed his head from the puddle about the sewer-drain whither it had eased face-down, and forced a half-gallon of apricot brandy between his colorless lips.

In a moment Quartus sat up groggily. In another he was himself again. Snatching the scroll from the ground he read aloud as if unable to comprehend what had befallen him:

"Praeclarissimus Bacterius:

We greet thee in the spirits of the season and know

that thou partakest of the same. It is with all regret that we find it necessary to cancel the order we have placed with thee for six thousand cases of thy finest 'Dago Red.' Thine excellent son, Semper Plenus Bacterius, hath been most kind and urgent in an invitation that we spend the holiday with him seeing the sights of that most dear Paris of which he tells us much in a recent letter. Thus have we concluded to dispense with our annual palace rustle and spend this Christmas and New Year's Eve with thy son among our Gallic subjects. To recompense thee for thy trouble and the inconvenience we have caused thee, we enclose our check for eleven thousand sesterces.

Sic haec est Paris!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR IMPERATOR."

* * * *

'Twas bright and early Christmas morning. Throngs of merry Romans passed up and down the Appia Via and cross streets, exchanging gifts and wishing each other many happy returns of the day. High, high on the Bacterian Building, hard by the monster sign, "Quartus Bacterius—Light Wines and Beers," there labored, despite the holiday, a solitary painter. A section of canvas concealed him from the vulgar gaze, but had the multitude below been able to behold him, one and all would have recognized the famed Bacterius himself, clad in saffron smock and wielding industriously a pigment-laden brush.

Presently the task was complete, the screen torn away, and there, in wet, shiny, new letters, inscribed to the right of the proprietor's illustrious name, there shone forth in the dawn, where all the Eternal City might read, two words that told much:—
AND SON.

—PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A.B. '25.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Catholic Press.

WE live in a Godless age, an age of indifferentism. There may be some who will take exception to this statement, but let me recall to such persons the fact that in the United States alone over sixty million people pay direct allegiance to no God. As a result, crime, intolerance and bigotry increase daily, and the law seems powerless to check them.

We are informed that we live in an age of science and progress. The wheels of industry never moved so fast. Never were there such inventions. Why, we have electricity, the aeroplane, the radio, and above all we have the products of the master minds of Darwin and Wells to show the fallacy of our former beliefs, and to teach us the truth as to our world, its origin and development. Regarding the Bible as a mere "work of fiction," as one Pittsburgh university professor declared, what need have we either for Christ's teachings? True, Mr. Wells was, at one time, broad enough and kind enough to class the Teacher of Nazareth as one of the five greatest men the world has ever seen. But what matter? We of today have advanced too far to take our moral code from the teachings of Him Who lived two thousand years ago.

But seriously, our "time is out of joint" because it is Godless. It is Godless because it is pseudo-progressive, and because it is Godless and pseudo-progressive, it is anti-Catholic. To see the truth of this statement we need but turn to the time-worn school question. There we find that within the past few years our Catholic schools have been menaced in several states. Bills have been introduced, whereby the parochial school system, built by the toil and expense of a cen-

tury—the pride and ambition of all Catholics—would be made but a memory.

Where does the trouble lie? If we can answer that question we are advancing in our attempt to stem the tide of persecution that is spreading over the country. “The fault, dear Brutus, lies not within our stars, but in ourselves!” We sleep while our enemies plan and labor against us. We permit such threats as the school question to reach alarming proportions before we even stir. Consequently it often happens that we move too late. Our trouble is that we assume an attitude of *laissez-faire*, an attitude of passivity and contentment. We follow the line of least resistance, while our enemies push ahead and make our way more difficult at every occasion. We seem to have forgotten that Christ’s command was, “Go teach all nations.” “Hide not your light under a bushel.” It is in the observance of these admonitions and in that alone that we can expect ever to overcome the bigotry and opposition that is so much in evidence about us. Which brings us to the one way in which we can cast our light abroad in an aggressive, effective and forcible manner—the Catholic Press.

Let me now give you my reasons for insisting on the importance of the Catholic press as an antidote to the spirit of intolerance: The one most vicious cause of ill-will against Catholics is ignorance—ignorance not only on the part of Protestants but on the part of Catholics themselves. If we are to combat this evil successfully, then we must aim our guns at its cause. Our enemies have not a better understanding of us because they are either uninformed or, more frequently, wrongly informed.

There are in the United States over twenty-five million of Protestants and over sixty million indifferentists, as well as several million Jews, making a total of about ninety million non-Catholics. These are the people we must reach—for it is from them that the opposition comes. Are we doing it?

Come with me into one of the largest branches of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh—and I presume the condition is prevalent elsewhere—and there you may read to your heart’s content, the *Christian Science Monitor* (which is received daily), the *Epworth Herald*, and other non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic literature; but look for a copy of the *Daily American Tribune*, *Our Sunday Visitor* or *America*, and you look in vain! The result is inevitable—

But let us come closer to home. How many Catholic families the bulk of the American people receive only one side of the question. are there that subscribe to our Catholic daily? How many even know of its existence? How many subscribe to a weekly or a monthly outside of their local sheet? Only three of the Catholic weeklies, founded in the first half of the last century, are in existence today. What a sad state of blasted hopes and wasted opportunities! No wonder the Church is slandered, her schools defamed and the lies against her believed! How could it be otherwise, when Catholics themselves refuse to support the very mediums through which they can be educated to combat successfully the indifferentism and bigotry of the age?

And now as the Christmas season is drawing near,—the season that is marked by the giving of gifts, as an external sign of our joy and happiness—what finer, what more appropriate gift could we give to our friend than a subscription to a Catholic periodical, that he might render a more intelligent service to his neighbor, his Church and his God—that he might vindicate the truth and Him Who is the truth!

—COLEMAN F. CARROLL, A.B. '26.



Merry Christmas.

WE members of the MONTHLY staff are pretty busy right now. We shop—at this, that, or the other candy establishment. We study—the team at basketball practice. We write—letters to pals and pal-ettes urging all to be present for holiday festivities. We read—their replies. And in true spirit of the season we rejoice—that they can come.

We have little time left to delve into legends and lore of the Yuletide. We lack both space and ability to do complete or nearly-complete justice to the subject of this most holy, most impressive, most beloved period of the year. Would that we had our friends and readers, one and all, before us that we might fasten sprigs of holly upon their coat-lapels and dangle the mistletoe above their heads. Alas! we cannot. The best we hope for is chance to stretch forth an eager hand—as often we did in childhood days to snatch the merry-go-round's brassy ring—and grasp a bit of the boundless cheer, the illimitable joy, the universal good will, that the Christ-

Child brought to earth. We scatter it to you on beneficent winds that roar in sincerity and whisper in kindness—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A.B. '25



Gift-Giving.

“**P**EACE on Earth; good will to men.” These few words express the true Christmas spirit. It has been customary from earliest times to exchange gifts at this season of the year as exterior manifestation of the good will we bear toward our neighbors. Christ, the newly-born Babe, was the first and universal Christmas Gift. He was sent from heaven through the good will and mercy of God the Father, to redeem man from an eternity of torment. After His birth the custom of gift-giving originated as a detail of this greatest of feasts. When the three wise men from the East came to see the Infant King they offered Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Down through the ages the practice has developed and flourished until today gift-giving is the characteristic feature of the Yuletide season. But if the gifts exchanged since the time of the shepherds at Bethlehem be multiplied by the sands of the desert they all could never equal the First Great Gift of God to man.

In recent years we hear many objections to the commendable Christian habit of gift-giving; but such opinion naturally agrees with the materialistic tendencies of our age. It is likely that people who are averse to this convention misinterpret the meaning of it; for it should not be the commercial matter that many make of it, but rather an expression of that good will which Christ so magnanimously revealed to mankind on the first Christmas day when He descended to earth to redeem man. He was not obliged to do this; neither are we obliged to exchange gifts; yet the virtue of the custom surpasses that of many another festal practice. Why, therefore, should we not perpetuate a practice so sacred in origin, so pious in its continuation, and so symbolic of the event that marked the greatest turning point in the history of the world?

—PAUL R. BUTLER, A.B. '25.



DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

OCTOBER 15—This year's pre-medical class looms up as a crowd of good natured and dignified students. Among the many scholars of this department we find a Prince and a real Butler.

OCT. 16—A pony story: One of our students who evidently appears to be quite interested in ponies informed me that the Prince of Wales has again been thrown from his horse. Perhaps he realizes the discomfort that befalls one whose pony refuses to be mounted.

OCT. 17—Father Edward Malloy paid the Seniors and Juniors a brief visit this morning and also spoke a few words on behalf of C. S. M. C. activities. A little difficulty arose when the time arrived for the selection of a permanent "newsie" to supervise the distribution of the monthly C. S. M. C. magazine, *The Shield*. However, by the unanimous approval of the class, "Sam" Appel was chosen to act in that capacity in the future.

OCT. 18—Despite the determination with which the Dukes lined up against Dayton U. at Dayton, we were forced to endure the first set-back of the year when our warriors were downed, 28-0. The Daytonites boast a stellar combination of pigskin-tossers and, although we were obliged to smile off the 28-0 defeat, we feel rather proud of having held them to so low a score. If we remember rightly this same team, a few weeks before, almost frightened our neighbor, Tech, to death.

OCT. 19—The Prep Seniors were given their first opportunity this evening of displaying whatever dramatic talent they possess, and this they admirably achieved before a very large crowd.

The comedy, which obviously pleased the audience, was "Hoo-dooed False Teeth." "Dick" Callahan, the stellar flinger of the Preps, gave a splendid exhibition of how teeth should be extracted. The barber's coat helped considerably in making "Dick" look like one of White's painless dentists.

OCT. 20.—Saturday's game against Dayton certainly must have been a rather tough one. I noticed today that "Petey" Caslin, "Dan" Rooney, and Conacher have been placed on the injured list. Let us hope that these men shall be available for the next game.

OCT. 21—We all know that "oats" taken colloquially signifies one as being well versed in his matter. Well, during today's Latin class Savage, who was translating at the time, hurriedly asked Butler what "otium" meant. "Otium" is the Latin word meaning "leisure." Butler, however, bearing in mind the close relation between oats and "otium," answered, "Otium est cognitio omnium rerum"—(Otium is the knowledge of all things).

OCT. 22—I had a few words with our new basketball coach, "Chick" Davies, and he appears to be very enthusiastic over the material at hand. He expects to begin practice immediately after the first term examinations.

OCT. 23—"Cliff" Ryan, member of the Accounting School, visited the Seniors and displayed to them a variety of sample class rings. Here is hoping that everyone of the Seniors will be able to wear one of 'em next June.

OCT. 24—The resident students at the University, better known as the boarders, are slowly completing their final plans for their Halloween dance in the new gymnasium. The entire Salem team, which plays the Dukes here on Halloween day, and the 'Varsity will be guests at the affair.

OCT. 25—The Duke Preps paid a hurried visit to the camping grounds of Shadyside Academy at Aspinwall, where they administered a 13-7 walloping to the home boys.

OCT. 27—One more week and then the fun begins—first term examinations. It is one of the many times of the year when the Duquesne Light Company's meters are worked overtime.

OCT. 28—The Very Reverend President visited all the class rooms today and read the students' notes of application and conduct for the month of October.

OCT. 29—Notre Dame has her four prominent horsemen, but the junior class boasts of "a silent quartette" during Latin class.

OCT. 31—Dukes 6—Salem O. The Dukes celebrated Halloween by putting one over on Salem College. "Benny" Cohen, playing like a madman, crashed over the line for the lone score of the game. An exceptionally large crowd was on hand to cheer the Dukes on to victory, and you can rest assured that they saw what you might term a real game.

With an orchestra playing every kind of blues that the Sunny South ever heard, the boarders and their guests, the Salem squad and

our own boys, made merry over the afternoon's victory. Wherever they secured the dusky musicians is hard to tell, but they certainly did their "stuff," as we might say.

Wanted:—The person who let the air out of Butler's four tires while he and his friends were enjoying themselves at the dance.

NOVEMBER 1—A holiday and it happens to fall on a Saturday, thus affording us the well accepted opportunity of not missing any of our classes.

Nov. 2—This marks the eve of the first term examinations and an ideal day to spend in solitude and rest before facing the rather heavy week.

Nov. 3-6—Little time was devoted during these days to anything extraneous to scholastic endeavor.

Nov. 7—The examinations ended this morning and the students were given the afternoon to themselves. As usual the ushers at the Grand had their hands full trying to please the many students and also to keep peace.

Nov. 8—Dukes 7—Thiel 28. Somehow or other whenever our representatives of the gridiron visit Greenville, Pa., the home of the Lutherans, they generally return home minus the much-coveted bacon. Whether or not a jinx follows the team when it visits that place is rather hard to determine. Perhaps some day the tables will turn and our boys will march home in a mood to celebrate a well-earned victory.

De Roy's jewelry shop disposed of another high priced and flashy ring. From the available information at hand we learned that it was not a class ring. If anyone cares to know more about this matter he can get in touch with Paul Butler. All joking aside, we wish him the best of luck.

Nov. 10—The Very Reverend President took the entire day to impart the results of the examinations to the students. This day is usually marked either by smiling countenances or saddened ones.

Calculus scored a rather decisive knockout victory in the junior and senior classes. It certainly carries a mean wallop.

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. The office was closed for the day.

Nov. 12—After almost three months of recuperation from a recent operation, Father Bryan resumed his work in the class room.

We hope that he will be with us to stay and also enjoy the best of health.

Nov. 14—Westminster with revenge in mind made good her threat to square things for the defeat she suffered at the hands of the Dukes at the end of last season, by beating our boys 13-0.

Nov. 19—It was Sophomore Night at Duquesne Council, K. of C. and all who presented themselves were loud in proclaiming the good time which they had. The members of the 'Varsity squad and the coaching staff were the honored guests. Coach Shortley and Assistant Coach McDermott were seen covering the polished floor "in tempo."

—CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A.B. '25.

Christmas Day.

Cherubs kneel in adoration;
Heavenly hosts, good tidings bring.
Resplendent is the Savior's glory;
In a manger lies our King.
Shepherds on the hillside watching,
Trustest joys their fears dispel.
Mary and the Infant Jesus
Are refused a place to dwell.
Signs of morning faint appearing
Dawn comes stealing o'er the hill,
And golden orb's kind benedictions
Yielding night's dark shadows fill.

—JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A.B. '25

The Plaid.

Carnegie Tech,
 You're there, by heck;
 We toast your Tartan spleen
 That stood the test
 Of Rockne's best
 At 40 to 19.

P. G. S.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

AFTER keeping the slate immaculate for three games the Varsity grid squad encountered a snag in Dayton University. If the colors of the Ohio team could be lowered the Dukes would gain much recognition, so the Hill hummed with excitement in hope of the team's returning victorious. There were even rumors of a free day if such a thing came to pass, but, alas—the Dukes went down to defeat. The Sky-soarers flashed a quartet of lightning fast backs and the visitors could not cope with the aerial attack launched by these Rockne-systemed speedsters. Coached by pupils of the South Bend Miracle Man, the Dayton University outfit deserved the laurels. Although the opposition rang up four touchdowns, still the Hilltoppers fought hard and made the victors earn their every gain.

The following week found a heavy atmosphere about the Campus, but not for long, for the squad came back to life and handed Salem College a neat setback. Aided by the line plunging of Benny Cohen, diminutive fullback, the Bluff aggregation mowed down the Big Green in a drive culminating in a single touchdown. At no time did the visitors threaten and a 6-0 victory was registered for the Red and Blue. The rejoicing did not last for long. The Greenville rival, Thiel College, took the joy out of Duquesne life, trouncing the Shortley crew by a 28-7 score. "Tommy" Holleran's bunch ripped, tore, and crashed the Duke line until it tottered; then the heavy up-state backfield pushed over for their points. Tired and worn, the Bluffite line fought gamely but in vain.

Another sectional rival appeared on the scene with the same story. Westminster College, still nursing the sting of defeat administered at New Wilmington last year, invaded Duke Field and avenged the old score. In '23 the Presbyterians suffered a 6-0 setback at the hands of Duquesne, but in '24 the tables were reversed and the score read 13-0. Both touchdowns were dished up on a silver platter. The first came in the early part of the game when a Duquesne fumble resulted in an immediate Westminster score. The second came after an exchange of punts, giving the Blue and White the ball after another Duquesne fumble. This put the oval within scoring distance, whence it was carried over after a few line smashes. In this fray Charlie McDonald was on the receiving end of any

number of passes and his fleetness carried him for numerous long gains. Time and again he injected a thrill into the fracas by tearing off a fifteen or a twenty-yard advance. His deer-like running was one of the bright spots of an interesting clash—interesting because the losers fought a hard, if unsuccessful, fight. Captain Lee Schneider, playing his last game before a home crowd, crowned his four years' gridiron career with a brilliant exhibition. Never before had he cavorted so remarkably—in every play, putting fight into his men and flashing a real veteran's game. Still Lee fought no harder than his brothers of the line, Papapanu and Duffy, Seniors too. This trio, playing together throughout their Varsity days, caused many a heart to admire their gruelling work. Battle-worn and breathless, Pappy and Duffy trod from the field for the last time.

The curtain rang down on Duquesne football with the completion of the Mt. St. Mary's game at Emmitsburg. The less said about this fiasco the better. The trouble, apparently, was that the Varsity failed to realize the fine points in playing the referee. That excellent gentleman called them as he saw them and to impartial eye-witnesses he didn't use a microscope. The Mountaineers totaled 25 points. The Keystone Staters failed to register, yet every man in the Varsity lineup played excellent football. With the blast of the last whistle the 1924 season for the Hill institution was called to a halt and there now remain only stove-league sessions in memory of the football year.

After a fair start the squad seemed later to be content with playing mediocre football. Now and then a flash of spectacular stuff was to be seen, but on the whole the team swayed between a clever brand of the game and a less commendable style. The men at times lacked spirit and the necessary punch. The first two games could have been turned into victories instead of ties had the team come through with the needed attack. In all the games, too much straight football was employed. If more open formations had been used the team might have fared rather better. When such a system was resorted to, the squad performed in a vastly more efficient manner. The fairly heavy line was many times outweighed, and naturally a stiff line smash went for naught because of the heavier forward defense.

Another factor which retarded the team's progress was the number of switches in the backfield rendered necessary by injuries. Four field generals were used throughout the season and this, upon

occasion, placed inexperienced men at the helm. On the whole, however, the backfield played well. McDonald, the fastest man in the outfit, did exceptionally brilliant work. He was adept at snatching passes on a dead run and seemed able almost invariably to dodge enemy tacklers for long gains. When Mac received the ball everyone expected a dash through the field. His speed carried him past many a man but the interference, an all-important factor in the making of stars, failed to take out the safety men and the Mercurean back had to be content with long runs instead of touchdowns. Paired with "Charlie" were Eddie Klein and Graff. The former called the numbers, threw passes, tore many a gap in enemy forward lines, while the latter stood out as a broken field runner. Bennie Cohen, of course, was usually there when a first down was needed. "Old Reliable" smashed his way through almost at will. Alternating with him was Lionel Conacher. Due to injuries the giant Canuck was kept on the side lines most of the time, but he performed sensationally when he contrived to get into action.

Sammy Weiss and Dan Rooney also helped out at barking signals. Both directed the team's destinies along well pointed lines. Dan's kicking was the best of his career. On the defense the Duke line functioned splendidly except in the Thiel combat. Petey Caslin supported the wings sensationally. The Lawrenceville youngster was the outstanding forward Duke of the season. No play was complete unless Pete was in the thick of it. His work, despite the handicap of a badly-torn shoulder, will be long remembered. Even injury failed to dampen the fighting qualities in him. Most of the time he was playing in pain but never once did he voluntarily give in. The conspectus then of everything found the Varsity with two games won, four lost, and two tied.

* * * *

PREPS

Mixing in five tilts, the Preps came through in three of them, trimming Holy Rosary, 7-0, Holy Name, 26-0, and Shadyside Academy, 13-6. This last was the most important on the schedule and the Dukelets were pointed prettily for the affair. The backfield, one of the best in tri-state prep circles, tore off much yardage and looked far better than most of the city high school shock-troops which performed on the Bluff during the autumn. The two games lost

were staged against old rivals, St. Mary's of the Mount and St. Rosalia's, the latter champions of the City Catholic League. The Mount Washington count read 6-0, while the East Enders registered three touchdowns to one for the Preps. Both jousts were hard-fought throughout as usual, and the going was extremely rough. The team, led by Captain William Burns, had a fair season considering the few games played. The backfield boasted five stars in Reich, Leisick, John Burns and Pavlick. On the line Captain Burns, Butler, and Straub played consistently, simplifying matters greatly for the speedy backs.

* * * *

JUNIORS

Captain Howard Berkins and his Juniors won four games, beating Fifth Avenue Seconds, 6-0, Ralston, 7-0, Holy Name, 7-0, and Holy Rosary, 7-6. They lost to Sacred Heart, and tied St. Mary's of the Mount Seconds, 0-0. Besides Berkins, the outstanding players of the team were Thiereb, the plunging fullback, Butler and Clapperton, fleet halves, and Jarvis, end. The Junior fullback accounted for most of his team's points, while Clapperton pleased followers of the youngsters with exhibitions of scintillating broken-field running. The punting fell upon the shoulders of Captain Berkins, who sent many a high and long one spinning down the field. The other members of the squad enabled the point-getters to score by furnishing beautiful interference. Coach Marron deserves credit for the showing of his lads.

—JAMES F. McCaffrey, A.B. '26.

Duquesnicula.

SHE: "Don't you think this is a perfect duck of a hat?"

HE: "Personally, I prefer a duck with a smaller bill."

A loaded street-car was pulling away from a stop when an angry voice exploded above the crunch of wheels: "Can't you wait till I get my clothes on?" Curious heads turned toward the rear entrance only to perceive a woman struggling to place a basket of wash on the platform.

"Oh, why did I ever marry you? Five times you proposed and then I weakened."

"You mean then my luck gave out!"

Jock and his fair lassie, tiring of walking, decided to see a movie. Nearing the town's largest theater, a placard caught Jock's eye: *The Woman Pays*.

"Dinna you think this would be a gude show?" he asked.

"What'll I do?" sobbed the little boy, "When my lessons are bad Pop spansks me, and when they're good teacher kisses me!"

His wife insisted she would drive;
He dared not say her nay.
Then came the city ambulance
And took them both away.

A solution of alcohol and ginger ale is a bad solution of the booze problem.

PAUL R. BUTLER, A.B. '25

THOMAS H. YEARGHN, A.B. '26

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXII.

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Number 4.

baïl, 1925 !

PEAL blithely forth, oh joyous bell,
A welcome to the New-born Year;
In quicken'd cadence gladly tell
Our happiness to have him here.

O mirthful son, O prince of Time,
Of him who died but yesterday,
A thousand welcomes to you chime,
Who comes to rule where he held sway.

With gladsome hearts we herald you,
And pledge with resolution stout
To serve you so no deed we'll rue
When your fast sands their course run out.

You seem a messenger from God,
A child from out His Kingdom come,
To grace and cheer this weary sod
Whereon you dwell with us, a chum.

With you we'll live our days, our nights,
To you this fragrant toast we sip:
To greet each morrow's less'ning lights
Through life in fond good-fellowship!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

Rohan-A Legend.

HIDDEN among the billowy hills that spread westward from the towering, forest-clad Blue Ridge, and sweeping slowly in sinuous curves toward the North, is the historic Monongahela. Remnants of the river's former beauty are still discernible as one rushes along its banks over the iron ribbons that carry noisy trains of the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems high into the hidden valleys of the distant mountains.

There, but two hours' ride from Pittsburgh, roaring, belching Gateway to the West, lies the pretty little city of California, noted for a quaintness and quietness which, perhaps, even some of its inhabitants reflect. The stream at this point makes a grand sweeping curve between shores shaded by majestic willows, whose graceful, leafy arms swing low over the ripples of the water's edge. Lofty cliffs, bedecked with clinging vines and emerald shrubbery, rise in rugged beauty on one side, while easy terraces, terminating in a high, rounded knoll, stretch away on the other. The town spreads out over the terraces and its outskirts are scattered over the sides of the knoll.

Here it was that, many, many years ago when this great country was still in its infancy, the events of which I shall tell took place.

In the year of seventeen hundred and ninety-three a mighty upheaval was shattering the very foundations of the fair land of France. Thousands of those who sympathized with the unfortunate Louis XVI and his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, were forced to flee their native shores or accept the alternative of the guillotine. The proud lilies of the Bourbons were being crushed to pulp and trampled in the mire by the blood-thirsty followers of the crimson spectre of "Liberty."

Many of the royalist refugees escaped to foreign soil and not a few found their way to distant America, there to settle and make homes among their Canadian and Louisiana cousins or among the English colonists, themselves lately freed from an oppressor's rule.

On a quiet Sunday morning in June, when Nature seemed dressed in her gayest garb, there sailed up the lordly Delaware into the port of Philadelphia a stately ship, swan-like in her graceful movements as she neared the wharf. From the stony turret of Christ Church mellow chimes called in sweet and harmonious concord and as the gentle breeze wafted their silvery knell over the silent city and harbor, it seemed to the weary voyagers that here at last were

haven and welcome. To many there came memories of rose-scented Picardy where the booming bells of ancient cathedrals were once wont to summon these faithful souls to prayer.

So reminisced a distinguished-looking man and the fair lady at his side as together they pondered the sad-glad message of the far-off chimes. The bearing of the couple gave evidence of gentle birth and when their countenances came into view there showed the finely-cut features, the rather prominent noses of the true-bred aristocracy. And of the French nobility they were, heirs, indeed, to the lands and titles of that mighty house of which the famed Cardinal de Rohan had been an illustrious member.

Escaping the vengeance of the dread Commune and sending before them much of the family treasure, they had been more fortunate than their fellows. The richly-furnished Chateau de Rohan had yielded a multitude of objects of value untold, tapestries, paintings, silver, and priceless chinaware. But of all that princely store, most prized and most beloved was the pure-gold chalice, gem-encrusted and magnificently wrought, that first had graced the altar in the hands of the long-dead Cardinal and to which a wealth of history and legend was attached.

These costly articles had been removed and forwarded in secret to friends on the American continent when first the clouds of revolt began to gather over France. Now these same friends awaited them and on their arrival told of the wonderful country beyond the Alleghenies. And it was thither that the de Rohans soon were bound. In Philadelphia a number of their former servants and tenants, who had emigrated first to Canada, then journeyed southward to the States, joined them and it happened that after many travails and vicissitudes they crossed the mighty mountains and chose as site for their future homes the place that today is California.

The years flew by on wings of light and where once the green forest had cast its midday gloom on mossy turf, smiling fields and meadows gazed upward at the Pennsylvania sky. Little cottages of brick and stone, each with its garden-patch where fruit-trees and vari-hued flowers kept peaceful company, dotted the hospitable hills.

More prominent than its distant neighbors, contrasting colors lent it by the brick and woodwork of its walls, stood a great house of red and white. Huge chimneys kept guard at every corner of the high, sloping roof and flanked roomy dormer windows. From the

pillared entrances velvet lawns swept down to meadows bordering the river where willows of slender beauty preened themselves in its placid pools.

Enclosed by a high brick well, ivy- and rose-vine-clad, flourished a spacious garden, the pride of this kingly demesne of Rohan, where blossomed galaxies of fairest blooms transplanted from the sods of France and England. In its quiet, scented precincts the master and mistress, bowed now with the weight of years, spent happy hours tending the proud Marshal Niel, Jacqueminot, and Prince Camille de Rohan roses, or picking the more modest jonquils, violets, pansies, marigolds, and snap-dragons. Forgotten were the hardships of days long dead and memories of the terrors of torch and guillotine had melted into the hazy mists of the past.

Throughout the decades the family had remained Catholic, an oasis as it were in a desert, for Scotch Presbyterians had settled the surrounding lands. The great house had its small oratory or chapel where often traveling missionary priests paused on their journeys from Canada to Louisiana to offer Holy Mass. Here was enshrined in state the chalice of the departed Cardinal.

Years ago in France there had been a miraculous deliverance of the powerful de Rohans from fiery death when lightning had set aflame their chateau. The escape was attributed by them to prayer and to a vow which they had made when the end seemed imminent. The chalice had been wrought as a memorial of their sacred promise lest it ever be forgotten by them or their descendants. The best of workmanship had fashioned it, the costliest and most beautiful of gems adorned its burnished sides, and it was as worthy as mortal man could make it of the altar of the living God.

The de Rohans had vowed that one of every generation of their number would dedicate himself or herself to the service of the Lord as priest, religious brother, or nun. In all the years that followed the solemn vow was never unfulfilled and now and then a de Rohan would rise to high position in the Church. During the French Revolution the priest-custodian of the chalice had been guillotined, but, as I have pointed out above, the sacred cup had not been permitted to fall into the foul and crime-stained hands of the mad-dened rabble.

And now in the Seminary of Quebec, another young de Rohan was preparing for the priestly office. The aged master and mistress

of the manse had waited long and patiently, and when at last this most beloved of their sons was ordained their flagon of happiness was filled.

Death is no respecter of persons. On peasant and on noble alike he lays his icy hand. The de Rohans were not exempted from the summons. Beneath the turf, surrounded by the venerable oaks, in the bosom of the hills from whose sides so often they had gazed toward the long shadows of the far-off mountains, they were laid to rest to await the day of Judgment.

The new holders of the great estate were of a stamp more worldly than their parents. Pleasure of living, with never a thought of the Donor of all things, seemed their solitary object and all their endeavors were inclined in that ignoble direction. As time wore on, the young priest also died and the chalice passed into the hands of his brothers and their children.

But forgotten now was the vow of the de Rohans and the holy vessel was sacrificed to the joys of life. The jewels were plucked and the gold melted and fashioned into jewelry to adorn the persons of the gay lords and ladies of Rohan.

And now, the aftermath:

The sin of sacrilege went not unpunished. The justice of God, flaunted and outraged, was soon appeased, and retribution came with swift completeness. A few short years and the de Rohans had passed into the oblivion whence in the early centuries of Christendom their ancestors had sprung. Today there remains nothing of that stately home. Only a deep scar, benevolently hidden in heavy thicket, tells mutely where it stood. Gone too is the garden except for the spreading elm that once protected the loveliest blooms from the fierce rays of the summer sun. The de Rohans themselves have vanished from the Pennsylvania hills even as the magnificent Pharaohs from the splendor of the Valley of Kings. God alone knows their whereabouts today. "For behold, they that go far from Him shall perish; He hath destroyed all them that are disloyal to Him!"

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25





Resolutions.

Another year
Has entered in to give us cheer;
A newer time
Has visited upon this clime;
Another page
Has introduced to us an age,
In which we might
Make up our minds to do the right.

And so we think
From hateful habits we will shrink,
And formulate
Some unknown rites of keeping straight.
And then we'll swear
That we will keep away from there,
And never touch
A single drop, or smoke so much.

But just the same,
We all well know the person's name
Who makes a vow
And says that he'll not break it now.
'Tis very good
To think oneself well understood,
But I'm afraid
Such promises are lightly made.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, A. B. '27

The Commonweal.

CLOSE, and if we, may presume to say so, critical perusal of the Calvert Foundation's lately-established weekly, *The Commonweal*, over the brief two months of its existence has left us a splendidly favorable impression of the excellence of this newest and most promising of Catholic periodicals. It is unique of its kind, delightful in the extreme; there is purpose behind it, and culture in its essence. From a worthy and auspicious inception it has progressed, even thus early in its career, both quantitatively and qualitatively, to a degree that, in truth, amazes one.

The Commonweal fills an important and hitherto unoccupied niche in the hall of American Catholic journalism. Indeed it might not be exaggerating to extend the statement to cover our entire national field of literary endeavor. The fact, as we perceive it, is this: the religious press has been much too religious for the secular mind, and the secular press has been much too secular to meet the religious view. Neither is entirely at fault for this, and neither is altogether blameless. Each has gone off on its own tangent. But here, as in the mathematical sciences, tangents must meet. Clashes have been inevitable. Your denominational sheet, frequently on the defensive, may lapse into inadequacy in its treatment of the affairs and problems of the world, it may wax over-enthusiastic in defense of its avowed ideals, it may strike many persons as rather too vitriolic in denunciation of its attackers or the attackers of those principles for which it stands. The secular paper, on the other hand, is often out of sympathy with religion, particularly on the score of dogma and doctrine; it is prone to refer in flippant and even scornful terms to things that many of us hold dear; it is the champion of fads and fancies which experience, if nothing else, should have taught it will fade rapidly in the light of analysis; and finally it has been, at times, doubly culpable in that its policy has been directed by expediency rather than sincerity. Is it to be wondered at that there have been difficulties where there has been no happy medium, no common ground?

It is, we imagine, to alleviate precisely this condition that *The Commonweal* has been established. The Catholic magazines which have come under our observation in the past have been, to alter an immortal phrase, of the Catholics, by the Catholics, and for the Catholics. All of this is as it should be—as far as it goes. But if the religion of Christ is to prosper in our country, if it is to survive

without irreparable damage the vicious and libelous assaults of its enemies, its tenets of faith and morals, its exact position on the vital issues of the day must not only be set forth clearly and accurately as has ever been done, but it must also be brought home forcibly and incontestably to those outside the Church, to that vast multitude of Americans, the uninformed and the misinformed, who, despite intentions of the best, have been duped and victimized by a band of professional agitators and reprehensible bigots, the like of which for organized malice and sheer audacity has never before threatened the liberty and integrity of these fair United States.

But in order to carry on this mighty work of educating our brethren beyond the pale to the true aims of Catholicity, in order to refute the calumnies of our defamers, we must take up our task in logically reasonable fashion. We can no more expect non-Catholics to place full credence in arguments prepared obviously for Catholic consumption alone than we ourselves can be expected to digest whole-heartedly the claims and charges put forth by the radical press of the enemy. The average Protestant feels no keener obligation to subscribe to our papers than we to his. If we are to put our message across to him we must offer a periodical which, aside from presenting the Catholic viewpoint sanely and unbiasedly, will give him the worth of his money in articles of general interest.

With possibly three exceptions—"America", "Ave Maria", and "Columbia"—we know of no American Catholic magazine which even remotely fulfills the foregoing requirements. We believe this no over-statement of the case, nor do we intend it as a slap at contemporary Catholic journalism. Catholics have been writing exclusively for Catholics with the natural consequence that their output has held little appeal for the rest of Christianity.

The Commonweal will, in great measure, remedy this defect; it will bridge the gap between the Church and those crassly ignorant of her teachings. As a publication of exceptional merit in the departments of the essay, the review, verse, the drama, and we have reason to hope, the short story, it will find ready welcome to the libraries of persons of culture and discernment regardless of creed or the absence thereof. Of concern to all is the fact that the regular contributing staff of *The Commonweal* embraces men who have attained the heights in every branch of the literary art. Are not

Michael Williams, Helen Walker, Henry J. Ford, Bertram C. A. Windle, G. K. Chesterton, James J. Walsh, L. J. S. Wood, Byron Kuhn de Prorok, Henry Longan Stuart, Carlton J. H. Hayes, Thomas Woodlock, William Rose Benet, Lynn Thorndike, Frederick J. Kinsman, T. Lawrason Riggs, R. Dana Skinner, and Francis McCullagh—to mention but a few of the many—names to conjure with in any gathering of the literati?

Of special import to Catholics, however, is the security lent by knowledge that here is a weekly that rings true in tones both religious and secular; that here are to be found articles authoritative alike upon affairs of the Church and of the world. The work of both Catholic and Protestant writers finds equal place on the pages of *The Commonweal*. The norm of qualification is merit tempered by the broad-mindedness and discretion of the author.

We cannot recommend *The Commonweal* too strongly. Let us trust that it will be appreciated by the American public to which its founders and editors have dedicated it!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



New Year's Day.

The Old Year's dead!—But what care I!—
With hurried tread he's passed us by;
His spirit fled with sadden'd sigh;
His say is said!—But what care I!

The New Year's here!—And glad am I!
He brings sweet cheer, a beaming eye;
Dispel the drear when he draws nigh,
This infant mere—for glad am I!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

Once in a Lifetime.

THE popular saying, "once in a life-time," has struck home forcibly in my young life all because, one day last week, I was instrumental in saving a fellow-being from almost certain death. One doesn't do that before and after meals, you know!

As a law-student in the offices of Messrs. A., B., and C., in the Squeejunk Building for the last two years, I have had plenty of opportunities to make myself thoroughly familiar with the details of the entire office, and the duties of each of the members of the firm.

Often during my two years' tenure I have been called upon by one or another of the firm to assist in the smaller details of preparing and handling cases. All of which experience has given me a wealth of information on various points of law and procedure, some of them inconceivably minute, but, none the less, important.

On the day in question, a Monday, early in October, I had gone to the office earlier than usual. It was about 8:30 o'clock. Imagine my surprise, on opening the door, to find my preceptor, in his shirt sleeves, his face and arms smudgy and dirty, peering around shelves, shelving, into book-cases, and yanking out drawers in his desk. He was so engrossed in his pursuit that he failed even to notice my usual boisterous entrance.

After a moment's hesitation, I finally mustered up courage to ask, "What's the matter? Are you looking for something?"

"Nothing else but," was his reply, regarding me with a grim smile. "I'm looking for a man's life! If I fail to find what I'm looking for, another human spark will be snuffed out in the name of the Commonwealth."

His reply reminded me of the case he was handling in the matter of John Henry Everhard, who was accused of having shot and killed S. P. Potts, a friend of his, during a card game at the Potts home in February of last year.

Police reports at the time had stated that Everhard had carried

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—"Once in a Lifetime" is a true story, an experience of the author, Frank J. Zappala. Mr. Zappala is a practicing attorney who, realizing the value of a liberal education to a man in the legal profession, has returned to college to earn his Bachelor of Arts degree. He is at present a member of the Senior Class at Duquesne and will be graduated the coming June.]

the revolver with him to the game, and that during an argument that arose during the play, he had pulled out the gun and shot Potts through the head, the bullet entering below the right temple, and coming out beneath the left ear. Death was instantaneous.

I remembered that shortly after the shooting and Everhard's arrest, my preceptor had been retained by members of the Everhard family as counsel for the accused man.

As usual I had assisted in a greater or less degree in collecting evidence and testimony favorable to the defense. One of the bits of testimony I had come upon unaided, was a secret report of the police tending to show that the revolver belonged to Potts, that powder stains on the head, near the right temple, indicated that the revolver had been pressed close to Potts' head, and also that Potts was heavily in debt, not only to Everhard, but to others of his friends, as a result of his heavy gambling. The document gave the impression that the shooting might well have been a suicide rather than a murder.

A copy of this secret report, written by a deputy-coroner and addressed to the chief of the county detectives, I found on a desk in the coroner's office when my preceptor and I went there the day after the former had been retained by the Everhards.

It was only a copy of the deputy's letter, but it was signed nevertheless, practically as good as an original, and quite conclusive enough for our purpose. The ethics arising out of my taking the paper did not confront me at the time, and I did not let them bother me later. I figured it was fair enough, under the circumstances.

And it was this very paper for which my preceptor was now searching high and low. I immediately bethought myself of his taking it home, along with others, one night earlier in the week, to study out his case. I suggested that he either might have overlooked it in the brief case in which he carried his papers, or else it was in his safe at home.

"Here," he said, "get a taxi and rush out to my house. Here's the combination of the safe. You know where it is. Look in drawer "d" through some personal papers of mine. It's either there or in the brief case here. I'll look through the case while you're gone."

His words were hardly out of his mouth when I made a grab for his notation of the combination of the safe, dashed for the elevator and was swiftly conveyed to the first floor, where at the door I luckily met an empty cab. Jumping in, I told the driver to put on speed for the counsellor's address.

Arriving, I dashed from the cab, calling back over my shoulder for the driver to wait for me, and ran into the house, past the startled maid who opened the door for me, and up to my preceptor's room. The maid recognized me, and permitted the incident to pass without creating a stir.

Bending down to work the combination of the safe, I was nervous for a moment, realizing that a human life depended upon the finding of a certain paper behind that steel door. My first attempt at twirling the disc failed to produce results, and knowing it was the fault of my nervousness and shaking, I took a moment to calm myself, and attacked the job again. Finally the door opened, and I made a grab for drawer "d". Rummaging through the papers I heaved a sigh of relief when I came upon the precious message. I thrust the rest back into the safe, banged shut the door, and dashed back to my waiting taxi.

"Back to the office," I shouted to the chauffeur. "Give her the gas!"

We arrived in short order, and flinging the driver a \$10.00 bill, much in excess of his fare, I called for him to keep it, and taking the elevator, was lifted skyward back to my preceptor.

"Saved!" I whooped, as I burst through the office door, flourishing the paper in my hand.

"Good for you," answered my preceptor. "If we get him off, he'll certainly owe his life to you, all right."

Suffice it to say that by a brilliant defense, and skillful cross-examination of the prosecuting witnesses, the accused man was acquitted by the jury of "twelve good men and true."

My share in this event was over by 12:00 o'clock that morning. The remainder of the day was mine, so I betook myself to my desk, and started to read up on some points of law.

All of which proves my contention that coincidences are nothing in my young life, particularly since I am entered on the legal profession, than which nothing presents more attractive possibilities for risk, adventure and opportunities to use natural resourcefulness and ingenuity, combined with a fair knowledge of the theory of law.

Things such as the above don't happen more than once or twice in a life-time, but when they do happen, they must be met, and met successfully.

FRANK J. ZAPPALA, A. B. '25

We Have With Us Again—

THE true meaning of success is so elusive, so beyond the scope of mere words that it is well nigh impossible to define it.

Writers and orators can tell you how to become successful but they can not lay down a definite norm by which one can be adjudged successful or the contrary. It is agreed, however, that three factors, aspiration, perspiration and inspiration constitute the elements essential to the prosperous conclusion of any undertaking.

But these elements are not equal one to another in relative importance. Aspiration is, perhaps, of the greatest consequence. It is the basis for the others. Without an end in view there can be no incentive to work. It is the constant striving after better things that makes for progress. Every worthy movement, every successful achievement, comes as the result of some one's aspiring to something better, bigger, finer. Dreams of conditions more advantageous, more desirable across the mountain, of treasure over the sea, of happiness beyond the horizon, make pioneers of men. The early history of our United States exemplifies the potency of aspiration. Those sturdy men and women, who, harassed by savages and confronted by constant dangers, traversed an unknown land, faced such hardships for what reason? Why did the Forty-niners push on to California? For gold? Ah yes, but not so much for the gold itself as for what they could get for it; for better homes to live in, for more comforts of life, for education and bigger opportunities for their children. That is why they braved the terrors of the journey. It was aspiration that kept them going.

Close behind and depending in great measure upon aspiration is perspiration, the second factor in success. Work is a prime requisite for realizing one's desires. After you know the thing you want, the goal that is the end of your efforts, only work will bring you closer to it. He who really strives to reach a definite objective will do anything in his power to arrive at it. No difficulty daunts him who works with an ideal before him. What made Lincoln great? It wasn't genius. It was his vision and his efforts toward realizing it that made him stand out atop of America's noblest sons. He is an excellent example of the power of the first two elements of success.

And now we come to inspiration, the least important factor in success. If a man has set his eyes upon a goal, no matter how distant it may be, if he works for it, and is willing to sacrifice to get there, success in some measure is bound to come. He may not get

the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, he may not become a world-leader or a master of men, but surely he who works with all his heart will be successful in his little sphere of life. Not all are born leaders. Persons use lightly the term genius when, in truth, they mean one who seizes opportunities, who sees farther than others and who endeavors to attain a fixed end. He uses his knowledge to avoid unnecessary difficulties, but there is no messenger of the gods to lift him forward, nor is there a smiling deity to smooth the path before his coming. The far-seeing, energetic man does well because he looks for big things and works to achieve them. That's about all the inspiration most of us can hope for.

Real success is a combination, then, of aspiration, which offers the stimulus to work, perspiration, which is the actual effort, and perhaps a pinch of inspiration which comes naturally to one who is so intent upon the matter before him that he sees more than the watcher outside. Such indeed were the thoughts of Longfellow when he wrote:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward through the night."

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27



The Passing Year.

Ring out in triumph o'er the land
Like billowy waves of ocean's tide
Thou heralding chimes of New Year's Day,
Serving thy purpose to deride,
To mock, to gibe, yea, laugh to scorn
The Old Year, bowed, and aged, and worn.

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The New Regime.

THE passing of the old year marks, let us hope, the end of the antiquated athletic system which has hitherto marred the sports progress of Duquesne. The all-important office of Director of Athletics has been created here at last and Francis McDermott has been assigned the post. That Director McDermott was a football star in his college days at Bucknell, that he was honored with the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery in action during the Great War, that he enjoyed spectacular success for several seasons as coach of the famous Nanticoke High School teams, and that he was second in command to Mike Shortley throughout the late Varsity grid campaign, are facts beside the point. What is of chief interest to us at Duquesne is that we know McDermott as a scholar, a gentleman, and a fighter.

There exists in our mind not the slightest of doubts that the traits which have carried the new guide of the destinies of the Red and Blue to the top in each of his previous undertakings are ample to qualify him for success in this, his latest and most herculean task. Capable men have sought the welfare of Duquesne the past decade or so and have failed or given up in discouragement. They were beaten by the system. To reverse an excerpt from the Bard, the fault lay not within themselves, but in their stars.

We are given to believe that McDermott assumes the responsibility of the directorship with the understanding that the athletic policy of Duquesne is to be changed and changed radically. We trust that the Faculty Board has placed in his ability and ideals sufficient confidence to grant him as much of dictatorial power as is

compatible with the standards of the University. We trust that he has been assured of the hearty and instantaneous co-operation of those *ex officio* above him in any project he may consider expedient.

Duquesne is ready and waiting for a thorough athletic clean-up. Her wheels are clogged not, to be sure, with filth of which her sons might be ashamed, but with the dust of years such as stops the delicate mechanism of a costly and beautiful watch. We need the freshman rule, the migratory rule, the three-year rule, and a host of similar safety devices if we are to tread the plane of our sister institutions and win their respect and esteem. The installation of these is but one of a host of problems that even now confront the man to whom we look as the prophet destined to lead Duquesne from the wilderness.

But even McDermott cannot succeed alone. He must have authority. He must be told: "The job is yours to make or break. There will be no interference from within or without. You are the expert, the sports specialist. You know your game better than any one else around here knows it. That's why you were selected for the position. Put your ideas into effect. You're foot-loose to do it. If you want advice or information, ask for it; but don't bother with the hokum that is bound to be volunteered to you. Good luck, now, and go to it!"

But even authority is valueless unless there go with it full measure of good will and assistance. Half-portion faculty backing is of no earthly use; half-portion student spirit is an absolute liability; half-portion efforts from the athletes themselves are not to be thought of.

Let all Duquesne unite in solid phalanx behind McDermott! Let all Duquesne boost and push and cheer him on! Let all Duquesne battle and strive for the recognition that is the lawful right of the Red and Blue! Then watch us travel!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Happy New Year !

AS MONTHLY stands by to watch Daddy Time escort the tottering figure of Old Year from our midst and leave instead the sparkling Sprite of 1925, mingled emotions pass through its college-journalistic brain. Between farewells and hellos; between indigestion from copy and abused hunger for material to be revised and reviled; between exhaustion from work accomplished and dread of labors to come, poor old MONTHLY, veteran of thirty-two consecutive first-of-January head-aches, scarce knows whether it's up or down. But in the midst of tumult and confusion, despite distraction and all else, one sentiment rises to shine forth in solitary certitude: MONTHLY wishes its readers and friends every blessing of a happy and prosperous New Year!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



" Be It Now Resolved — "

NO doubt many of us wish that we could peep beneath the mystic veil of time and see what fortune, good or bad, the coming year may hold in store for us; but since our powers of prognostication are quite limited, the future remains unrevealed. We can judge, make preparations or corrections, and draw conclusions only by experience and observation of the past. Yet our process of deduction invariably leads us to optimism, to the idea that the future will be brighter than the past and will crown our efforts with much-deserved success. This mood, emotionalized by the Yuletide spirit and pulsating in the glorious dawn of the New Year, is largely responsible for the determination or the intention we feel at this time to rectify and correct those things that exercise a negative influence on our lives. Thus we draw up this or that rule of right living and formally adopt it as a resolution.

The value of purpose of the New Year's resolution cannot be overestimated. But most of us treat the matter with levity. We forget the seriousness of it all. We harbor no deep-dyed intention of making our lives criterions of right living, of performing deeds advantageous or noteworthy. The breaking of the wish-bone occupies as important a position in the holiday festivities as any New Year's

resolution, or in other words, the popular attitude resolves itself into, "How long will the balloon stay up"? Let us remember that resolutions made in a perfunctory manner are short-lived and the desire to elevate oneself above one's present standing requires supererogation, conscious effort to accomplish more than is required by the minimum of the law.

Let us therefore resolve to make the most of all our undertakings in life and not, like our pseudo-erudite friends, expend the sum total of our regenerative energies upon such trivial matters as curbing the smoking habit, conquering a penchant for cream puffs, or, perhaps, cutting down our daily ration of rhubarb preserves. All these may be good and well but there are other things more important to which they must give precedence. Let us resolve to make the best of life, to fight the good fight for the glory of God and the good of our neighbor. There is a mighty satisfaction in it all.

Try it!

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B. '25



Apple-Sauce Week.

WHAT "Week" is this? "Automobile Week"? "Candy Week"? "Aspirin Tablet Week"? Or is it possible that some down-trodden commodity, neglected in the past, is about to come into its own and we're to have a new kind of week? There was a time when we kept track of weeks by the calendar or perhaps by the Sunday Gospels. Now one tells 'em apart by glancing through a Sears-Roebuck catalogue or Dr. Killemoff's handy almanac. If we paid much attention to the appalling host of seven-day observances various enterprising young sales-managers are thrusting upon us we'd have our own private "Mind Week" by the end of the year.

Were the plan reserved for worthy causes it would be less objectionable. But if the cause be worthy, why limit it to a single week? Why not observe "Education Week" for three hundred and sixty-five days instead of seven? As it exists today, the slogan appears ridiculous to say the least. The "Week" idea seems about to die a natural—or unnatural—death.

Next week will be "Apple-Sauce Week"!

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

Exchanges.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES for October affords its readers unusually interesting matter. Unless we apply the microscope and search for details—but let the gods so speed us that we may never fall to such a pitch of mental infirmity—naught but our earnest approval is forthcoming. In fact the tone of completeness running throughout makes it difficult to select any one department for special commendation. "The Freshman Inheritance", however, strikes a sympathetic note inasmuch as Duquesne is situated on a high bluff overlooking not the St. Joseph, but the muddy Monongahela. "Indian Summer" gives evidence of potentiality which, if fostered, might lead to the heights of poetic accomplishment, and the editorials win the laurels of our recent observations.

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Although THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is the product of a great institution, still it lacks poise or, to be more explicit, it is rather lop-sided, insofar as it allows almost unlimited space to athletics. But, then, on second thought, we will take back what we have just said for a team with the reputation and record that Notre Dame has justly warrants many SCHOLASTICS to sing its praises.

* * * * *

The Alumni Edition of THE NIAGARA INDEX offers us the easier part of the critic's task, that of commenting favorably. "Shakespeare's Debt to His Times" stands out as the best of the essays. Although "Relation of Church to State" is a somewhat hackneyed subject, the style of the writer is clear and forceful. The lone poet boasts of three works of which "The Crusader's Aim" makes a forcible impression on the mind of the reader.

* * * * *

The November LAUREL as a whole is among the leading scholastic publications. The most interesting items are: "Word Power," a concise outline of the advanced rules of Rherotic, "Thanksgiving Day," and "Threnody." We anxiously await the next installment of "The Twilight Rendezvous" which has aroused our enthusiasm. The editorial department is far below par; and by the time one has completed the first two pages of "The Man Who Wasn't Afraid" he has read the entire story.

REGIS C. GUTHRIE, A. B. '25

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

NOVEMBER 21—Anxious to see the 'Varsity participate in its final engagement of the gridiron season, a group of fourteen or fifteen students left Pittsburgh early this morning for Emmitsburg, Md., where the Dukes will take on the formidable Mt. St. Mary's aggregation tomorrow. "Tommy" Yeaglin and "Teddy" Noroski, of the Junior and Senior classes respectively, furnished the automobiles which will convey the boys to the scene of tomorrow's battle.

It has been said that "Jake" Trybus and Kontul were so excited during the day's journey that they missed their great opportunity of seeing the famous "Horseshoe Bend." "Mun" Keefer, "Sam" Appel, Paul Butler, and "Spike" Monaghan kept the boys in good spirits through the usage of timely "wise cracks."

The real fun occurred at Emmitsburg, the end of the trip. This town boasts of a volunteer fire department, a second-handed billiard table, and the one and only inn, Sundown. For the first time since Emmet discovered the place, the Sundown found itself hard pressed for room. Our gridders were sadly disappointed when they discovered that only five beds were available. Well, in such a case when so distant from home, and no where else to park, they were forced to make the best of it; thus they divided the night into so many shifts, and each group procured whatever rest they could. "Nig" Savage was missed throughout the night, only to have the morning find him comfortably fixed in Yeaglin's car. He also wore his "slicker" during the night.

Nov. 22—Dukes o, Mt. St. Mary's 25. The final game of the year left the Dukes on the short end of the scoring column. Despite the fine brand of ball that our pigskin-chasers displayed, the Dukes failed to convince the referee that they were allowed to win.

"Mun" Keefer evidently is considering a journalistic career. Throughout the game he followed "Sully" up and down the side lines, sharpening pencils for him.

DECEMBER 4—The basketball candidates are working at a fast pace under the watchful eye of Coach Davies, who is anxious to have the boys in the best of condition for the opening encounter against Heinz House on December 19.

DEC. 5—The entire student body received Holy Communion at the university chapel, after which breakfast was served "gratis" in the new cafeteria.

A bit of tough luck pursued "Vit" today. In his second attempt at the bread line, he was recognized. It certainly is a tough break, "Vit", but many good men before you have met the same brand of ill-fortune.

DEC. 7—The Senior and Junior classes staged their first Sunday evening performance of the year, and did it in great fashion. The students who took part in the play had been under the coaching of Father Edward Malloy. They conducted themselves admirably well.

The evening also brought a little disappointment to the upper classmen, when the Sophomores marched home with the "bacon" in the elimination debate.

DEC. 8—No scholastic activities were carded for today because of the ecclesiastical festival.

DEC. 15—The students of the Arts Department secured the faculty's permission to commence the holiday vacation today. It so happens that at this time of year the Yuletide rush is on, and extra help is sought in all branches of business, thus offering the students an opportunity to earn a little Christmas "pecunia."

DEC. 17—Another member of the faculty has made reservations at the Mercy Hospital. Father Carroll will be operated on tomorrow for the removal of his tonsils. We all wish him a successful and speedy recovery.

DEC. 19—Three cheers for Basketball! The Dukes inaugurated their 1925 floor season by staging a last minute rally which enabled them to defeat Heinz House, 31-26. A very large crowd was at hand and there was really no moment throughout the encounter that did not require undivided attention. In the preliminary the Duke Reserves taught the younger Pickle Boys the tricks of the sport.

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25



[Our sterling chronicler, out of sheer excess of modesty, has omitted the most important item of the month. "Chuck" Cherdini, captain of the floor squad—and the aforementioned news-gatherer—spent close to two weeks in Mercy Hospital, entering on Sunday,

December 7, and leaving on Friday, December 19. Some years ago "Chuck" sustained a knee injury which has bothered him considerably ever since. At last, late in November, he threw it out so badly during a basketball scrimmage that he was forced completely out of action and eventually compelled to take to the hospital. The difficulty lay in a broken cartilage, and it was necessary to append a thirty-pound weight to keep the knee pulled straight. At present "Chuck" is hobbling about with his right leg in a plaster cast. He will be lost to the team for several weeks, but his incessant cheerfulness and gameness of spirit have kept the basketekers in there fighting at all stages of the tussling and were in great measure responsible for the winning of the Heinz House clash. "Chuck" will blush furiously when he reads this and probably seek out our editorial neck with an ax. But the policy of the MONTHLY is, "Give credit where credit is due," and we can't overthrow policy even to avert manslaughter.—THE EDITOR]



Crossword Puzzles.

Country hicks and city slicks
Rack their brains with one intent;
On the trail of strangest words
Skeptc minds are sorely bent.
Seven years of Greek and "Chem"
Will start victims on the way
Or will taunt determinations,
Reasoning powers, both night and day.
Down the trail of crossword failures

People tall and short alike
Under bright or frowning heavens
Zig-zag on the crossword hike.
Zealous fans of indoor pastimes
Leave the blighted sport alone,
Else the Crossword mania bringeth
Sadness to a cheerful home!

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B. '25

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

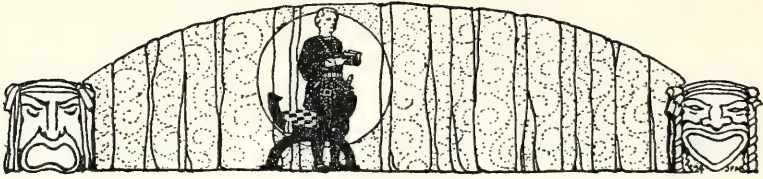
CLASSES in the School of Accounts resume on January 5th after a two-week holiday vacation. The "midnight oil" will burn again for the mid-year examinations will be held in February.

A debating team has been selected from the Accounts School and is making preparations for inter-class and inter-department debates. The team consists of men who have participated in the recent intra-mural contests. Debating is followed very keenly in this department, especially by those students taking the Economic-Law course. The experience derived from the practice thus gained is a great advantage in daily class recitation.

The Student Association directors have been elected for the school year. The directors were given a banquet at the Hotel Henry on December 6 at which the new officers were chosen. Those elected were: president, Henry X. O'Brien; vice-president, Miss Mary C. Donnelly; secretary, Miss Eleanor M. Hollahan; treasurer, Clifford J. Ryan. The association has been planning a number of interesting affairs for the coming year. A reception and dance will be an event of January 21st, in the William Penn Hotel. The students are endeavoring to make it the most successful in the history of the association.

The Gamma Phi Fraternity held a smoker and banquet December 2 at the Lincoln Club. Mr. J. A. Moran served as toastmaster. The entertainment and songs were very good and enjoyable. Mr. F. W. Reis, Jr., gave an address on "Fellowship" that was deeply appreciated. Among the number of points stressed by Mr. Reis were the benefits and advantages of fellowship to the college man in later life. Attorney John D. Meyer offered an instructive and interesting talk on "Law Enforcement."

The women students of the Accounts School have shown their university spirit by the formation of a women's club called the Duchesses. The organization will be a great success judging from the enthusiasm shown by the members. Heretofore the women students of Duquesne have not had the opportunity to express their spirit. It has been rumored that the Duchesses are going to lead the Dukes a merry chase in the future when it comes to spirit. We are anxiously waiting for the basketball games in order to make some comparison. The officers of the organization are: president, Miss Mary C. Donnelly; vice-president, Miss Mabel R. Brubaker; secretary, Miss Petronella Cyphers; treasurer, Miss Mary Holland.



THE DRAMA *and* SUCH.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Plays—genuine plays, not revues or musical comedies—have registered successes in Pittsburgh before. But never in our personal experience has one scored so tremendous a hit as (Walter Hampden's version of the great Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac". We arrived late for the matinee performance which we found it convenient to attend. The only seat that love or money could procure was a "special chair" so far back in the second balcony that we stood through the entire five acts rather than go to it. The jammed house was commendation enough in itself for the production; if further tribute be required, we place ourself on record as announcing our complete willingness to stand through the five acts again if opportunity offers.

Mr. Hampden, whom we had previously seen and admired in "Hamlet", "Macbeth" and "The Servant in the House", fairly outdoes himself as Cyrano. His is the versatility, the perception, that delicacy, the finesse requisite for the adequate interpretation of the most difficult ramification of the drama, tragic-comedy. He is in perfect sympathy with the pathetic role of the gallant seventeenth-century warrior with "the soul of a poet and the features of a clown." The journals have made much of Mr. Hampden's portrayal, and too much has not been made. We find naught to add to or subtract from the comments of earlier and more capable reviewers. Jeanette Sherwin played splendidly the exacting character of Roxane and Charles Francis exhibited exceptional taste and restraint as Christian de Neuville, a part quite easily overdone. The cast as a whole was splendid, indeed, not forgetting the versifying baker, and Claude Bragdon is deserving of special praise for the care and judgment he has displayed in choosing it.

As for the play itself, it begs description. Cyrano, about whom the swift-moving action revolves, is to us every whit as living and a vast deal more lovable than any hero Shakespeare or his

worthiest successors can claim to have created. He is not the brooding, sick-souled Hamlet, the ambitious, criminal Macbeth, the rather colorless Antonio, the irresolute Brutus, nor the ranting, suicidal Romeo. Rather is de Bergerac a moderate, wholesome, thoroughly human being. His worst fault is self-conscious over-sensitiveness about his mountainous nose; yet, withal, he is not above jesting and poking fun at it. He has ideals and he lives up to them. His overwhelming, hopeless, magnificently unselfish love for Roxane would elevate the play to Olympian heights even had it nothing else to sustain it. Cyrano, the soldier, the poet, the lover—his poor nose, a badge of purest honor—will shine through the ages, an undying tribute to his illustrious creator. Rostand holds place among the immortals of the drama; Brian Hooker, translator of this finest of the French master's achievements, must be awarded a niche close by.

* * * *

THE POTTERS

J. P. McEvoy is a humorist of highest order. His play, "The Potters", establishes the fact beyond doubt or peradventure. "The Potters", if we recall correctly, is advertised to be productive of exactly 319 laughs. It gave us each and every one of 'em. The play, inspired by McEvoy's weekly newspaper satire of the same name, parodies brilliantly the Great American Home. "Pa" Potter—Donald Meek—is the central figure and about him revolve the varied and amusing affairs of the Potter household. "Pa" is essentially a comic figure, as those who have seen him at the breakfast table, in the subway, and striving to attain and settle himself in the upper berth of a Pullman car will readily attest. But he is also a man of pathos, a man of disappointments, of hopes dashed to earth. "Ma" Potter, weary of drudgery and anxious for better things, proves the typical American wife and mother by the splendid fashion in which she rallies to the support of "Pa" when affairs seem blackest for him and forgives her eloping daughter who has dashed off and married the likable "Red" Miller. "The Potters" is well-written and well-staged. It holds the mirror up to life and as such is unique. One has missed something distinctive if one has failed to see it.

* * * *

BLOSSOM TIME

For the nth time the Schubert—not Lee and J. J., but Franz—musical romance has appeared at the Alvin. As always it has been received with exceeding warmth. This is as it should be. The play itself amounts to nothing of moment, but the “Song of Love” leave more impression than a dozen editions of Mr. Ziegfeld’s gorgeous and noted Follies. Lovers of the music of Schubert have objected to the weaving of a light, though ultimately rather tragic, theme about the life of the great composer. The fact, as it strikes us, however, is that “Blossom Time” has done more to glorify and popularize Schubert than any of the host of commentaries that have been laboriously compiled about him. Who cares if the famous Viennese was no Apollo Belvedere when he gave to the world “Serenade”? Only one fault have we to find with “Blossom Time”: Mitzi’s father struck us as much too boisterous for the rest of the production. He reminds us forcibly of the quack phrenologist, Tweedlepunch, in “Florodora”, and Tweedlepunch has no business in “Blossom Time”. Tone the old boy down a trifle—or more than a trifle—and the play will leave little to be demanded.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



C. S. M. C.

AMONG the four hundred Crusaders from all parts of Western Pennsylvania who attended the last meeting of the Pittsburgh Local Conference were numerous members of the Father Simon Unit, all of whom took an active part in the discussions and business of the meeting. Paul G. Sullivan was re-elected to the Executive Board. The other members chosen from surrounding schools are the following: Sister M. Magdela, Mercy Noviate Unit; Edward A. Ricards, St. Vincent’s Seminary; Mary Boggs, Seton Hill College; Francis L. Martin, St. Fidelis Seminary; Mary Gleason, Mt. Mercy Academy; and John Murray, St. Rosalia’s High School. Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., was chosen to succeed himself as president, as was Secretary Joseph A. Johnston, another member of Duquesne University’s unit.

The Conference has established a Speaker's Bureau to foster a greater interest in the missions and to further the spirit of prayer and sacrifice among the units. The Father Simon Unit has pledged its active co-operation toward this movement. A call for speakers will be sent out in the near future and it is hoped that Duquesne's Crusaders will not be lacking in their aid toward this worthy project.

The heads of Duquesne's three units are arranging activities which will be carried on extensively between now and the end of the school term. The school has been a center of Crusade spirit for several years, accomplishing much for the progress of the Conference and its work. It is because of this intense mission interest that the leaders of the Crusade are looking for splendid results in the coming months.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27

Winter.

All Nature, hush'd, waits silently—
Yon drowsy brook, yon leafless tree—
For Winter with his Cloak of White
To shelter her from rheumy night.

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



ATHLETICS

TO YOU, "GRAD"!

In the first issue of this column the writer sang the praises of one Francis P. McDermott, then assistant coach of the Varsity football team. Recently, the faculty bestowed on him the honor of Athletic Director. Not only will he direct the destinies of the Varsity teams in the various branches in an official capacity but he will also coach them on field and floor. The announcement of this new system came as a surprise to many but was a move long hoped for. The previous Athletic Directors were handicapped by numerous difficulties arising from other offices which they held. The amount of work brought on by outside duties oft times hindered them from

giving sufficient time to sport activities. Their life's work, which should receive unrestricted attention, combined with the complicated and laborious duties of Athletic Director was too heavy a burden. Just the same, the long line of previous directors of Duquesne sport life always found time to give their utmost to athletics. Their work was splendid, but with the growth of the school it became imperative that the post of Athletic Director should be given to one not hindered by the labors of another office. So Francis P. McDermott was given the position and a more capable man than he could not have been found. The "Little Napoleon" will place Duquesne athletics where they should be and his Waterloo, we hope, will never be. His dash and fire will create a new kind of life in the system he is about to foster. The athletes will experience a different feeling toward sports than hitherto. They will realize that there is an entire change. The old, restful and cloudy will give place to the new, vivacious and clear air around the campus. "Mac" will do the ventilating and Duquesne will attain that perfection so necessary for advancement on the field of battle. His advent implies the approach of success to the Old School on the Hill. He will not be satisfied with mediocre achievements nor will he tolerate such. That is not his character. The veteran of nations' and schools' battles goes out to win. He strives hard and success eventually comes to a man of such calibre. Of course it will take time for him to make a success of things. The old saying still holds true, "Rome was not built in a day." So with the work of our Athletic Director. He needs help and plenty of it, especially from the athletes themselves. It is a foregone conclusion that the faculty will back him to his every word and the undergrads have already shown their endearment toward this stalwart son of old Erin. It now remains for the "grads", the Alumni, that hitherto inert body of former athletes and students, young and old, to imbibe the spirit now prevailing in every corridor, in every class-room, on campus and on court of Duquesne. Get together, you one-time followers of the Red and Blue. It is to you that Francis McDermott will look for help. He needs you because your Alma Mater is striking forward. You don't wish to see her fail, do you? We know you don't; but for the honor of the school you hold sacred, get behind the man at the helm. Now is the time, no other. Duquesne wants you. You would have no one call you a failure in your position in life. You would give no one the opportunity of saying to you, "You are a dead failure." Yet you *are* a

failure, a failure to your Alma Mater, for you fail to stand by her. Oh yes, you will ask redress if anyone speaks foul of her in your presence; but do you carry out the same idea in actual practice? Are you worthy to defend your school when you fail to help drive her upward to the pinnacle of success? Do you come to the games at Duquesne or go to see some other school play? A mere handful of the enormous alumni body appears on the Bluff. No wonder your school is below the standard. But maybe, too, it was the school's fault. Maybe you tired of the way things proceeded on the Hill. Maybe you came to a few games and went away disgusted. Maybe you tried to help, but the teams failed. All well and good. But now, Alumnus, be you a fresh recruit or a gray-haired veteran of life's army, a new era has come to Duquesne. The school that you have revered has instituted a new athletic system. Under Francis McDermott things are bound to thrive; but not unless you give your staunch support. You know the necessity of an active alumni body for the success of any school. You will help. We, the students, are pulling hard for "Mac", and we feel sure that you will get behind us and put old Duquesne at the front. Your school needs you, Director McDermott needs you, and we need you. If you only come to the games that will suffice, for there you will see the new spirit. Had you come to the opening game of the basketball season you would have witnessed the old spirit displayed as when you were here. The Varsity, under the coaching of "Chick" Davies, engaged in a hard-fought pre-season battle with Heinz House. Everyone knows the strength of this organization. The players on the "57" team have been together for a number of years and know perfectly each other's style of play. Throughout the season they defeat some of the best college teams in this vicinity and it was no mean aggregation that the Duke passers were forced to meet. To begin with with, the Bluff team was without the services of its most important cog, Captain Chuck Cherdini. No doubt you have heard of Chuck. If you haven't, it's about time you would awaken to the fact that he is the greatest all-around athlete ever turned out at Duquesne. Of course you'll interrupt me here and give your choice of that position. It's only natural. You old timers surely stick to the athletes of your day. Well, anyway, Chuck's our choice. We won't argue. Getting back to the game, the Red and Blue basketeers, light but fast, appeared before the rousing cheers of the student body. As they took their positions there seemed to be something missing in the array. Yes, it was Captain Chuck. He, sitting on the sidelines with his badly-torn knee, brooded over his ill-luck which may keep him out of the game for the remainder of the season. Chuck wanted to crown his seven years of athletic achievements at Duquesne by leading his team to victory in his eighth and final year, but fate dealt him a cruel blow. He had to

be content with watching his mates perform. Soon the whistle blew and the game was on. Immediately the across-the-river shooters scored from the field. Again they scored, and again. The Duke defense was terrible. The team seemed lost. Heinz House passed and shot its way to success for the first half. The score read 23 to 17 with the home team on the short end. The interval between halves was used to good advantage by Coach Davies. Behind closed doors, he spoke to the men and only they felt the effect of those words. They came on the floor for the second half with grim faces, all determined to turn the tide for the Red and Blue. Turn they all determined to turn the tide for the Red and Blue. Turn it they failed to register a point in the third quarter. Then with but a few minutes left to play Dick Schrading, Duke guard, looped one from the center of the floor and brought his team to within one point of the Picklers. The packed hall went wild. Pandemonium reigned. This is when you should have been present, "Grad." You'd have been thrilled with the spirit displayed. Heinz House called time to confer, but did little good because the Duke squad, afire with the wild demonstration, was determined to win. Roy O'Donovan, the greatest forward ever to wear the Red and Blue colors, talked earnestly to his men, for Roy was acting-captain. All this time the spacious but now crowded gym was in a frenzy. Funny, too, Duquesne still trailed by one point. Soon the whistle blew and immediately none other than Dick Schrading came to the front again. This time he made a difficult angle shot. Then the fun began. Hats flew high in the air, students jumped and howled; girls screamed and danced; the few alumni who were there stood up and yelled with the rest. Time had to be called until the students cleared the floor. When play started again Heinz scored a foul, knotting the count. This did not dampen the spirits of the crowd, for immediately Schrading appeared on the scene for the third time and put his team in front by scoring a point from the foul line. Soon O'Donovan, old reliable Roy, came back with two more from the foul line, but Heinz also scored two so the Dukes were still one ahead with but a scant two minutes to go. Again Roy tossed a foul and in the last minute Johnny Serbin, the diminutive forward pairing with Roy, made a pretty field goal and a moment later scored a foul. The gym seemed to tremble with the vibration of the noise. After Serbin's foul-shot the whistle blew ending the game. The Dukes were victorious, 31 to 26, scoring ten points in the last four minutes. The players were almost mobbed by students who madly rushed upon the floor. It was the students who spurred the players onward and you, Alumnus, should have been there helping them. Nine more games are to be played on the Bluff. You can come. You will come. May you be rewarded for your support to your Alma Mater!

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B. '26

Alumni.

THE following interesting and beautifully descriptive letter was received by Father Henry McDermott, vice-president of Duquesne, from Father Michael F. Retka, former professor of Latin and Greek in the Arts Department of the University. Father Retka has been signally honored by the Congregation of the Holy Ghost by virtue of his having been delegated to found a seminary for his Community in Poland. We wish Father Retka every blessing in his holy project and make a mental note to ask Father McDermott for the advice on sea-sickness to which Father Retka claims indebtedness for his pleasant voyage. The letter follows:

"Reverend and dear Father McDermott:

"Your welcome letter was indeed a most pleasant surprise. I thought that, with leaving Pittsburgh, I had left all fond remembrances behind and, lo, some of them followed me into the deep ocean! Thank you.

"This trip is proving to be one of the most pleasant experiences of my life. As I dreaded the voyage before I went on board, so I am enjoying it now. It is indeed full of charm. I really feel that it was needed to enhance my limited experience in traveling.

"One can not have a correct idea of the ocean before crossing it. The charms of it are great indeed and most varied. First, there is its unfathomable immensity. The earth seems so small, when compared with the ocean! Then there is the unconquerable force. It seems as though the ocean alone were the all-important factor in the make-up of this universe. Then there are the titanic struggles of the waves and their restless energy. The earth with all its motion seems dead when compared with this alluring energy. Then there is their graceful undulation; no artistic performer could come near the delicate gestures which are produced by these waves. Then there is the alluring beauty and the eternal freshness of the ocean. There is the immaculate whiteness of the foam, the delicate pearls of the spray; there is the underlining of green in all its hues;—all these seem to be so many fringes, for the body of the ocean is covered with a crust of deep-blue or rather metallic color. Under the rays of the sun all the colors of the rainbow are distinctly visible. Yet in all this, the color of steel and iron predominates, as though to remind man that his strength consists not so much in gold and precious stones as in the more crude metals and in work. The beauty of the ocean is indeed very great. The earth has its charms, but the ocean has its, too.

"Now a few words about our trip. It is known to you that I am sailing on the steamer *Majestic*, the largest ship in the world. It was built by the Germans and was called the *Prince Bismarck*. German before the war, it is now an English vessel, one of the many steamers which belong to the White Star Line. As this steamer is the largest in the world, so it is also about the most perfect and

modern. Every convenience possible can be had on it. There are beautiful parlors, gymnasiums, games, music, libraries, etc. All this is free of charge. The meals are excellent, the service perfect, characterized by a delicate reserve. This may be typical of the Englishman, because all the help is English. There is, however, a French kitchen for those who desire it.

"As I have said above, the voyage up to date has been more than enjoyable; it was charming. We left New York promptly at 10 A. M. on Saturday as scheduled. I shall never forget the last glimpse I took of the huge Statue of Liberty. Coney Island glimmered in the distance and soon we lost sight of land. Ever since, "water, water everywhere", but some drops also to drink. The sailing (this is Wednesday afternoon) was smooth, with the exception of yesterday, when there was a strong gale which rocked the huge steamer as though it were a cradle. 'Magnae elationes maris, magnus in altis Dominus.' So far we have encountered no storm. We are going at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.

"My health all the while has been good, I was able to eat and and sleep. So far I did not experience the dread sea-sickness. I dare say it was owing to your precious advice, which I followed. I was able to say mass every morning. The stewards of this department are very pious men, hearing mass as often as they can and receiving frequently. One of them receives daily. They serve our masses. The chief steward of the boat, Mr. Jennings, is a devout Catholic, a fine, venerable gentleman. Last Sunday I said two masses and preached to a goodly audience at the last mass which was in the library of the first-class passengers.

"The company here is ideal. We are two priests, myself and another reverend gentleman, Father Targonski from Warsaw. He was visiting his sister in Detroit. We two are lodged in the same cabin, 103. There is a window to the sea, so we have sufficient air. I was very lucky to have met this reverend gentleman, as he can be of great service to me afterwards. Besides us two there are two ecclesiastical students, one a Belgian, a deacon, the other a student of philosophy, who is going to Rome for further studies. All four of us eat at the same table and are an excellent company for one another and in a way a protection.

"Not many of the passengers seem to be affected by sea-sickness. Listening to music, playing games, taking part in amicable discussions and recreating ourselves by exhilarating walks, we are passing the time very agreeably. I have a chance to pick up some French. The total number of passengers is about 500; the steamer can accommodate 1,000 so there is ample room left.

"As I have noted above, this is Wednesday. We are to land in Cherbourg on Friday morning, so that neither our physical condition nor the weather will change much. At least such is our hope. Some, it is true, have longed for a storm, to have more experience, but I prefer to forego such painfully-pleasant experience. I prefer safety.

"So far, I have had very little trouble with my trunks. Having

checked them at the Emsworth station, I re-checked them at Pittsburgh, and then at New York for the steamer. They followed me faithfully and are with me on the ocean. I have them checked already for Paris. I will buy my ticket for Paris on the steamer. This letter will be taken up by a steamer at Cherbourg. No letters are sent from aboard our ship.

"So far I have seen only two ships, both at a great distance. This points to the wonderful vastness of the sea, as there are thousands of boats on the route of this line. This afternoon the fog is rather thick. Everyone seems to be happy. The ship is gliding along to its final destination unhampered. May we arrive safely!

"Excuse this rather lengthy letter; having nothing more important to do, I thought I would describe my first voyage across the pond.

"Remember me to Father Hehir, Father Carroll, and the rest of the Community. Again I thank all for their kindness to me.

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

MICHAEL F. RETKA, C. S. Sp."

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February.

WHEN thy cold star ascends the sky,
Gleams wanly on the ravaged vale
Where surly Winter's ruffian blasts
Laid waste the hill, lea, fen, and dale,
I sad mortality decry.

When ice-lulled streams in silence sleep
As sleety winds tear whistling o'er,
When thorns remain where roses were
And frenzied waves attack the shore,
Our sphere's in February's keep.

O outcast season, cursed, dire,
The crystal tracery you don,
Though exquisite, a jewell'd sheen,
Warms not the heart it rests upon,
Nor e'er reflects its love-lit fire

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25



The New Athletic Era.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The accompanying article is the work of Francis P. McDermott, newly-appointed Athletic Director of the University. Mr. McDermott, as stated in the January MONTHLY, is a graduate of Bucknell University. In addition to his duties as sports head, he is enrolled at Duquesne in the Department of Law. In publishing the remarks of Mr. McDermott, the MONTHLY* believes that it offers a vital message to both students and alumni and trusts that the Athletic Director's appeal and challenge will be taken up with all the energy and enthusiasm that it deserves.]

IT is perhaps idle to say that by bestowing upon me the appointment of Athletic Director at Duquesne the authorities of the institution have made me very happy. I am pleased with the prospect of having the opportunity to establish an athletic policy at our school that will compare favorably with her accomplishments in the educational world of arts, science, and letters, to which our teachers, alumni and friends may point with pardonable pride.

In entertaining this ambition, I am conscious of the fact that it is a huge task and certainly I shall hope to have earnest co-operation and help from the undergraduate body, alumni, and friends of the University. That such co-operation will be forthcoming is evident at this time, judging from the expressions of good-will and the felicitations that have been extended to me.

There is no reason why Duquesne should not boast athletic teams of the highest order. We have a large student body of fine young men who, I feel, are capable of being moulded into winning combinations. Perhaps in the past there has been a laxity of purpose or at least an underdevelopment of what is sometimes referred to as college spirit, and it will be an inspiration to me to rouse our boys from this lethargic spirit and to develop our morale in such a way and to such an extent that victory over Duquesne will be much cherished and, I confidently hope, a thing not to be enjoyed too frequently by our opponents.

There is an old maxim or saying, frequently invoked by those dealing with athletics, that goes something like this: "A team that won't be beaten can't be beaten." If this spirit or feeling can be inculcated into our boys I will feel that we are surely treading the path that will eventually bring us to success.

I am not unmindful of the fact that teams that will raise them-

selves from mediocrity to stardom are not developed in one year. That would be too much to expect from even so-called miracle men. We are making no such pretensions, much less predictions. Neither are we going to be of the Gil Dobie type, inviting you to summon the undertaker to take care of us. At this time our football schedule for next season is not quite complete. When announced, I feel sure that it will be to your liking and meet with your approval.

What the outlook is for baseball this spring I am unable to say. From what I have heard or gathered from campus comment, I am given to understand that there is an abundance of good material and that we ought to have a very good nine. The time will soon be here to issue a call for the battery candidates, at which time I will be given an opportunity to look over pitching and catching prospects and soon thereafter to have the entire squad work out.

As stated at the outset, it is my ambition to develop our boys morally, mentally and physically, and all of us can aid materially in this undertaking by putting our shoulders to the wheel and driving onward for a greater DUQUESNE.

FRANCIS P. McDERMOTT, LL. B. '27

Morte-Saison.

Saddest month, dreary, bleak,
Long-sorrowed;
Chilled our hearts, weary, weak.

Shattered earth, frozen, old,
Sore-harrowed;
Blasting winds, sullen, scold.

Roving sun, distant, chill,
Ice-marrowed;
Lorn the year, infant still.

Cheerless span, ravaged, poor,
Soul-narrowed;
Other months, greedy, your
Joys borrowed.

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

A Study in Deduction.

IT is safe to say that very few passengers who boarded No. 10 in the Lafayette Station gave even a thought to the brakeman who stood beside the first coach of the electric train. To the very few who might have noticed him, he appeared either a new man on the job, or else one deeply wrapped in thought.

The latter opinion was correct. His thoughts were far away, in fact, they were at that moment at the other end of his run. Far to the northeast, to be exact in a railway restaurant, at a cashier's stand, the object of his reflection smiled pleasantly to the customers. Ontario Street Station in Niagara Falls, where the crew lay over each day for dinner, never seemed so far away as when he was here in this miserable city of Buffalo.

Unlike the trains he served so faithfully, the course of Larry Doyle's love never ran smooth. In fact, Margie seemed very indifferent to his sentiment, expressed with daily regularity when he lingered at her desk after lunch. Besides, all the boys and waitresses enjoyed themselves very much at his expense.

It was only yesterday that the blonde waitress had confidently whispered while serving his order, "Margie thinks you're the cakes, kid, but she said her intended must make more money than a brakie."

Well, since that was the reason it could easily be remedied. After all, thirty-five per wouldn't support a comfortable home and supply all the nice things a girl like Margie would need.

That day Doyle read an advertisement in "The Railway News" and the same evening he answered it, enclosing his check. On the following Monday he received a bulky reply and for over two weeks he studied it during the evenings.

And at last his efforts had borne fruit. He wondered what the passengers would think if they knew he was not only the brakeman he appeared to be, but a full-fledged, really-and-truly detective!

It seemed too good to be true. His diploma from Kunkel's Detective College was in his pocket with the signature of the famed Sherlock Kunkel himself, and with it were letters containing advice and suggestions with pictures of low-brow and high-brow criminals.

"Yours is an exceptional opportunity," wrote Sherlock. "My instructors have commented upon the fact that you exhibit unmistakable signs of possessing that mysterious 'sixth sense' found only among highly trained secret service men. We suggest that you retain your present position for a while, even though it be below your dig-

nity to receive so small a salary for one who is a graduate of so famous a school."

Larry swelled with pride as he reread these lines, stealing an occasional glance at the shiny badge pinned neatly to the inside of his coat. It bore the legend, "Kunkel's Detective Agency", on the rim and in the center, "Operative 999."

When No. 10 pulled out the next day he smiled and simply went through his duties mechanically. There wasn't much in this foolish railway business to interest a hound of the law. Bearing in mind Kunkel's advice, he walked through a car eyeing every passenger with suspicion. Kunkel was right! At least ten were criminals, but his trained observation told him that they belonged to the set designated "small class" in lesson 4—all but one.

Outwardly the man in question appeared to be a clergyman in his solemn garb, and black hat. But he was young, well built, and his face pleasant to look upon. But Sherlock had declared in lesson 5, "Outward appearance means nothing—even the most dangerous criminals disguise as clergymen."

The next trip down the aisle, Doyle detected his victim reading the morning paper. Criminals always did that, according to the books. Therefore as a pretext Larry halted, looked at the lamp above and while doing so let his eyes drop on the paper—and almost exclaimed aloud.

Truly, Sherlock Kunkel was a genius! He said criminals invariably read about their own deeds, and here was one reading the details of the Erie bank robbery of the night before!

With heart quivering and nerves on edge, Larry retreated to the car behind. The fellow was bound for the Falls; the punches in the ticket in his hat-band showed that.

On examining the "Wanted" circulars furnished him so kindly by Kunkel he received a fresh shock. The prison pallor and striped suit would make a slight difference, but the face he stared at on paper was surely that of the man in the car ahead.

Larry read fast: "Wanted! For bribery, robbery and murder, Jack Smith, alias the 'Lone Wolf', 'The Parson', etc. Favorite disguise that of a clergyman, which his build and education enable him to assume. \$10,000 reward for his capture or information leading to his arrest." This was enough to set Larry's nerves ringing. Ten Thousand Dollars—ye gods—sitting in the car ahead! Why,

he couldn't earn that much in five years' railroading!—and here it was almost in his hands! This was luck! Margie! Wouldn't she rejoice! She'd like him now. This would buy lots of nice things for Margie—and he was only a beginner!

But how to bag the game, that was the question. Doyle was unarmed, but "Courage is all that is needed to make an arrest", lesson 7 assured. "The fiercest criminal will quail before the fearless eyes of our men", said Sherlock.

To doubt this, thought Larry, would be treason on the part of a student. "Our long experience has proved the use of a gun unnecessary. We are proud that our fearless men work unarmed as a rule. Many have reported cases where neither gun nor handcuff was used", goes on Kunkel.

He wished Professor Kunkel was present to give the demonstration of that "marvelous skill and courage" referred to in lesson 7, but since that was impossible Doyle nerved himself to "upholding the proud tradition of the school."

Larry was conscious that his quiet countenance was anything but stern enough and therefore decided to correct the fault. Retreating to the rear of the car, he employed the time between stations distorting his face into lines of grimness to strike terror to the criminal heart.

He noted his success in a vest-pocket mirror. The results were not quite what he hoped for and he was trying to practice a new and particularly ferocious twist when he noticed someone standing near him and he looked up to see—"The Lone Wolf."

Did he suspect? Would he draw a gun? Doyle's face quivered, his heart stood still! Lesson 8—O yes, it said, "Strike first." Larry's face contorted—in another instant the criminal smiled!

"Neuritis?" he inquired in a mild, quiet tone. "It's painful; had it once myself. You ought to take things easy when you feel this way. Well, good morning, this is my stop. Hope you feel better soon."

As the train pulled up, Larry assisted the passengers to alight. He noticed his victim had not left the platform, but was lingering as though expecting someone.

Doyle began to shadow his man. The fellow seemed uncertain where to go. He walked up and down, finally making inquiry of a porter. Then he strode directly toward the restaurant.

Larry followed close behind. Just outside the door he touched the man's shoulder. The words "You are under—" trembled on his lips; when—

The door opened, and out rushed Margie, crying, "Oh Charles! I'm so glad to see you!" And the fellow actually had the nerve to kiss her!

Larry's head was whirling, but he heard a voice beside him inquiring politely, "Did you wish to speak to me?" It was that of his victim.

"Y—Yes", Larry said, "You—did you leave anything in the car?"

No, he had not, but it was kind of him to inquire.

Then Margie, seeing Larry, said, "This is my brother Charles, who is taking charge of the parish here."

Larry stammered some more, and made his departure, revising his opinion of Sherlock Kunkel as he went.

That night diploma, badge, and instructions went into the fire. The railway now looks pretty good to Larry Doyle and "Operative 999" is no more.

Inside of a short year a great change has taken place. Larry is now a conductor and Margie, noting the difference, has asked brother Charles to co-operate in making her the proud bride of "Ex-Operative 999."

THOMAS LYNCH, A. B. '26



Winter=Weary.

Sing me a song
Of summer and a fairer breeze,
That blows the tender branches on the trees;
That touches with its soft, caressing kiss,
Imprinting in my soul thrice-perfect bliss.
Sing me a song!

Sing me a song
Of sunshine and the scarlet rose,
That bends reluctant as the soft wind blows;
Whose sweetly-smelling petals fill the air
And hide away from me all thought of care.
Sing me a song!

Sing me a song
Of meadows and the butterflies,
And saucy blackbirds with their shrill, hoarse cries,
Of woodland hillsides and the sturdy oak,
And jumping bullfrogs and their husky croak.
Sing me a song!

Sing me a song
Of rivers and of silvery lakes,
And glorious sunrise where the mind awakes.
Come! Put me where I'll ever hear thy voice,
And let my taunted, troubled heart rejoice.
Sing me a song!

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, A. B. '27

High School Curricula of Today.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: "*High School Curricula of Today*" is the text of the address of the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S., Sp., LL.D., President of Duquesne University, delivered in discussion of the speech President Comfort of Haverford College delivered before the convention of the Catholic Educational Association of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia during the holiday recess. The words of Father Hehir, coming as they do from an educator of highest standing and long experience, carry the weight of logic and conviction and the MONTHLY deems it a pleasure and a privilege to present them to its readers. It may be mentioned incidentally that Father Hehir received the signal honor of election to the vice-presidency of the association and that the Rev. Dr. Ralph L. Hayes, an alumnus and former star athlete of Duquesne, was chosen for the supreme office of president.]

I AM asked to make some remarks on the address of Dr. Comfort on the present-day High School curricula. I am responsible for his address to some extent, as it was suggested by me. I am more than willing to bear the responsibility. I am glad we have had such an address. I rejoice especially that it was given by Dr. Comfort, a gentleman of experience and culture. I am sure that you all join me in congratulating him on the masterly exposition of the High School curricula as given by him—the High School curricula, not only for the State of Pennsylvania, but practically for the whole country. The address is so complete, so exhaustive, that there is little or no need of any discussion by me, or as far as I can see, by any other educator present.

Those of us who come in contact with High School students, who have to examine them and their credits in order to admit them into college courses, have felt for years the lack of that general training, of that general necessary knowledge which a High School student ought to have after four years' work and study in our High Schools. We noticed the lack of scholarship, we saw a smattering acquaintance of a few subjects acquired, but were at loss what to do with these students when there was question of putting them into the Freshman Class of the College Department. They came to us with a little Latin, something taught and learned during two years; they had learned no Greek—the study of Greek has become a lost art in our High Schools; they have two years of Algebra, a year or something more of Geometry, some English, of course, then what they call Civics, the History of Civilization and Problems of Democracy. Practically speaking, this constitutes the curriculum in most of our High Schools, and on this I challenge any educator to find a foundation on which to build any college course worthy of the name!

Dr. Comfort recommends Religion as an essential part of education. It is more than a pleasure to hear him say this, and to learn that the Society of Friends, whom he represents, insists on religious training. Then he recommends four years of Latin, English and Mathematics, with two years of history and a modern language, preference to be given to French or Spanish. This forms a good course for the High School. Were I to take exception to this programme I would suggest Greek instead of Spanish or French. These modern languages have a cultural value, but they have little practical

value in this country at present, except to give a smattering knowledge of a language other than English. It is only a smattering acquaintance, scarcely a readable knowledge, that can be gained of any language in two years. The study of Spanish was given an impetus during and after the Great War. Americans hoped to open extensive commercial relations with South America and countries where Spanish is spoken. But we know now that Germany has practically monopolized commercial relations with South America, to the great surprise and loss of us Americans. French is beneficial for its literature, also with a view to European travel, as French is spoken everywhere in Europe. But why not replace these modern languages with Greek? It ought to be begun in the High School and continued for two years at least in the college course. Its cultural value is unsurpassed; it helps to acquire a better knowledge of Latin; as a language it is easier than Latin; its development of the mind, explain it as you may, is greater than that given by any other subject studied.

I endorse what Dr. Comfort says with reference to postponing Physics and Chemistry till the student gets to college, though we speak of High School Physics and Chemistry. I would say that Trigonometry, too, could be left for college work. But this is a matter of opinion, especially in view of the fact that so many never go beyond the High School.

There are some High Schools which keep to the four years' programme of Latin, as stated by President Comfort, and as mapped out by the State Board of Education, but the authors are read so rapidly and superficially, say one hundred lines of Cicero or Virgil in an hour, that the students derive little or no benefit from the perusal of the great classical authors. Nor do they acquire a knowledge of Latin from such a cursory mode of teaching, especially when teachers and students indulge in riding at railway speed, not in express trains or autos, or on horses, but on what are generally known as "ponies."

One of the reasons why High School work is so imperfect, so incomplete, and so disappointing is owing to what is known as the Elective System. The oldest among us recall when this system, which has been so disastrous for true scholarship, was introduced by ex-President Eliot of Harvard for college students. It has worked havoc against true education and true scholarship for the past quarter of a century, and is especially injurious in High School work. Imagine, and it needs no great effort or stretch of the imagination to do

so, we see it daily in High Schools all the country over, imagine, I say, young boys or girls in their teens, and even younger, selecting a course of studies for themselves. We know how this works, we have heard of "the line of least resistance", a line along which no one can walk and turn out to be a scholar, or have any good foundation on which to build good scholarship.

Another reason I venture to advance for inferior work in our High Schools is that many of the classes are taught by women or ladies, call them young or old maids as you desire. Whilst lauding to the skies the grand work done by women in the work of education, I venture to advance the opinion that they do not get sufficient work out of High School students during the four years of High School training. Many may not agree with me on this subject, but I give it as the result of my observation, and that for a long number of years of careful study. I admit that women may do very excellent work for children in the grades—we all admit this—but for High School work and especially in the case of youths, young fellows growing up from small to big boys, I maintain that women are unfit to train them, especially to develop their character; nor are they capable of getting boys to do all the work they should do.

I would go a step farther and say, even if considered guilty of heresy on the subject, that women should not be entrusted with the education of boys in their High School course. Whilst asserting this for boys, I hasten to say that men are incapable of educating girls in their High School work. They could teach Languages, Mathematics and the Sciences, but the education and the proper training of girls, the developing of maidenly character, mean more than this, and that work for girls, the formation of character, has to be done and is done best by women.

With these few remarks on and supplementary to the very excellent and exhaustive address of Dr. Comfort on the High School curricula, I conclude by again thanking him in the name of the Catholic Educational Association of Pennsylvania for his admirable representation of a subject in which we all are interested and which means so much for the true education and scholarship of our people.

VERY REV. M. A. HEHIR,

President of Duquesne University

American Fiction.

THE last argosy, holds laden with adventure, has weighed anchor, and sails agleam with opalescent pearls of spray, each gem breathing forth its own story of the sunbeam that finds it for its own, answers the call of the breeze, and majestically passes out to sea, bound for—the harbor of rest. The historic stage coach has made its last journey. The Indian has abandoned the warpath and the game-trail; no more will his exultant cry of victory ring far up the reaches of our rivers to echo and re-echo through the silent woodland or shrill o'er the brown, featureless plains, to be lost in vastness. No more the pony express rider, last link between pioneer and civilization, rides forth, cloaked in his armor of courage, to outwit the savage and the elements. Minuets and silver-buckled shoes have passed and with them down the corridors of time has trod the field of honor. The Spanish Main, the Crusader—ah, we look for you in vain. You are dead, gone the way of all mortal things, and yet—you can be made to live again, you are our heritage, forming a basis for a glorious period in our era of fiction.

Our intellectuals proclaim fiction the joy of the dreamer, the idler, yet it is strange indeed that a person cannot find profit in following the strain of a story, delighting in the victories and joys of the hero and heroine, and glorying in the fall of the wicked. To my mind fiction plays an outstanding part in the lives of nations, for it reaches greater numbers than can the essay or the poem. In many cases it acts as a mold of character, since often it comes into the hands of growing children and creates upon their minds a lasting impression.

America has contributed full share of beauty to the hall of fiction in the years since Henry Fielding, a Briton, published his "Tom Jones", the first intricate plot worked out in English letters.

In Nathaniel Hawthorne, a native of the old Puritan town of Salem, she has produced a master of the art of plot and narrative. The critic Hilliard says, "Hawthorne's English is absolutely unique; very careful and exact, but never studied; with the best word always in the best place; pellucid as crystal; full of delicate and varied music; with gleams of poetry and touches of that peculiar humor of his, which is half smile and half sigh." The character described by Hilliard is, perhaps, best exemplified in "Twice-Told Tales", whose atmosphere makes one believe that he looks into the recesses of the

gentle heart of the author. Hawthorne was a cultured, refined gentleman of letters of whom we can be justly proud.

Then, too, we have that spectacular genius—perhaps *the genius* of American fiction—Edgar Allen Poe. While other writers have displayed great ability, certainly few have approached him in quality of art. “The Fall of the House of Usher” and “Mystery of Marie Roget” offer bright examples of his best known works. The premature death of Poe deprived us of the brightest star that has ever blazed its way across our literary firmament.

No comment on American fiction would be complete without mention of James Fenimore Cooper, termed the “American Scott.” Who has not delighted in “The Spy”, “The Pathfinder”, “The Last of the Mohicans”, “The Pilot”? Cooper’s works attained immense popularity all over the world and were translated into many languages. He has taken the glorious coloring of the American forest and, with it as a setting, has produced his marvelous dramas of life.

Though born in Tuscany, Francis Marion Crawford is claimed by America for her own. Crawford, a master-builder of plots, was a prolific writer. He is perhaps best known through his works, “The White Sister” and “Saracinesca.” The rapidity with which he worked, however, undoubtedly detracted much from the quality of his productions.

Our gifts to the realm of fiction have likewise been enhanced by the work of such brilliants as Maurice Francis Egan; Oliver Wendell Holmes, though he is less widely known for his really excellent novels than for his poetry; Richard Malcolm Johnston, portrayer of Southern life, and rightly termed Dean of Southern Men of Letters; Thomas Bailey Aldrich; William Dean Howells; “Mark Twain,” that lovable dispenser of our keenest humor; Winston Churchill; and General Lew Wallace, whose fame rests chiefly on “Ben Hur.”

Such a list brings us up to the authors of today, whom many critics look upon only to bemoan the glory that once was ours. With full realization that we shall be classed as lacking in highly developed taste, we go down on record as an adherent of Booth Tarkington, the Hoosier novelist who is as delightful as any of the host of literary lights mentioned above. Possibly he fails to equal them in tone of offering, but from a standpoint of personal appeal, humor, cleanliness, and depth, we consider the “Magnificent Ambersons”, “Seventeen”, and “Penrod” delicious.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the Pittsburgh authoress, has produced several interesting works, the best known of which are "K" and "The Circular Staircase." She has given promise of producing fiction which will take place with the works of others in the Library of Time, which, after all, is the test of appeal.

At the present time, the output of the Greys, O'Neills, Lewises and Curwoods are much in demand. It requires no remarkable insight to see that they are merely flitting shadows on the literary screen and will find no place in the History of Literature. Such men as Hawthorne, Poe and Crawford have set a lofty standard in their chosen field, a standard which, to my mind, is slowly being lost sight of, due not so much to authors themselves as to the reading public. A multitude of books published today are unspeakable in their thought and appeal, and yet, are avidly perused by the reading public, and discussed as "refreshingly frank, don't you know."

As college men we can accomplish a vast deal of good along the lines of fiction by cultivating and maintaining a taste for its better forms and by seeking to assist others in doing so. In this fashion, authors will be brought to a realization that the "flaming-youth" sort of novel is not wanted. Then, and not before then, will standards be raised.

It is only in raising standards of exactness, in the fostering and preserving of our desire for the better things in literature, particularly fiction, that we will eventually awaken to the fact that "yon gray lines that fret the clouds are messengers of day"—messengers of a day long-awaited, the Golden Age of American Letters.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A. B. '26



Snow.

Whirling, dancing, feathery snow,
Riding the bitter Boreal blow,
Settles softly in gentlest fall
In depth of vale, on mountain tall.

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25

Mixed Partners.

“HELLO, central? Well, I don't want you at all. I want my number; that's it, Montrose 4142. Get it? Well, don't let it get away, and be quick!”

Horatio Spencer, athlete, sheik, fast stepper and saxophone clown, was talking roughly to the operator and offering no apologies in return. East High School of his beloved home town had claimed him as its best all-around dumb-bell and hopeful campus warrior. But to Horatio, East High was a lunatic asylum whose first-class inmates were the corps of feminine instructors. He was only seventeen and stood over six feet in height with his hair slicked down. Horatio loved everything about East High except classes, books, pencils, examinations, teachers and Mr. MacDowell, M. A., LL. B., who functioned as principal when he was not traveling somewhere in Florida for the winter months. MacDowell and Horatio were excellent friends—at a distance.

But to return to the story: A moment of waiting elapsed. There came a buzz and a click—a nibble! Horatio's eyes brightened and he smiled.

“Hello, that you Mabel? How's your rich daddy? That's good. But let's come down to nickel-plated tacks. How about the dance on the fifteenth”? There was no answer; he strained to listen. There came a reply: “Oh, I'm very sorry, Horatio, but you see I—I—well, you see, I won't be in town that night and besides, I expect to be sick around that time; you understand”?

He frowned and bit his lip; he was perplexed.

“Say, that's too bad,” he finally answered. “It will be a swell hop and there won't be one like it again for a heck of a while. I feel almost like jumping in the river. But listen; if you change your mind call me up, huh”?

“All right, I will,” she told him. “Good-by, old dear.”

He heard the receiver click and he mocked the sound with his own as disappointedly he hung up.

“Well, if that ain't some excuse!” he muttered in despair. “I oughta be able to pull something like that on Miss Jennings when I don't think I'll get the home-work done. That's the worst thing I ever fell for yet.”

* * * * *

About the same time that evening, another handsome-looking youngster of noticeable athletic proportions, a large red “E” gracing

the front of his heavy blue sweater, had seated himself on a little stool in the corner drug store telephone booth. His lips were moving up and down and across with remarkable rapidity, resembling those of a fighting debater in a terrible situation. The lips stopped and his ruddy ears moved like those of a donkey as he strained to listen. It was poor Billy Evans, and more—he was riding the same boat with Horatio and hitting an identical iceberg of refusal from Helen, his best sweetie when a dance was at hand. Eventually the dear boy grunted, "Good-bye", and hung up with a burst of naughty grammar.

"Well, I'm in a pretty position since Helen gave me the rusty gate. I wonder what Horatio is going to do about it. Horatio—yes—Horatio. Gee, a good thought. It's early yet and maybe he forgot to ask her. Mabel's a good scout and I'll have no trouble at all. Sure, I'll do it."

He picked up the receiver and fairly bawled the number in his excitement.

"I'm not deaf," the operator informed him emphatically.

"Prove it and give me the right number," Billy returned with a short laugh. The proof was forthcoming and soon there came to him the lyric strains of a feminine "Hello!"

"Hello, Mabel?"

"Yes."

"Guess who."

"Jim?"

"No. Back up the alphabet a bit."

"Oh, is that you, Billy?"

"Well, it ain't Richard Barthelmess."

He heard her laugh and laughed with her, flashing his recently-acquired fillings of gold and dental cement into the blank darkness of the transmitter.

"I'm going to let you in on a little secret," he continued. "Within my vest pocket there lies a pretty scrap of paper which ad-two people to a dance at Perry Hall on the fifteenth. Would you like to be the other person?"

"Oh, I'd just love to," came back the unhesitating response. "What time will you come out for me?"

Billy drew a deep breath in his astonishment but contrived to stutter a reply to her satisfaction and ring off.

"By George, it worked like an electric clock. I bet Horatio'll be sore when he hears I was there with Mabel?"

He darted from the booth and across to the soda counter to fill his sweets-loving interior with a mass of stuff known to the initiated by the high-sounding title of "Monte Carlo Melba."

* * * * *

And now, back to Horatio: that lad was reading the sport page (upside-down) while his features bore the broadest smile they had worn since his cradle days. A mighty change had come over him. Leaning back in his chair, he kicked off one of his bed-room slippers, striking a candle stick on the mantle and knocking it to the floor.

"Helen's an old dear," he remarked ecstatically. "What'll Billy say when he asks her to go to the dance with him? I bet Mabel'll be sore after a while and wish she'd gone with me in the first place. I oughta worry. Helen and I'll be there with bells on and I'll tell Billy all about it next day. It's going to be great!"

A fine piece of strategy, thought Horatio, and he laughed at the irony of circumstance.

And then came the fifteenth, with the long-awaited dance. Perry Hall itself seemed to scent the breath of excitement with East High's decorations and colors trembling before the breeze of the electric fans.

The orchestra was tuning up a fox trot to start early arrivals over the waxed floor of merriment. A handsome banjo player tried to sing a bit but must have had a cold. It was remarked by many that they would rather have had him play instead, which he could have done quite nicely, if somebody only had told him.

Horatio and Helen flew in about the third dance and disposed of their unnecessary belongings. Horatio stood around, greeted by friends and enemies alike while he waited for Helen. Jim Farrell was on hand with the latest in Sears-Roebuck suits and gave Horatio the gladder hand—the one that hadn't been hurt in last Saturday's basketball game. Tony Zaronski was there in fine style, fuzzy black hair just free from the curling iron. Everybody about town had heard of the fifteenth and East High would probably start classes at ten o'clock the next morning.

The fifth dance saw Helen and Horatio on the floor performing their stuff. Horatio thought of Mabel and laughed to himself. Looking up quickly at his sudden chuckle, Helen sought to know what it was all about. And then he spoke:

"How come Billy didn't ask you to this hop instead of me, Helen?"

She grinned at him in defiance. "Oh I suppose no one told him about it; but then you know how I like to dance with you, don't you?"

He failed to answer and once more she looked up at him inquiringly. His eyes were fixed on something straight ahead and his lips were parted.

"For cryin'——" he did not finish but answered her question with a "Yeh."

Horatio had received a rude jolt and thought he was in for more of the same. Presently the orchestra finished. He escorted Helen into the foyer and talked about nothing most of the time and something none of the time.

"Excuse me, Helen," he said after a moment, "but I'd like to look around a bit. Will you wait until I come back?"

"Surely."

He left her alone and strode hastily out on the floor, his size-eleven shoes clattering loudly upon the hardwood surface. And then:

"Hey there, Billy, come here a minute, will you?"

Billy looked around and smiled good naturedly.

"What's up, old soak?" he queried in his beloved slang.

The orchestra hit up another one and dancers filled the hall again. Horatio pulled Billy to one side.

"How'd you get Mabel to come here, lobster-face?" he inquired excitedly.

"Well, well, is that all you want to know? Why listen, I never have any trouble getting a partner as long as I got a nickel in my pants somewhere to call up with. I'm always on the job, old boy, and Mabel was very obliging, you see."

Horatio frowned and lowered his jaw in disgust. "Well, I asked her early in the month and she gave me the frozen shoulder and tried to warm me up with a rotten excuse. Is she fallin' for you?"

"Tut-tut, big boy. We ain't in love. I simply desired a change and besides I knew Helen would be away by the time the dance came off. But I see you're here in spite of it. May I ask with whom?"

Horatio laughed and then stopped abruptly while Billy gazed at him in wonder.

"Well, who is she?" Billy inquired again and began to laugh, though a trifle uncertainly.

"Why, Helen, of course. Didn't you notice?" Horatio replied and rushed back into the foyer, leaving the stricken Billy standing alone on the floor, engulfed in the whirl of couples. He came to eventually and sought out Mabel, striving at the same time to keep out of sight of Helen. He was perspiring when he found his partner at the far end of the hall talking to the banjo player, and he mopped his brow with his newly ironed handkerchief.

"Oh, Billy," she burst out, "take me home or some place else, will you? I just saw Horatio and I'm afraid to talk to him for fear he'll be angry and scold. I'll explain to him later."

"Well, if you want to go home, you go alone," Billy told her with a warning. "We both were fooled and I believe you and Helen cooked up the whole monkey business. Suppose we go to Horatio and trade off to make matters right all around. That means he takes you and I take Helen. Are you on, or will you go home alone?"

"All right. Let's dance this out and then we'll all make up. You're right about it. You see, Helen and I made up this joke because we knew you boys would fall for it, and besides, you should know us by this time."

The switch was made with no one the wiser, mixed partners became fixed partners, and all hands lived happily ever after!

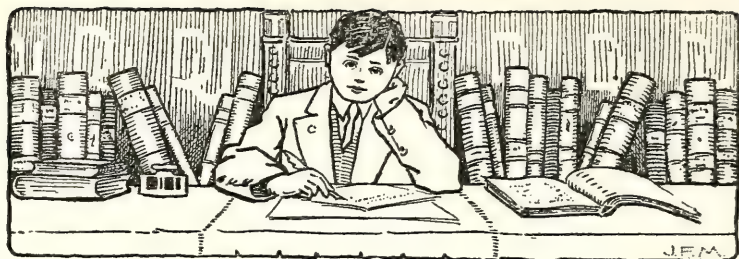
T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, A. B. '27



Heads Up!

Though 'tis not given us to set afire
The Earth with Genius' flame, still let's aspire
In our poor sphere, pitched far from garden spots,
To dream sweet Beauty's dreams, think lovely thoughts.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Mid-Year.

AND here we find February again! By the time these lines shall appear in print, first-semester examinations will have passed into the oblivion that they, in our humble estimation, quite richly deserve. The months just gone by have proven fruitful for Duquesne. Even aside from her usual splendid scholastic growth, she has shown signs, unmistakable as those that herald golden-pink dawn, that she has set foot firmly upon the road to athletic distinction. There is no need here of delving into the subject of the indubitable value of clean sport as supplement, and, in a sense, counter-irritant to the arduous, oft-times nerve-racking duties of college life. Let it suffice that matters are as they are and that prestige acquired through successful intercollegiate competition is not to be despised as a constructive force in turning the mind of the youth of the nation toward higher education and the desirability thereof. Leaving out of consideration both the mediocre record of our 1924 football squad and the remarkable achievements of our basketball quintet, we delve still deeper into the only really worth-while issue, that of policy.

It amounts to little in the long run whether or not the individual team or the particular season be good or bad. As long as athletics are administered in hand-to-mouth fashion no lasting achievement can be hoped for. Due to circumstances, financial and otherwise, altogether beyond the control of those in authority, the system in vogue at Duquesne over a period of two decades failed by several strides to keep us apace with sister institutions of similar size and standing. Three exceedingly capable men, Fathers Hannigan, McGuigan and Dodwell, have struggled courageously throughout the past few years to place the Red and Blue upon the pinnacle that is

her birthright. The seed long-sown of their effort is ready for the harvester at last.

A month ago Francis P. McDermott was named Athletic Director of Duquesne. In that brief span, remarkable progress has been made. Unhampered by the outside work which rendered the tasks of his predecessors thrice-difficult, endowed with authority as absolute as the most independent-minded executive could wish, McDermott has set the wheels in motion. Already his activities have excited amazingly favorable comment from faculty, students, alumni, and even the daily press. That the new sport solon is energetic is evidenced by the facts that his gridiron schedule for next autumn is the finest and best-balanced in the history of the University, that his plans for the coming baseball and tennis campaigns are laid, and that he is considering ways and means of installing track and boxing as varsity pastimes; that he is ethical is shown by his ready acquiescence to the withdrawal of one of the stars of the basketball five from all league contests because the youth in question fell just a trifle short of the class requirements of the Tri-State Conference.

Energy and ethics form a combination hard to beat.

And now, since mid-year is with us, since so much of moment has been accomplished between September and the end of January, let not the Herculean labors of McDermott be lost; let every loyal son of the Red and Blue unite whole-souledly in the drive for Greater Duquesne!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Get in Line, or Get Out!

If you are a student in a college seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers, they are doing the best they can. If something fails to suit you, look first to yourself for the fault; make your school a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you know how. Do this. If for any reason you prefer not to, then take your choice—get in line, or get out! There is no half way!

If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him! If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him—

speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. We think if we worked for a man, we would really work for him. We would not work *for* him a part of the time and *against* him the rest of it. We would give undivided service or none.

If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness!

FRANK J. ZAPPALA, A. B. '25



Rough Stuff.

WE'VE all lived long enough to know the meaning of "rough stuff" in its sports application. Further, let us hope, we've all lived long enough to have attained ethical standards of sufficient height to guide us properly along the oft-times arduous paths of cleanly competition.

"Rough stuff" merely considered in itself is sufficient to excite the repulsion of your true sportsman. It flaunts the rules of the game and takes unfair advantage of a frequently unsuspecting opponent. Hence it is not to be thought of by the chap who loves the pastime for its own sake.

But even aside from the purely ethical difficulties into which it falls, "rough stuff" bears the stigma of mangler and maimer and the decent fan feels that it must and shall be exterminated. Not long ago a splendid young man, just graduated from a leading Eastern college, suffered the loss of an eye in a hockey game here. Now there can exist no doubt that the injury was purely an accident, and we go on record as proclaiming that the lad who caused it is a fine fellow and would give a great deal at this very moment never to have been near the arena on the night in question; but the point we wish to bring out is that the *tone* of the contest was wrong, that the players were animated by a devil-may-care spirit that forgot consequences and urged them to pile in and, in the vernacular, "sock it to 'em." If, in the case to which we refer, the performer of the deed can be absolved from culpability, we have witnessed other incidents on the ice that can be adequately described by no better term than filthy.

It is not our purpose, however, to arraign hockey or hockey

stars as such. We deal with "rough stuff" in general. The skater who employs stick or blades to cut or gouge a rival is no more despicable, no more detestable, than the cowardly mucker who slugs, knees, and kicks his "friendly" enemy in football, who wilfully slides "spikes flying" in baseball, or who deliberately trips, elbows, and butts in basketball.

There are four methods by which the "dirty player" evil can be eradicated. First, we have the usual stiff penalty by officials which, of course, is to be imposed on all occasions when "rough stuff" crops up. Second, there is the instinctive, primeval, and highly effective remedy wherein the assaulted party rises at once and bestows a healthy wallop on the chin of his covert attacker. Third—and this impresses us as the most logical of all—let the governing bodies of athletes banish the convicted malicious offender not only from one game, or for one season, or from one sport, but from every branch of athletic competition for all time. Finally, after attending to the foregoing, more serious malefactors might be arrested and held for attempted manslaughter.

The reader may think us violent, rabid, and radical. If so, let him remember that human life and the human body are exceedingly precious things, not to be lightly tossed into jeopardy. Sport is sport, and murder is murder. Let us trust that the two can be kept apart for the present at least.

"If they aim to be rough, treat 'em rough!"

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Hint of Spring.

Steel-gray heavens glint of blue,
Through snow a peep of emerald hue;
Whirling waters sing along
Liv'ning ways—Spring song.

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

DECEMBER 30—Playing their first collegiate game of the season, the Dukes encountered no difficulty whatever defeating the Adrian college quintet from Michigan, 39-9. The game proved rather uninteresting, due to the overwhelming score, and the failure of anything which might have resembled team play on the part of the visitors. The shooting of the Dukes was marvelous, still their play during the game was somewhat ragged at times, denying them the chance of piling up more points.

JANUARY 5—Classes were resumed after almost three weeks' vacation. It surely must have been a great sacrifice for most of the boys to leave home this morning at such an early hour, forsaking the warmth of a recently much-frequented piece of furniture, to return to school; still it must be performed if they wish to carry out their New Year's resolution of getting to class on time.

JAN. 6—The students attended Mass in the college chapel, observing the Feast of the Epiphany. "Sam" Appel finally discovered that the holidays had ended and returned to class this morning—and late at that.

JAN. 7—The recent step of the University in naming Francis P. McDermott, assistant coach of last year's football squad, as athletic director of all sports, proved an exceptionally wise move toward elevating the institution to a position meriting higher prestige in athletics. We know "Mac" as a man possessed of unique "pep" and ever anxious for the welfare of the institution; one who will attempt any just undertaking to place the Dukes where they should be in athletics.

JAN. 9—The Duke Reserves took on the strong Ketchell Club of the Coffey Junior League and found no hardship in subduing them by the score of 38-24. The team-work of the entire Reserve squad was just a little too much for the Uptowners.

JAN. 11—Coach Davies is putting his men through some hard work in preparation for tomorrow night's game against Thiel at Greenville, Pa. Thiel college has always been a hard nut for the Dukes to crack, so it is our best mov to be primed for this tussle.

JAN. 12—Taking part in their first Tri-State game, the Dukes

managed to nose Thiel out by a 26-21 score. The game was a thriller throughout, and the outstanding consistency and teamwork of the 'Varsity, despite the fact that two of the regulars were banished from the game via the four personal-foul ruling, netted them a well-earned victory.

JAN. 13—Responding to an urgent call for missionary aid in the "fields afar", the student body, headed by Frank Zappala of the Senior class, succeeded in collecting \$113.00 for this note-worthy cause. That is what I call real spirit! ...

JAN. 14—A monster mass meeting took place in the college auditorium, having for its purpose the stirring of highest spirit for the coming annual euchre and dance of the University which will take place at the William Penn Hotel on the night of February 16. Frank Zappala was appointed to act in the capacity of general chairman of the social enterprise.

JAN. 15—A rather vociferous protest has been uttered by a certain Paul Butler concerning an article which I had not long ago inserted in this section of the MONTHLY, stating that he had purchased a beautiful ring (mostly diamond) at De Roy's jewelry shop. This assertion, however, proved to be false and he wishes to correct me by telling me that it was bought at Gillespie's. Mr. Savage, who was present at the bargaining, acts as a witness. No matter where he bought it, he has it. May this correction warrant my forgiveness!

JAN. 16—The temporary committee of the annual euchre and dance held its initial meeting today. Numerous plans were outlined, and within a few days it is to be expected that the various committee men shall be selected. It is the idea of the University to have this affair surpass all previous receptions, and to accomplish this, united and unselfish cooperation, man for man, is required.

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25



Duquesnicula.

The teacher was trying to impress upon her class the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?" There was silence for a moment. Then one sleepy-eyed little fellow piped up: "Bed."

MOTHER (*giving daughter last-minute survey*): "Mary, I think your collar is tight."

DAUGHTER (*incredulously*): "But mother, he looked all right to me!"

"Officer, catch that man. He tried to kiss me!"

"S'all right, miss. There'll be another along in a minute."

DIZ: "A tune has been going through my head all morning."

BIBRO: "There's nothing there to stop it."

A private was shaving himself in the open air when his sergeant came along.

THE SERGEANT: "Do you always shave outside."

THE PRIVATE: "Why not? D'yer think I'm fur-lined?"

"Is this seat engaged, Miss?" asked the village sheik of a bright looking flapper on the train.

"No, sir," she modestly replied, "but I am."

Advice to the men: The best way to make your trousers last is to make the coat and vest first.

KEEPER: "What goes most against a farmer's grain?"

SAVAGE: "The reaper."

FOR THE PHILOSOPHER.

Why is an ill-fed dog like a philosopher?

He's a thin cur (thinker).

Can we say that a hat is a bonnet when it becomes a lady?

Co: What animal dropped from the clouds?

Ed: The rain, dear.

What do you expect to be when you become of age?

Why twenty-one, of course.

"Mamma, you voted for the man you loved best, didn't you?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I saw you put a kiss after his name."

"Pardon me, but are you Scotch by birth?"

"No, old thing, by absorption."

"But surely," he urged, "seeing is believing."

"Not necessarily," she replied. "For instance, I see you every day."

"Cheer up, my boy, you'll be all right in no time."

"Thanks, doctor, you seem to know a good deal about my illness."

"Egad, yes! I've had it myself for the last thirteen years."

"Do your meals ever distress you?"

"Sometimes, when I'm paying the checks."

ANATOMY PROF: "What do you know about the joints?"

STUDENT: "Not much, sir, I haven't been living here long."

HANGMAN: "Pat, have you anything to say before we drop the trap?"

PAT: "Yes, begorra, this thing don't look safe."—*Lafayette Lyre.*

"You cough more easily this morning."

"Yes. I've been practicing all night."

"I hear Joe was kicked out of Harvard for cheating."

"Yes, he was caught with a flower in his buttonhole during a botany exam."

LOVESICK: "I could dance like this forever."

FOOTSORE GIRL: "You'll improve, surely."

MITZI: "Are you sure he loves you alone?"

KITZI: "Oh, yes. More than at any other time."

CUSTOMER: "Waiter, please bring me my coffee without cream."

WAITER: "Sorry, boss, but you'll have to take your coffee without milk today because we ain't got no cream."

CO: "How old would you say May is?"

ED: "To her face or behind her back?"

FIRST PROF: "Do you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought luck?"

SECOND PROF: "Yes, I do. My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

"Maude seems to be a thoroughly up-to-date girl."

"Well, she isn't. She's six years behind in the matter of birthdays."

THOS. H. YEAGLIN, A. B. '26

PAUL R. BUTLER, A. B. '25

ATHLETICS

THE Varsity opened the collegiate season on December 30. Adrian College from Michigan came to the Duke gym with a troupe of Mid-Western huskies. They started their Eastern trip by holding Allegheny and beating Bethany and were billed to hold or defeat the Dukes. The stage was set, but things failed to turn out in conformity to the ideas of the Michigan Staters. The Red and Blue put a crimp in somebody's fondest hopes. The Varsity bewildered them with a quick-passing offense and an impregnable defense. The attack was excellent at times but there were several instances when the work of the Dukes looked poor. The defense, though, was up to standard at all times, compelling Adrian to resort incessantly to long shots. Nearly every member of the large Michigan squad saw action for there was an incessant flow of substitutes breaking into the harmony of the game. Every few minutes the timer's whistle would blow for an Adrian substitution. The Adrian track work was the only feature on their side of the program, while the entire Varsity squad played commendable basketball. The final score read 37-9.

With two victories tucked away, the crew from the Hill traveled to Greenville to engage the Thiel College quintet of that back-in-the-woods municipality. The lumber-jack town offered many interesting inducements, among them skating on the "ole swimmin' hole", a joy ride in a one-horse sleigh, and home cooked meals, the kind mother used to cook—I don't think. These interesting side issues were nothing in the lives of the Varsity players. They were there to win and that little thing they did, but not until clever floor work subdued the strong offense of the home outfit. "War-horse" Christman, always a thorn to Duke followers, was very much in evidence as was another mainstay, Mould. The former, a player who takes enough shots to make a few, was dangerous throughout the entire game, while the latter, the pivot man of the up-state institution, possessed an uncanny left hook that did plenty of damage. This southpaw twirled a few on the portside of his anatomy which never failed to spin around and drop through. This game marked the last of his college career for he is forbidden to play again because of a weak heart. He seems to have had plenty of iron when he played against Duquesne, though. Johnny Serbin was "on", as was Dick Schrading, but the former was the only point-getter in the first half. The Varsity time after time passed a way into the Thiel baskets only to miss an easy shot. The rest between halves was

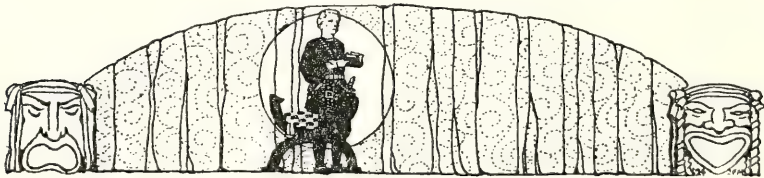
beneficial. They came on the floor only one point to the good, but immediately took possession of the ball and secured a commanding lead. They let up again, however, and Thiel crawled up to within two points. Time was called for a Duke get-together meeting and from then on it was all Red and Blue. The work of Johnny Serbin was outstanding as well as that of Augie Brukoff who relieved Eddie Graff. The crowd got a big kick out of the game when Eddie went in. Roy O'Donovan held Christman to three field goals, quite a feat when one counts the number of long shots of the horse-shoe variety that the Herculean Thiel forward attempted. After a see-saw battle the Dukes brought home the lumber. Score: 26-21.

With interest at fever pitch, the Westminster College stalwarts invaded Duke territory with the full intention of going back home leading the Tri-State Conference league. They were doomed to disappointment. The final whistle found Duquesne University undisputed leaders of the aforementioned Conference. Westminster, displaying a fast passing assault, kept the game nip-and-tuck throughout. The Varsity defense was the best seen here in many moons. Not one Westminster field goal was registered 'neath the basket. As an illustrious sport writer put it, the Duke defense was like unto Gibraltar. The White and Green forward line was compelled to shoot from the center of the court and was quite successful as the score will attest. This game, though it showed a better Duke defense than offense, was one of the most interesting ever played at the Gym. A few of our critics, of course, will not agree with me in this statement. Some people crave to see basketball as the New York Celtics play it. We hope some day to have a team that will cope with these cage wonders and in that event, favorable remarks may be made of a Duke Varsity. The crowd, however, one of the best in Hill history, was most enthusiastic over the contest; the cash customers were pleased; the students were thrilled; and the game was won; so what more could be expected from players who do not claim the laurels of basketball masters but only the ability of the ordinary college player? The final score was 29-19, with Schradling and O'Donovan accounting for most of the Duke markers, and Serbin shining on the defense.

Overconfidence!! Just what does this mean? That's the solution to the Varsity defeat at Bethany, W. Va. A sure win, nothing to it. Oh, my yes! The Bisons had something to say about that. They didn't say it with flowers, either. They made their remarks

with field goals and sixteen of them at that. Sixteen field goals! How could one imagine that after watching the Duke defense perform in the Westminster game? That stonewall was nowhere to be seen. The Bisons were bouncing around like rabbits, but not so the Varsity. They seemed satisfied to trail; but still there were a few little breaks that figured in the Bethany win. With but six minutes to go and the score reading 29 to 26 in the Green's favor, time was called by the home team and when play was resumed it looked as if the Varsity would pull through. Duquesne immediately took possession of the ball, but in a pass in Bison territory, the ball hit two men in collision and rolled into the hands of a Bethany man who was directly under the hoop. He shot and scored. On the subsequent tip off Duquesne again secured the ball, but another misdirected pass went to a Bethany forward who dribbled in unmolested and scored. This gave the home team a commanding lead of seven points with but four minutes to play. This advantage could not be overcome and the game ended with Bethany on the long end of a 37-28 score. With all due credit to Bethany, especially their two forwards Beckwith and Herman, I think that had they not achieved these two last-minute breaks, the game would have ended differently. "Sticks" Monaghan and Eddie Graff were the only players deserving of much credit. "Big Boy" was very much in the game, contributing three field goals to the cause, while his diminutive playmate scored some pretty long-shots.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B., '26



THE DRAMA *and* SUCH.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

This being a season of revivals it is rather fitting that so brilliant an artiste as Ethel Barrymore should enter into the spirit of the movement with a splendid interpretation of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's most noted tragdy, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It had been some little time since anything of Pinero's had been done here upon

the professional stage, and Miss Barrymore had not favored Pittsburgh with an appearance in over two years. Both play and star proved worth-while waiting for. If one was interesting, the other was brilliant. Pinero furnished a powerful vehicle; Miss Barrymore lent it additional verve by the force of her portrayal.

The story in itself is more than a trifle unique. Aubrey Tanqueray, an English widower in his early forties, prompted by loneliness upon learning that his only daughter, Ellean, has decided to enter a convent, suddenly announces to his friends that he is about to marry again. The lady of his choice, a woman of several aliases, is not a person apt to be taken up by Tanqueray's set, but he is somewhat moodily determined to go through with the deal anyway. Upon the eve of the wedding, Tanqueray receives a letter from his daughter, who is not aware of his intention, informing him that she has concluded that her place is by his side and that she will give up her idea of becoming a nun and return to him. The marriage takes place and bride, groom, and daughter repair to "Highercombe", the Tanqueray country-house in Surrey, to live. The convent-bred girl finds it difficult to warm to her worldly stepmother and the latter, though kindly and doing her best to make a success of matters, faces the inevitable realization that the "neighbors" avoid her and that rustic life is maddening to one used to the excitement of London. Tanqueray himself, over-scrupulous for the welfare of his daughter and fearing, perhaps groundlessly, the result of her daily contact with his wife, sends her to Paris with an old friend, Mrs. Cortelyon. In Paris the girl falls in love with dashing young Captain Ardale, the hero of an Indian mutiny. Ardale is also smitten and follows her home to England to seek the consent of her father to their marriage. At "Highercombe", Ardale meets Mrs. Tanqueray. The two are old acquaintances, it seems, and Mrs. Tanqueray reminds him of an affair of theirs some years before, declares him unfit to associate with the girl, and announces her intention of making a clean breast of the entire business to her husband. This she does without delay and Tanqueray forbids Ellean to see Ardale again. Ellean accuses her stepmother of slandering Ardale and in a magnificently stormy emotional scene the two women have it out. Tanqueray, ever tolerant, proposes to his wife that they go abroad and start over again, but she, knowing full well that only misery awaits them, sadly points out the rocks that lie ahead and leaves the room. Tanqueray, distracted, turns to his tried and trusted friend, Cayley Drummle, for

advice, but even as the pair are speaking, Ellean breaks in hysterically with the news that the difficulty, for them at least, is solved. The second Mrs. Tanqueray has slain herself!

The outline we have given is most inadequate. Without the aid of the superb voice and action of Miss Barrymore it is impossible to offer or grasp a sufficiently sympathetic impression of the character of the unfortunate Paula Tanqueray. Miss Barrymore, however, fairly brings her from the pages of Pinero's manuscript to vivid and realistic life. Aubrey Tanqueray is a finely-drawn study of a man of understanding heart, not, we might say, basically unlike the beloved Mark Sabre in Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes". Henry Daniell, though at times just a bit too restrained, carries the part extremely well. Helen Robbins is excellent as Ellean, and Lionel Pape is colorful and engaging in the role of Cayley Drummle. All in all the production registers a pronounced hit and, in our humble estimation, stands second only to Hampden's version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" upon the list of top-ranking plays that have shown here to date this autumn and winter.

CHARLOT'S REVUE.

For the first time in the rather brief history of the MONTHLY department of the theatre, a revue has contrived to break into a portion of our limited space. As an almost invariable rule the girl-and-music production is little better than sublimated vaudeville and as such fails certainly to fall within the classification of "The Drama" or even, in the vast majority of cases, under the rather nebulous heading, "and Such." But Andre Charlot has given us something different. With a brilliant cast headed by that unusual English character comedian, Herbert Mundin, and capably rounded out by a company of head-liners including Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, and Nelson Keys, Charlot's Revue strikes the critics with considerably more force than does any similar presentation of the current season. Aiming at genuine artistic merit rather than spectacular scenic effect, Mr. Charlot offers entertainment that is unique in its line. Of the two dozen scenes, at least three-fourths are entirely novel in treatment and theme, which proves that Mr. Charlot is original, wherein he differs from a number of his leading contemporaries. And best of all, it's a show to which one can "bring the kiddies." We trust that Mr. Charlot will see fit to visit us again, even if his coming crowd out the classics of Messrs. Ziegfeld, White, Carroll, and, perhaps, Berlin.

WILDFLOWER.

A musical comedy with music—that's "Wildflower." But even if there weren't any music, there'd be Edith Day, whose sparkling beauty and effervescent fragrance are worth the price of admission twice over. "Wildflower" is best described by the term delightful. Set in the mountains about picturesque Lake Como, the story breathes the quaint, free, untrammelled freshness of old Lombardy. There is wholesome fun aplenty, splendid dancing, and if you don't go out whistling "Bambalina" or "Wildflower" you're either not human or you've no teeth!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

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Saint Thomas.

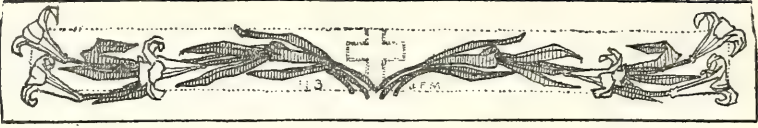
THY quest if it be truth, O feverish mind,
Come quick apart from life's ignoble strife,
Con not of rampant pens with error rife
That would mislead, fair Reason's vision blind.

Turn fast thy gaze to sainted Aquin's page
Where light refulgent glows of Light Divine;
That which you find there in your heart enshrine;
'Tis Truth and varies nor in clime nor age.

The princely intellect of Thomas thought
On God, Who's Truth, then wrote in spirit meek
So all might know, nor further need to seek
Than in the work, God-praised, our saint has wrought.

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25





Existence of God.

IS THERE a God? If there is, what is He? Why is He? Where is He? These are the questions that have been confronting the human race for centuries,—yes, since the beginning of the world; questions which not only demand solution but are capable of being solved. Nor is the world without an answer to them; they have been answered by men of thought, men of all ages, men who speculated on the subject until they found a real proof or, rather, many real proofs which are not only intelligible to the educated but also to the unlearned.

Foremost among these intellectual pioneers was St. Thomas, "The Angelic Doctor", who lived during the thirteenth century. He was a man of staid habits, a man of intelligence, a man considered by many today to have been the greatest thinker of all time. Having before him the teachings of Aristotle and others, and with the light thrown on the question by Christianity and his own native genius, he determined to develop and to enlarge the scope of the most advanced thought of the ancients.

The first proof set down by Aquinas was the existence of a first mover who was himself unmoved. He set out by stating that our senses tell us there is motion in the world. It is a self-evident fact that nothing moves of itself. Everything that moves is moved by another. Therefore we must admit that there was a first mover, a something that made the first motion and which itself was not moved. All people understand this first or prime mover to be God.

The first statement in this syllogism, "Our senses tell us there is motion in the world", must be postulated as self-evident. Any knowledge which we acquire is obtained only through the senses; anything which is in the intellect must have been first in the senses. We may take the sense of sight for an example. We obtain knowledge through the medium of our eyes; if our eyes did not function we would have no idea of color, for a man born blind lacks the slightest conception of what is meant by the words red, green, and

so on. So it is that our senses are the means of obtaining true knowledge. He thus began his proof with an undeniable premise.

Thomas next defines motion. Motion is the transition from the *terminus a quo* to the *terminus ad quem*, or from potentiality to actuality. It is not merely limited to local motion, e. g., going from Pittsburgh to New York, but embraces qualitative and quantitative motion. By quantitative motion is meant the increase or decrease in the quantity of a mass or of a body, e. g., a child growing to manhood. Quantitive motion is the going from one state of perfection to another, e. g., from a state of ignorance to a state of knowledge. In short, motion is the passing from one state of being to another, or from the mere potentiality or aptitude to receive a perfection to the actual attainment of that perfection.

There cannot be an infinite series of motion and movers. Granting that we could have such a series, we would have to admit that there was no first motion, since an infinite series would be without beginning or end. If there were no first there could be no second or third or last motion. Then we would have no such thing as motion. But our senses tell us infallibly that there is motion. Therefore we must deny the possibility of an infinite series and admit the existence of a prime mover. Take, for example, the process of writin:—the pen is moved by the fingers, the fingers by the hand, the hand by the forearm, the forearm by the upper arm, the upper arm by the muscles in the back and shoulder, these muscles by the blood, and so on. But, taking away the first mover, the heart, there would be no second or no third, or no ultimate motion, hence no writing. In all series of movers and motion we must admit of a first mover. Otherwise we would not have a last, nor any intermediate motion. Thus did St. Thomas develop the idea of motion, which was not clearly defined by Aristotle.

Everything which is moved is moved by another. Nothing can be the cause of its own motion. A thing cannot give itself what it does not itself possess. Nothing can be the cause of its own existence, nor can anything cause itself to move. A thing moves in order to obtain some perfection which it has not. If it already possessed a perfection it would be needless for it to move. So the acquiring of that perfection is the cause for the thing moving. But to say that a thing moves itself is to say that the thing at the same time has and has not that perfection. This would be a contradiction. Therefore everything which moves is moved by another.

With this proof as a foundation, "The Angelic Doctor" studied the personality of the Supreme Being as far as human reason can go. He shows to us the infinity and mercy of God, His unity, virtue, beauty, and goodness. These attributes are not merely assumed, but are shown to be absolute necessities to God, following from the fact that God is the first mover, the Pure Actuality, the Perfection of all perfections.

Today this proof remains as *the* proof for the existence of God. It has never been disproved, nor has it yet been improved upon. St. Thomas, rightly indeed called "The Angelic Doctor", took the crude nucleus proffered by the ancient philosophers, stripped it of its barbarisms and pagan elements, and re-clothed it in an up-to-date casing that has withstood the assaults of time and will continue to do so as long as human thought runs in channels identical to those of present and past. He not only proved God's existence, but laid thereby the foundation for every other question in theodicy; nay, every other problem is but a corollary of this. God is *Actus Purus*. He is His own Existence; for if His essence be distinct from His existence, it must be *in potentia* to it. But there is no potentiality in God; therefore essence and existence are identical in Him. *Deus est esse*. But *esse* (existence) is the perfection of all perfections, and all perfections tend toward the perfection of His existence, and no perfection can be wanting to that Being whose Nature *is* existence. Therefore God is not only all-Perfect, but He is His own Perfection; God is not only good, one, infinite, holy, wise, true; but He is Goodness itself, Unity, Infinity, Holiness, Wisdom, Truth, and therefore the End and Happiness to Himself and to everything He has created.

THOMAS E. THORNTON, A. B. '25



Fall of Boreas.

Ah, Winter, tyrant though thou art,
Thy sway must have an end;
Ere long thou shalt be cleft apart,
Ice-shafts no more descend.

Now stricken by thy sleet-sheath'd blast,
As far as eye can gaze,
Lies all the country, frozen fast
Within thy pallid glaze.

Snow-capp'd the hills and gorg'd the streams,
All-barren the leafless trees,
While silent man of summer dreams
And nectar-scented breeze.

But soon will cease thy, cruel reign,
Thy day will soon be done,
For Spring shall cut a torrid lane,
Her lance, the flaming sun.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B. '27



The Checkered Career of Johnny.

WHEN J. P. Fitzgerald died, his son Johnny fell sole owner to his treasured establishment, an antiquated pool-room and confectionery store combined.

"Well, John, I guess you'll sell the joint, now that the old man's gone," ventured "that young brat", Paul Clipman, as the venerable old gentleman himself had once taken occasion to characterize the narrow-shouldered narrow-eyed "shark" of the cue parlor.

"Oh! I don't know about that, Paul. This place ought to bring in plenty of money if it was fixed up."

"Boy! you got some sweet job. You can't make anything out of this old shanty. So long."

"So long, Paul. See ya' again."

"Oh! by the way Johnny, if ya' see ya' can't make anything out of the place, let me know, and I'll take it off your hands for a thousand beans—cold cash."

"What! you'll give me a thousand dollars for the place?"

"Yes. Do ya' want to sell now—before I change my mind?"

Johnny thought a moment before replying. What was Clipman's game? How could the room be worth more to this bird than to J. P. Fitzgerald, Jr., himself? Paul wasn't the kind of a guy to play "Santa Claus" either. Quite likely he had some scheme doped out, for even in kid days Mr. Clipman had been noted for ability to devise ways and means of acquiring the shekels and acquiring 'em fast. Not so good!

"No, Paul, I guess I'll hold on a while yet at least; then, if it flops, it's yours. So long!"

After Paul had departed, John began to consider his offer in more minute detail. Why should he want to buy the place? What did he have in mind?—

Slowly a flush spread over young Fitzgerald's face. He portrayed the very actions of his father,—that same determination, that same fighting spirit, dominated his very self. He resolved to make the best of his task, to show Paul what he could do.

That afternoon he strolled over to the bank for advice on his future plans, and to arrange for the withdrawal of most of his funds.

In a few weeks the sign, "OPEN FOR BUSINESS", appeared in the window of the most up-to-date billiard hall in town. Inside, stood the proprietor with his usual good-natured smile, waiting to collect money. He waited.

The days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and John began to feel blue. A few dollars a day would not even pay running expenses. What could he do now? He was sounding the depth of perplexity when the door opened and his pal, Clipman, entered with gladsome smile and gladder hand.

"How's things going, John?"

"Oh, not so bad, Paul—how are you doing?"

"Do you want to get rid of the joint yet, John?"

Johnny's face reddened, and he wheeled belligerently on his visitor. "Listen here, Paul! If you ever make another crack about getting rid of this place, I'll mop up the streets with you. Get me?

Now, get the h— out of here, and don't come back 'till you ditch your big ideas!"

Clipman departed in haste and consternation and again Johnny sought to figure how he could make the place a paying proposition. But all in vain! Down-hearted and thoroughly pessimistic, he lost all sight of the much-advertised silver lining.

"What'll I do now; what'll I do now?" he wailed to himself; then suddenly, "Gee, this is Wednesday, and I'll have to run over to see Mary. Hang it anyway, I wish to Pete I had sold the place—I wouldn't have this worry now."

The moment he stepped into the parlor, Mary could see that something was on his mind.

"What's the matter, Jack?" (she called him Jack for distinction)—"something go wrong today?"

"Nothing much, dear, I was just trying to dope out some plans for tomorrow."

She knew that Johnny was by no means one to "cry" about his troubles. Anxious to lend a helping hand in time of need, she asked him to tell her his troubles.

"Oh, they're nothing; don't worry over them; everything will come around all right."

"But remember, Jack, two heads are better than one, you know."

And Johnny, needing sympathy just as every young fellow needs it now and then, told of his failure so far, of how Paul had offered to buy the place on two occasions, and of how he was ready to let the Fitzgerald hopes go by the board. But Mary was made of a trifle sterner stuff. She heard him patiently, bit her lip, and spoke:

"Listen, Jack; never admit defeat until your last card is played."

"I played that long ago, Mary."

"No you didn't, I held one in reserve for you."

She whispered in Johnny's ear a moment and ere long his old-time smile lighted his countenance.

"Gee, kid! You're a life-saver."

The next day a sign, "Closed for Repairs" appeared in the window of the Fitzgerald Billiard Parlor. The public wondered what was coming next.

In a few weeks the place was wholly remodeled and artistically decorated with fancy draperies. An "ad" appeared in the "Evening Times": "SURPRISE DAY TOMORROW AT FITZGERALD AND COMPANY—EVERYONE INVITED."

An inquisitive populace flocked around the place the following day, and to the delight of all, there appeared the sign of the times: "Let us help you solve your Cross-word Puzzles—lots of fun—reasonable rates—puzzles and dictionaries for sale.

Needless to remark, in these days of mighty mental research, the experiment proved highly satisfactory. That evening when they had counted \$150.00, the net proceeds of the day, Johnny seized Mary's hand and in sudden joyous inspiration fairly shouted, "Now we're started, let's get busy on the tough old puzzle of matrimony. Two heads are better than one, you know."

And one of the heads nodded in shy but unhesitant assent.

LAWRENCE A. O'CONNELL, A. B. '25



Saint Patrick.

'Twas so long ago, so far off too,
That its date I can't remember now,
But that deed I'll ne'er forget, I vow;
Sure 'tis ever 'fore my memory's view
Of how sainted Patrick's humble few
Kindled on Tara's holy brow
Feeble flickerings which today endow
With a warmth of Faith that the years renew.

Blaz'd there that spark till leaping tongues of flame
Spread in thrice-fervent Christian zeal afar—
Till all men had heard the Saviour's Blessed Name—
That priestly deed I'll ne'er forget, I vow!

Patrick, saint, apostle of the Gael,
In laud of thee man sings as one! All hail!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

Saint Thomas and Intellectual Development.

FEW expressions ever coined have given rise to as justly undiluted sentiments of disgust as well up in the breast of the truly educated man or woman at mention of that most ill-conceived of terms, "Dark Ages." It needs scarcely be mentioned here that the centuries to which the obnoxious epithet is usually applied—ranging according to opinion from the latter fifth to the end of the fifteenth—embrace the very heyday of Scholasticism. This may be pure co-incidence; so also may be the fact that the use of "Dark ages" terminates abruptly the moment certain chroniclers drop the Holy Roman Empire to take up the checkered careers of Martin Luther, Henry the Eighth, and kindred celebrities, all of whom saw fit within a remarkably brief span of years to cast aside the restraint of ecclesiastical authority and set up religions fashioned along the roomy lines best suited to fit the phantastic moral codes peculiar to each.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to question the un-biasedness of scriveners of popular history or to attribute to them motives and prejudices incompatible with the open-minded honesty of purpose to which they lay claim; though in this instance at least one cannot help feeling that these worthy gentlemen, bat-like, beat blindly to the brilliance of Scholastic truth and regain vision only when fall the thick and dusky shades of the fallacies of the Reformation. My aim is constructive. I seek to establish the affirmative of a proposition to the effect that the era of Scholasticism, far from meriting the opprobrious "dark", must, on the contrary, be recorded as an age of intellectual development.

No better example can be advanced in support of my contention than the life and works of St. Thomas of Aquin. The Angelic Doctor is ranked beyond his fellow Schoolmen by an appreciable margin. Admittedly his doctrines are the flower of an ancient and respected philosophic system. "The writings of Thomas," says the by no means pro-Catholic Encyclopaedia Britannica, "are of very great importance for philosophy as well as for theology, for he is the spirit of scholasticism incarnate." Hence I think no injustice will be done either side if we consider his *Summa* and other treatises representative of the best in Scholastic thought and upon their excellence or lack of it let Scholasticism and, in the last analysis, the "Dark ages" charge stand or fall.

Without delving intimately into detail which, unfortunately, the exigencies of space and time do not permit, it should prove enlighten-

ing to point out in general the vast and mighty expanses of the sea of knowledge which St. Thomas has explored and charted to the well nigh infinite benefit of succeeding generations. First we have his notion of science, "knowledge of things through their causes." A better definition has never yet been formulated. And who can improve upon, "Truth is the conformity of the object and the intellect?" He pins down the mooted question of universals and offers a Theory of Knowledge that is unsurpassed.

In Logic, the basis of all speculative science, he rounds out the already splendid Aristotelian doctrine, while his ideas on Anthropology are accepted unqualifiedly by Christian scholars throughout the world. He strikes his keynote with the words, "The soul, then (and by the soul is meant not merely mind, but the principle of *all* vital activity) is united substantially with the body." He neglects no stage, however minute, of his process of reasoning, and carries man step by step from absolute ignorance to the heights of fully developed intellect without jolt or jar of sophistry.

In Cosmology, Aquinas solves clearly and satisfactorily the problem of the origin of the universe, pronounces upon the theory of matter and form, and defines time and space. In Metaphysics and Natural Theology, he explains the notion of Being, proves the existence of God *a posteriori* in no less than five ways, and presents an approved version of the relation existing between God and creatures with, of course, special reference to man.

Finally, in the department of Ethics, the Doctor teaches of man's ultimate end, discriminates between the moral good and evil of an action, treats of virtue and law, and lays down an eminently sane and highly practical outline of the powers and duties of the State.

Now the philosophical and theological sciences constitute the entire groundwork and a good portion of the superstructure of the world's knowledge. But manifestly the acquirement of knowledge is part and parcel of the scheme of intellectual development. St. Thomas, by his compendia and syntheses, has simplified the business of attaining knowledge for untold millions of men for more than six hundred years. Yet his is but the sum of the culture of Scholasticism, the dominant movement of centuries which shallow and cantankerous critics would have us believe blighted and benighted!

"Dark ages!"

It is to laugh!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

The Humble.

ALMOST every day of his life an American is reminded that "Necessity is the mother of invention." It needs only a little reflection and observation to realize how much American youths are blessed in the examples of their countrymen who have come from the humblest stations in life and have risen through sheer pluck and perseverance to positions of honor and helpfulness.

We are indebted mainly to the genius and the observation of poor men for the great inventions which have so much contributed to much to the comfort, the convenience, the cheeriness, and the possibilities of life. They have given us steam as a motive power, the telegraph, the typewriter, the telephone, the automobile, the victrola, the airship, the radio, to name only an outstanding few of the products of their diligence and talent.

No one reaches out earnestly for a thing until he feels that he needs it; consequently, the sons and daughters of the rich are seldom benefactors of humanity such as innumerable poor men and women almost perforce have been through inventions that necessity has urged them to perfect, and which incidentally have lightened drudgery in millions of homes, as well as increased marvelously the productivity of soil and factory. Had the abilities of the rich been put to the test by hunger or cold or a host of equally potent incentives to vigorous thought and action which impel the poor, they also might have a multitude of inventions to their credit, for the longing of the normal soul for better things furnishes the basis of all the worthy activities of life.

The greatest drawback to the advance of rich men's sons and daughters consists in their having every want supplied from the bank accounts of indulgent parents. They lack appreciation of many little favors of life, which help to brighten the path of the poor, solely because they have never needed them, because they have taken them for granted as part and parcel of existence.

The superintendent of the Patent Office at Washington has recently confirmed the official report of the French Patent Office that there has been no invention of special value which has not been either originated or improved upon by some poor man. Who invented the best life preservers? A sailor who had fallen overboard and nearly drowned. Who invented the quick firing gun, which can rip off six hundred shots while the ordinary gun is being loaded? A moderate-

circumstanced Dutchman. Who invented the sewing-machine? A machinist from Cambridge, whose family suffered even from lack of food and was supported in part by the needle-work of the wife. Who invented the ship's chronometer? A man who had been lost at sea and despaired of ever again reaching the shore. The locomotive, which has contributed more than any other one thing to the spread of our people over our vast country, was given to the world by Stephenson, who in early life had been so poor that he had been permitted to enjoy but little schooling.

More than eight hundred agricultural inventions were patented in 1905 and 1906, and every one of them is credited to some poor man or poor woman.

As inventors women have in recent years become close competitors of men. One of the greatest women of the present age is Madame Curie, who discovered radium and whose name is on the lips of every school-boy and school-girl throughout the civilized world.

When we consider the thousands of useful inventions which have added so much to the convenience and the happiness of life, and when we bring to mind how practically all of these have come from the humblest of humans, to few of whom were given the advantages of the so-called higher education, of which we hear so much today, we are forced to agree with Sir Walter Scott that the best part of every man's education is that which he gives himself independent of textbooks other than that greatest of them all, the Book of Life. Every real man and woman attends a school or college, not to learn, but to learn how to learn. This, to my mind, is the most splendid work that schools of any description can seek to perform—to lay a firm foundation upon which the man who has learned how to learn can build his own superstructure.

One teacher or professor can be serviceable to a thousand chaps who intend to make themselves, but a thousand teachers cannot help one of the other sort. Heredity and environment and will-power are the mighty deciding factors in every life.

FRANK J. ZAPPALA, A. B. '25.



Saint Joseph.

O favored one of God's own choice,
Who didst, unfailing, hear His voice
And take unto thy tender care
His mother, and the Infant fair,
 Become my guardian too.

When sorrow enters in my heart
And plays its melancholy part,
And I cannot quite understand,
Be near me with extended hand
 And tell me what to do.

When something speaks within my soul,
And points me toward the distant goal
That God has fitted out for me,
Then lead, and I will follow thee
 And harken to His call.

And though I seem to trudge in vain,
That wondrous end I must attain
If I would please the Holy One,
For Whom, on earth, thy work was done,
 And crowned by Him withal.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, A. B. '27



Psychology, Old and New.

IN THIS mighty era of progress, no kindred science has aroused the attention and interest of men as has psychology. Truly this engrossing study bears resemblance to the activities of nature in its development. Centuries ago, the renowned Stagyrice planted the study of the soul as a seed that was destined to bloom into a gigantic tree with branches resplendent in the truth and principles of certitude. For hundreds of years this tender shrub of Aristotle, subject to the ravages of the stormy attacks of lesser intellects, was hindered and stunted in its growth. Still, however, men were found who, by guarding this frail, helpless twig of knowledge, have elevated themselves to niches of glory in the hall of fame.

Psychology, as the word indicates, is that branch of philosophical

study which contemplates the soul and the ultimate principles of life. It follows, then, that this study must take into consideration the three grades of life: the sentient, the vegetative, and the intellectual. Not only is the rational soul in man the center of intellectual activity, but it animates him in his vegetative and sensitive life and preserves order in the three departments so that each co-operates with the others. This animating principle of man plays the important role of substantial form: that which makes a thing what it is and differentiates it from all other beings.

In its operations the soul has two faculties: the intellect, by which we know things through the medium of our senses, and the will, which prompts us to action. And now the question arises: do men act in blind allegiance to the impelling forces of their constitutions, or do they act with the freedom of eliciting their actions? It is here that the doctrines of Scholastic and Modernist conflict. The Scholastic maintains that the rational acts of man are governed by a free and unimpeded will, while the Modernist clings to the assumption that environment and heredity hold sway over human movement.

The Scholastic adds that, since the soul or animating element of man is simple and spiritual (that is, independent of matter for its existence and operation), it is immortal and must return to the One from Whom it came, namely, God.

The Modernist, on the other hand, is not concerned to great extent with the supreme nature and essential principle of man, but has rather centered his attention upon the "subconscious". From knowledge of this principle, he makes special study of the abnormal and pathological states of the individual. While he usually admits the existence of some sort of free will, he relegates the soul, of which the will is a faculty, to the category of mere logical entities and superstitions. To him the soul exists somewhere, but it plays no immediate part in the life of man. He—the Modernist—feels that the mental, physical, and moral deformities and disturbances of the individual are due to some hidden operation of the mind, to environment, which no doubt exerts a certain influence, over-rated, perhaps, but none the less existent, over man and his actions, and frequently to the "libido", a sex impulse which has furnished nucleus for much discussion among recent writers.

The New Psychology bears close resemblance to Scholasticism inasmuch as it lays stress upon the intimate interaction between mind and body as the cause of man's various disturbances. It falls short of the Scholastic ideal, however, in covering only the so-called "practical side" of the science, and in thus limiting its scope it appears unwittingly to align itself with physiology, viewing, as it does, the wonderful psyche of man as a dim phosphorescence above his organs.

But has this alluring, iridescent dream of a science that has introduced such high-sounding terms as "subconscious ego", "psycho-analysis", and a score of others into the realm of speculation been realized to its fullest extent? Unfortunately we must reply in the negative, for if the development of psychiatric treatment has as yet been brought forward to the certain and positive stage, why have we today such a host of asylums and hospitals? But even at this early date humanity is indebted to psychiatry and psycho-therapeutical operations for a sufficient number of splendid cures to offer substantial basis for high hope for the future.

But is psychiatry, strictly speaking, psychology? Hardly! Were additions to the already voluminous fund of psychological terminology needed to render Scholasticism "practical"? No! The injection of new and often confusing terms merely tends to engender misunderstanding of one party by the other.

Finally, the true psychologist is like unto a spectator. He sees the entire human race with all its intricate relations, the wrong and misery of some, the uprightness and joy of others. How can he best remedy the flaws that he detects on this enormous stage? By shouting aloud amidst the hue and cry of others? Or would it not be more reasonable for him to appeal to the directors of the play, the souls of men? It is on this point that Scholasticism gains supremacy in doctrine and in practice. It seeks and attains fundamentals. Grounded in truth by minds of the calibre of Aristotle and Aquinas, it looms through the mists of conjecture as an island of relief, Arcadia to storm-tossed multitudes, weary and soul-sick voyagers adrift on a turbulent sea of doubt and fallacy—of psycho-analysis and libido and inferiorities complex.

ROBERT MURPHY, A. B. '25

Soldier of Christ.

(To the memory of the Rev. William J. Munster

Died, January 24, 1925

Blare of trumpet, thund'rous cannon-roll,
Shrapnel, shell, dank pall of powder-smoke,
"Absolvo te!", crouched low in crater-hole
O'er crimson'd hulks that neither stirred nor spoke.

For such as this thy mercy drew thee forth
From sheltered homeland to the field of Mars,
To run Death's bloody gauntlet in the North
Of France where gun-flare dimmed the very stars.

The battle-vortex showed thy courage true
As hammer'd steel; grave peril passed thee by;
'Twas only grim Disease that gnawed into
Thy dauntless heart and sent thee back—to die.

Then came the fight, the fearsome fight for life,
The up-hill struggle, grind without surcease,
That proved thee by the patience-test of strife
If hero once in war, full-thrice in peace.

But even with success at hand, you fell,
Summoned betimes unto the Master's feast,
All honor to thee who hast served right well,
Thou valiant priest of soldiers, sainted soldier-priest!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

Deep ☉ Spring.

Sweet the air with lively tune,
Birds greet the morning;
Sun awakes beauty soon,
Drab Earth adorning.

Boisterous winds of Boreal clime
Gently lisp in laughter;
Blue sky of spring time—
Winter's hereafter!

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Dr. Eliot Sins by Omission.

WHEN one has attained the venerable age of ninety years, one is usually entitled to be heard. When, in addition, one chances to occupy the august position of President Emeritus of Harvard University and to be steeped in the dignity and tradition of that mighty institution of learning, one may rather well presume to tell one's hearers pretty much what one wishes. Thus it is with the renowned Dr. Eliot, whose lately-published list of the greatest thinkers of the ages has caused controversy much akin to the tea-pot tempest annually aroused by the so-called "All-American" football selections of Mr. Camp of Yale—though the Eliot flurry disturbs a sphere quite foreign to that wherein flourishes comment on the Campian gridiron effort.

It is unnecessary to recount in detail the opinions of Dr. Eliot. The point we aim to bring out is simply that he failed to name St. Thomas Aquinas among his group of the philosophically elect. Possibly the error is a mere unconscious oversight on his part; but we certainly doubt it. Dr. Eliot was probably quite deliberate in his rejection of the Great Scholastic's claim to fame. Dr. Eliot does not adhere to the distinctive tenets of Scholasticism, hence he ignores completely their illustrious sponsor.

Now the revered and learned doctor cannot possibly agree with the entire score of master minds he mentions. He must be aware that they themselves are at odds with one another in dozens and scores and hundreds of matters. All cannot be right even upon principles of first importance. The contentions of many of them have been proven not only wrong, but, in the light of reason, totally absurd.

Why must our worthy educator condone the obvious lapses of his favorites and condemn what he considers weaknesses and irregularities in the work of St. Thomas? Can the blindness of extreme age extend to the intellectual faculty of sight as well as to the physical? Or is it that Dr. Eliot has never, even in his prime, enjoyed absolute clarity of mental vision?

'Tis sad—sad, indeed! What an ineradicable blot the Eliot slight has cast upon the escutcheon of Aquinas! What a pity, too, we say, what an everlasting pity, that Thomas could not have lived in 1925 instead of seven centuries ago; for with all his fancies, faults, and fallacies, he must have been rather an apt young chap, at that, and with the unparalleled advantages of fifteen minutes a day at the five-foot book-shelf, he might have amounted—but why go further?

Are you laughing with us, or at us?

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Intercollegiate Felicity.

SPORTS relations between schools are not always pleasant. More often, perhaps, than not, cordiality proves but a veneer that wears quickly off under the acid tests of pride and jealousy when the competition waxes warm. It is with deep gratification, then, that we print a letter written by the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy shortly after the Navy-Duquesne basketball game and addressed to the President of Duquesne:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland

February 2, 1925.

Dear Sir:

We were glad to have your basketball team with us, and have nothing but praise for the fine sportsmanship which they showed throughout the game.

Such acts cement the feeling of fellowship between the colleges, and make for better sportsmanship in all things.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY P. WILSON,

Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy

PRESIDENT,
Duquesne University,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We agree with Admiral Wilson that "such acts" do "cement the feeling of fellowship between the colleges, and make for better sportsmanship in all things."

But may we not go a step further and suggest that such acts as the courtesy displayed by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy in his extraordinarily thoughtful letter are factors quite as potent in the promotion of the interests of friendly relations and sportsmanship as the most splendid conduct of the best-disciplined basketball team in the world?

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



The Student Body Rallies 'Round.

EACH year Duquesne stages an official euchre and reception. Each year the event is more or less of a howling success. Last month saw the 1925 affair pass into rather glorious history. With lofty precedent to live up to, it exceeded all previous attempts registered distinct triumph.

WHY?

The answer is simple: Frank Zappala, with and in the name of the student body, was given the post of general chairman, complete charge, and orders to "put it over." Mr. Zappala, aided and encouraged by an able corps of assistants, labored long and diligently. He introduced new ideas. He infused the project with life and energy of life. Best of all, he kept every one else almost as busy as he was himself. The result was fruitful as it was inevitable.

But we do not write to extol the virtues of Mr. Zappala, though no measure of credit be too great for him. Our object treats of the universal rather than of the individual. The significant fact, the fact that we commend to the notice of faculty, alumni, and undergraduates alike, is the student victory involved. The men of Duquesne—the men *at* Duquesne—took matters into their own capable hands and pushed, unaided, to the top.

If such effect can be once attained, it can be attained again, and

again, and again! Why not harness this latent power? Why not reap a harvest that has hitherto been allowed to blow and useless go to seed? Athletic Director McDermott is doing it in the department of sports. Why not inaugurate similar policies in the fields of debating, dramatics, college journalism? It will require toil and co-operation aplenty from both student and professor. But it's worth

And after all, the cultivation of self-reliance is as much a part of liberal education as is calculus or Latin, economics or philosophy!

PAUL A. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Exchanges.

Noting the interest some of our fellow students take in *The Setonian*, and knowing them as we do, we were led to believe that they were actuated by a motive other than a perusal of the paper itself. Being of a conservative nature, however, as all true critics are, we refrained from making any definite deductions until we had applied the official microscope; which having been done, we find the Greensburg publication unusually interesting. Our impression of it is that of a combination of the news sheet and literary journal which many colleges publish separately. From the news items we gather that life at Seton Hill is anything but dull. The literary articles considered best by us are "Mathematics in Everyday Life," and "Greek Comedy." The editorials deserve mention. In our final comment we would call attention to the noticeable dearth of poetry.

Were one to seek the opinion of a chemist as to the result of compounding equal parts of vitriol and glucose, he would probably answer that the result would be, practically speaking, an almost complete destruction of the quality of sweetness found in the glucose. What we are driving at is this: that more effort and labor are required in construction than in destruction; that it is the duty of an Exchange Editor, whenever he finds it necessary to comment unfavorably, to suggest rather than to denounce. We beg that this be not considered a rebuke to any one in particular, but a general communciation which we feel obliged to make due to the tone of some of our fellow critics.

The Fordham Monthly for January is of the same high standard that we have always found it. The departments are capably handled and the magazine as a whole is well-balanced. The poetry, rising out of the category of mere verse, is the crowning feature of the issue. "Your Gift," because of its lofty theme, we consider the best. "The Works of Dr. James J. Walsh," aside from its literary value, is indeed a tribute to the noble defender of the Church. "Shackles of Flesh" is the first short story worthy of the name that we have come across in a college journal in weeks.

REGIS C. GUTHRIE, A. B. '25.



C. S. M. C.

Members of the Father Simon Unit took active part in the winter general gathering of the Local Conference, held on February 8 at the Synod Hall of the Pittsburgh Diocese. Our unit has pledged its undivided support to the program decided upon at the meeting. The Conference is arranging to present a play during the spring months. While on nothing like the mighty scale of the pageant of two years ago, the play now under consideration is said to offer wide scope for Crusade activity. The Crusaders of Duquesne must hold themselves in readiness to aid this project with the spirit and generosity that characterizes their efforts on behalf of the pageant.

* * * *

Within the past month or so, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was saddened to learn of the death of its distinguished president, his Grace, Archbishop Moehler of Cincinnati. Our supreme leader had endeared himself to his followers by the kindly and helpful interest he invariably found time to take in their affairs. At the recent Local Conference meeting, a resolution to honor and pray for the late president was presented and unanimously passed. Accordingly, on Saturday, February 28, members of Duquesne's C. S. M. C. units, together with those of other schools of Western Pennsylvania,

assembled in the University Chapel to assist at solemn requiem mass for the departed prelate. The Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., president of the Pittsburgh Local Conference, officiated as celebrant. He was assisted by two seminarians from St. Vincent's.

* * * *

The Speakers' Bureau is functioning successfully. A host of zealous young orators have been delegated by their schools to spread abroad the lessons of the Crusade. Others wishing to offer their services are requested to hand in their names to Joseph Johnston, Room 301, Main Building.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27.

ATHLETICS

The Varsity, with four victories and one defeat, invaded the East with little success. The Navy game was lost by four points; the Loyola College set-to, by six; and the Washington College fracas, by two. Then, in the final tilt, the Red and Blue fell on Catholic U. for a 14-point margin of triumph. The first joust of the quartet, that with the Naval Academy, was well balanced throughout. Neither team excelled but two long shots by the Midshipmen in the waning moments turned the tide to victory. The bright feature of the game was the initial appearance of Captain "Chuck" Cherdini as leader of his charges. The second defeat was the saddest of the trio. The Duke passers, hampered by slow officiating, found it practically impossible to overtake the Loyolans of Baltimore in the closing minutes of play. The two officials were quite scrupulous in the interpretation of held-ball rules so that with but four minutes to play and trailing by four points, the Duquesne team heard the whistle's blast forever in their ears, rendering it impossible to overtake the Marylanders in that brief space of time. In the estimation of coach and players, Washington College possessed the strongest array of the four encountered. The Dukes, determined to redeem themselves, fought hard but were nosed out by two foul shots in the last half of this exciting struggle. Mentor "Chick" Davies, realizing the strength of the Washingtonians, attuned his men to concert pitch; but victory was not to be had, so ruled the gods. After the strain of three consecutive games the Eastern invaders faltered for awhile in the Cath-

olic U. battle but came back strong in the second half and mopped up all opposition.

The Davies-tutored machine, outscored but not outfought, returned a wiser band of warriors. After a brief rest the rejuvenated Bluff warriors trounced the St. Francis College representatives in the Duke gym. Subsequent to this came the all-important joust with West Virginia University at Morgantown. The struggle was fierce from start to finish, both teams setting a terrific pace only to tie the game in the final ten seconds. At this juncture the master coaching of "Chick" Davies brought victory to his team. Roy O'Donovan, instructed by the Bluff tutor, flashed a signal which, in its execution, found "Slats" Monaghan entirely free 'neath the basket. Monaghan's man had been taken out of the play by the function of this signal devised by the peerless Duke instructor and "Big Sticks" tossed in the winning goal unmolested. Incidentally this was the first and only shot attempted by the tall center. Formations of this calibre are typical of the Duquesne mentor, whose knowledge of the game is unexcelled, as experts of the court will attest.

Two days later found the squad badly off color in a Conference battle with Thiel College on the Bluff floor. Little can be said of this other than that it placed Red and Blue hopes a notch higher on the Tri-State title ladder. The crippled Thielmen were unable to take advantage of the poor showing of the home quintet and consequently returned to Greenville defeated.

Then came the greatest game in the history of Duquesne sport life. Geneva College, deadlocked with the Varsity for the league supremacy, invaded the Bluff lair with the intention of returning home atop of the Tri-State heap. Their hopes seemed realized at the close of the initial half when they led the Dukes by nine points, an advantage that seemed insurmountable in view of the splendid performance of the Covenanters. But then Coach Davies gave one of his characteristic between-halves talks, and believe you me, what a talk that was!! Fired with the vim of their mentor's urgent appeal, the Blue and Red stalwarts came back fighting like demons! Geneva immediately annexed four more points and then the Duke works spat brimstone!

The five-man team of Davies opened up and the Covenanters were forced to fall back on the defensive. In the space of six minutes the Red and Blue tied the count and pandemonium reigned in

the Hill-top gym. The onslaught continued amid the din of Duke enthusiasm. The entire team performed inspiredly to establish a lead. It was not long until the squad was well out in front with an eight-point advantage. The tussle ended with the most remarkable exhibition of basketball in Duquesne recollection. The ultimate count read 45-32.

Perhaps it was reaction from this contest that caused the team to slump in the encounter with St. Bonaventure College. Everything went wrong and the Bluffites lost by a one point margin, 28-27. The Varsity snapped out of the ether to defeat W. Va. Wesleyan in another home tilt. The Bobcats, coming highly touted, were outclassed from start to finish and the players of the Hill institution flashed their hitherto latent form.

A decided change has been noticed by students and friends of the school since Francis McDermott's entrance to office. "Mac" has been speaking at K. of C. meetings and achieving great success in lining up promising athletes. There is a surprise in store for all when the personnel of the football squad is announced next fall. Numerous letters have been received from alumni congratulating the new Athletic Director on his success thus far. Encouragement from the alumni body is an incentive to all for greater things for Old Duquesne. The spring sport calendar will be attractive and should draw large crowds to the Bluff. The track team will represent the Red and Blue in the Penn Relays, and from all indications the relay quartet will be hard to out-run. The tennis team under the management of P. G. Sullivan boasts of an attractive schedule. Grant Siverd has again been secured as coach. Student Manager "Mike" McNally is arranging the baseball card, but is hampered by the fact that three of the six Tri-State teams have dropped the national game from their program. Three games with West Virginia University feature the schedule. With a trio of sports holding sway this spring there should be little fear of disappointment to the desires of alumni and friends.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B. '26.



DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

JANUARY 26.—Besides ushering in the first day of the new week, today carried a rather added attraction, the mid-year examinations, which, unquestionably, will keep the boys zealously occupied for the next few days to come. After having heard so much about Notre Dame's "Four Horsemen", we will now turn our attention to pony races.

JAN. 27.—The Varsity engaged in its last practice before leaving tonight for Annapolis, Md., where Navy will be met tomorrow afternoon, this marking the first game of the South-eastern invasion. Comfortably tucked away in their berths the Dukes shook a farewell hand to Pittsburgh as they pulled out for Baltimore. "Sticks" Monaghan soon found room for complaint when he discovered that, due to his elongated physical make-up, he was unable to recline at full length in his berth as he is accustomed to do in bed at home.

JAN. 28 (ANNAPOLIS, MD.)—Dukes 30, Navy 34. While almost three thousand spirited (i. e., with enthusiasm) spectators, including admirals, lesser officers, middies, citizens, and diminutive enlisted Filipinos, who at first sight took a liking to "Eddie" Graff, the extremely short lad of our squad, looked on, Navy's array, ranked with the Nation's best, became fully convinced that the five comparatively small, dignified, and delicate-looking Dukes from the Iron City knew how the principal tricks of the game should be put into play; and it was not until the few closing seconds of play that the Government crew walked off the floor acclaimed victors. After all, we lost, but knowing that we lost cleanly and courageously and found favor in the eyes of the Naval Academy executives to the extent that we have been asked to return next season, signifies a victory in itself.

JAN. 29 (BALTIMORE, MD.)—Dukes 23, Loyola 29. * * * * * This game proved very uninteresting and the fault can be largely attributed to the incompetency of the two officials who handled the going. There is no disgrace in losing, no matter what the score may be, but when one is forced to contend with officials whose conceptions of the duties of an arbiter are limited either by ignorance or unjust partiality, is another case to be considered.

JAN. 30 (CHESTERTOWN, MD.)—Dukes 21, Washington Col-

lege 23. If noses were not considered in athletics the Dukes might have emerged victoriously from tonight's game—but, as it was, we were nosed out and only by the most minute margin. This same aggregation, but a few weeks previously, had administered Navy's first defeat in twelve starts, accomplishing the feat in the Middies' own back-yard. The team, a smooth, fast, and accurate combination, has yet to be beaten this season and, in return for the wonderful and gentlemanly treatment extended to us during our brief stay there, I do hope and wish that their success will be extended into the future.

JAN. 31 (WASHINGTON, D. C.)—Dukes 34, Catholic U. 19. Three successive set-backs by such narrow margins were just a little more than our boys could possibly swallow. They showed it this evening when they easily managed to beat the local university. During the first half, the Catholics offered a rather stiff defense, causing our men plenty to worry about, but as we took the floor at the beginning of the second frame, after a rather lively and effective chat by our fighting and life-instilling coach, "Chick" Davies, the Dukes were an entirely different outfit and from there on the Capital boys never neared "the berry pie."

FEBRUARY 1.—Feeling rather happy after our decisive victory over Catholic U. and the thought of examinations a thing of the past, six of us decided to remain as visitors at the national capital during the day. In our wanderings we had the pleasure of encountering quite a few former Duke students who at present are completing their studies at Georgetown University.

FEB. 3.—The annual retreat at the University commenced this afternoon and will continue until the coming Friday. Father Harnett of the Holy Ghost Order came on from Philadelphia and assumed the duties of senior retreat-master, while Father Williams of the University handled the spiritual exercises for the High School classes.

FEB. 5.—The students gathered in the gymnasium during the noon recess period where an enthusiastic mass meeting was conducted in preparation for the coming reception and euchre.

FEB. 6.—The entire student body received Holy Communion at 8 o'clock Mass in the college chapel. Immediately after this the usual *gratis* breakfast was distributed to those who were hungry, which excluded nobody but Vitullo.

The retreat was officially closed with solemn Benediction at 2:40 P. M.

Our plucky friends from St. Francis college paid us a brief visit this evening, and although we did try to be hospitable and friendly as was possible, we failed to grant them their main desire—that of leaving Duke Gymnasium with the coveted cream puff. Our boys were just a little too strong for the Loretto clan, and encountered very small trouble in defeating them. The final score was 36-23. The visitors displayed a dogged determination to emerge winners and, as a result, kept in there fighting throughout the game, thus making the fracas fast and clean.

Quite a few loyal Duke students and rooters were absent from tonight's game. I later discovered that Seton Hill's formal Senior Hop was the cause of their absence. We can understand the reason for Butler's leaving but not for the others.

FEB. 7.—Mr. Zappala, chairman of the euchre and dance, has been working earnestly and faithfully during the past few weeks seeing to it that everything is carried out properly for the night of the sixteenth. No doubt we are all with Frankie and will do our utmost to make the event a success.

FEB. 9.—Time out. I have noticed that two members of the Senior and Junior classes have decided to enter the brush business. It may interest you to know that "Oliver" Kontul and Buechel are doing their best to surprise their friends by producing an extended lip-protection. "Oliver" has seven on each side, while Buechel proudly boasts of two football teams. We would all greatly appreciate seeing "Spike" Monaghan, "Probo" Murphy, and "Froggy" Tushak in such a "predicament."

FEB. 11.—Dukes 30, West Virginia 28. Of all the heroes including Hair-breadth Harry and Dick Dare, none could ever hope to be compared with "Strings" Monaghan after the big boy's stunt at Morgantown this very night. With but fifteen seconds to go and the score as a deadlock, our rangy tip-off man gave the Mountaineers something to think about when he looped one in from a little past mid-floor. "Sticks" is strong for steaks and, I might say, he had his share for the shot after the game. It was a fast and rough battle throughout, many times featuring "Pussy" O'Donovan and "Greek" Serbin in the roles of janitors (i. e., sliding over the hard floor of the antique Ark.)

FEB. 13.—Of all the games that were ever played in the Duke

Gym, the prize-winner was staged this afternoon when the Seniors and the Juniors met. The science of the game was forgotten and a new set of Mexican rules was introduced for the struggle. The feature of the game was the riding of a certain Appel, who found great pleasure in clinging fast to the backs of the opposing cavorters. The score was not kept as the Seniors might have desired; we give credit, however, to the Juniors for the victory but, had Vitullo been there, it would have been another story.

Dukes 30, Thiel 15. The Dukes experienced no trouble whatever in disposing of the Greenville aggregation. The visitors secured but one field goal until the closing minutes of play, when Coach Davies sent in the entire secondary squad.

FEB. 16.—Well, it was staged as never before! While almost two thousand people found enjoyment in playing cards, dancing, or looking on, Duquesne University experienced one of the most successful social events in its long history, one that will, undoubtedly, mark the Dukes' initial plunge into the exclusive pool of the social world.

The crowd that gathered at the affair tonight was a credit to the institution. Culture, refinement, and beauty reigned par excellence and, in return for this display, may we accept this opportunity of expressing our sincerest appreciation and thanks to those friends who really and honestly made it what it was.

And now that we have realized our social potentialities let us give our words to praise our worthy chairman, Zappala, who did more than his best, and all those students who rallied so unselfishly about him to uphold the name of Duquesne and to promote her future.

Another feature of the event was the appearance of the "tux" boys, who certainly looked exceptionally neat and should find no trouble securing prominent hotel positions during the summer months. Page the Hotel Yoder, boy!

FEB. 17.—Dukes 45, Geneva 32! Of all the games played on the Duke court none, all things considered, ever surpassed the hectic struggle that took place there tonight. The tussle was the "make or break" of the Varsity, since the supremacy of the league was at stake.

At the first whistle the Geneva clan began to score with such rapidity that our own boys, as well as the Duke cohorts, feared that a disastrous evening lay in store for them. It seemed as though the

visitors were not to be checked, regardless of the Dukes' efforts, and as a result we regarded sorrowfully the thirteen-point lead which the Covenanters were favored with on the blackboard at the ending of the first half.

It was during the rest period that our clever and unassuming coach, Davies, applied the remedy that sent the Dukes back to the court with a vengeance sworn that before they left the floor that night the league's lead would rest with the Bluff institution. Had you been there with the players when they heartily accepted the vociferous and spirited encouragement which came to them from one whose sole hope and ambition rests in seeing the Dukes at the pinnacle of the basketball world, you would have easily understood why the Bluffites managed to roll up thirty-four points during the second half.

FEB. 18.—The University has officially announced that it will foster a track team that will function during the coming season. Athletic Director McDermott has also made known that the Duke squad has been entered in the annual Penn Relays which are scheduled to take place at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, during the latter part of April.

"Lent is at hand, boys," remarked some one in class the other day. "Yes," said Murphy, "this marks the 'Un-Vitullian' period."

Previous to Ethics class today, "Nig" Savage found himself in doubt regarding a certain part of the lesson which was on "*De Societate Domestica*," so to alleviate whatever uncertainty there existed in his mind, he sought all the required information from our friend, Butler. Paul must be well versed in this subject. It pays to know your stuff.

Only a few more months remain in which the students will have the opportunity of seeing O'Cherdina's new ring. For any necessary arrangements get in touch with Appel and Butler.

FEB. 18.—The Varsity baseball candidates have been asked to report for indoor practice in the "gym". This bit of news is certainly most appealing to the ear since we are just beginning to receive quite a bit of dope concerning the teams training in the South and West which generally tends to bring on spring fever and a longing for the old pastime.

Coleman Carroll ought to know better than to bring his dog along to class. He is indeed a considerate and a warm-hearted per-

son because the day was exceptionally cold and rather than have the bone-hunter await his master in the open he thought it best to procure a parking place for it over "Jake" Trybus's coat. Another bad place for the pup to loiter is near the cafeteria.

FEB. 19.—A tough break for the Juniors! Not content with being the star on the Junior class's team, "Jimmy" McCaffrey donned a uniform to scrimmage against the Varsity and as a result suffered a fractured nose by getting in the way of "homo periculosus". It was merely accidental and a slight injury. Champion Jack Dempsey has not a thing on "Scandals" when it comes to getting a new nose.

Some of the Dukes certainly like their dances when they will willingly travel to Greensburg to be present at one.

FEB. 20.—We look with keen interest to Paavo Nurmi's visit to our city during the latter part of the month. It is almost certain that the great Finn cannot be outrun so we must find some other way of beating him. We have decided to pit him against "Vit", the Youngstown terror, in a pie-eating contest, and we feel certain that Pittsburgh will hold claim to one victory at least over the Abo Antelope.

FEB. 21.—Page Michael Angelo! Here is one that can't be beaten, no matter how you try. "Spike" Monaghan, "Probo" Butler and "Cuba" Thornton are negotiating with a Bellevue business man to paint for him the grandstand of the town ball field. Bellevue is rather optimistic in its idea of improving and beautifying the borough when it has gone so far as to secure the services of these brush-wielders. It would be good judgment for the painters to receive a few dollars in advance, rather than be forced to pull a Nurmi from Bellevue.

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25.



Pen Picture.

RECALL Dickens' genius at character-portraying. In his books, "Oliver Twist", "Martin Chuzzlewit" "Sketches by Boz", you perhaps ran across some single child or group of children of his pen that struck you as being ever so truly and consistently human. They were so personable in dress, so natural in motive, so obviously possessed of the same oddities of habit that you immediately said: "These are that group, or this is such an one." So it was with me when I read a character in "Oliver Twist." I said: "That's Cheevers."

Jimmy Cheevers has seen two years more than a quarter of a century slip by, and acclaims himself old enough to bear the wonted responsibilities of an undertaker's assistant. Therefore, he holds such a position, important in his eyes, at Billy Kelly's, mortician of McKeesport.

Jimmy is of medium height and unnatural thinness; he wears habitually a dark, loose-fitting suit, a stiff-front shirt, an over-size collar, and a black mourning tie. A derby hat on a shock of muddy-colored hair rests against his right ear as placidly in bitter cold winter as in weakening, humid summer. His dreamy blue eyes look out on the world from beneath half-closed lids and by his shambling gait ye shall know him at the distance of a city block.

Two habits has Cheevers which interest you when first you meet him. The one is his expression of sympathy for the relatives of Billy Kelly's customers. Many a heavy heart of his town and surrounding rural centers has been lightened to hear Jimmy murmur his fixed formula: "Poor soul! Too bad! He (she) was a mighty good man (boy) (woman) (girl)!"

The other is his attraction, undiminished by time, for the colored windows of churches. On those rare occasions when he is off duty a goodly portion of his time is spent gazing at these windows in silent, interested contemplation. Once I followed him into a church and watched him look at a window for an hour. If, perchance, Cheevers is in a strange town he will inquire his way to a church in order to see the windows. To his friends this seems a strange preoccupation. Indeed, they are quite at a loss to explain his interest. They have ascertained that Jimmy is not making a study of the subject, for he has compiled no notes and reads no authority on the art. Nor can anyone discuss the thing with him. Broach windows in your talk and Jimmy is silent. I have often made pointed-casual mention of the famous Rose Window in Rheims Cathedral in the hope of hear-

ng something about it from him. But never a peep!

Jimmy Cheevers, on these two accounts and by virtue of his mild, gentle manner, has become a local institution. To miss daily glimpse of him would sadden perceptibly the heart of many a prominent citizen of the Tin-Plate Town.

J. J. BRENT, A. B. '26



Duquesnicula.

WAITRESS: Aren't you eating today?

MUN: No, I lost my appetite.

BUTLER: Oh yes, in last night's poker game.

"Johnny, what is a stoic?"

"A stoik is de boid dat brings de babies."

"Abie, what is a cynic?"

"Why, dat's vere dey vash dem."

"Where'd you get that joke?"

"Just ran across my mind."

"Well, you'd better elevate that crossing."

PANTHER TAKE NOTICE.

If Pitt adds five stories to her proposed building, Heinz will furnish free pickles to the varsity cafeteria.

Stephen rode a wicked pony
Till it dropped o'er, dead:
Now he has to use boloney,
Or flunk exams instead.

"Jakie, can you spell 'avoid'?"

"Sure, vot is de void?"

HE (*passing almonds*): Have a nut?

SHE: Is this a proposal?

PROF. (*in Philosophy*): What is meant by a locomotive sense?

STEWED-ENT: A train of thought, I suppose.

"My closest friend's a Scotchman."

"He would be!"

PAUL R. BUTLER, A. B. '25

THOMAS H. YEAGLIN, A. B. '26

Parador.

'Tis pity that philosophers should doubt
The Word of God—e'en seek to cast Him out
Of school, of state, of life—a pity true,
Did not Philosophy stem well the route!
'Tis pity reasoners should set such store
By Reason that her name should close the door
To thought of Deity—a pity true,
Did Reason not enthrone Him as before!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

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April.

Athwart the eastern hills Dawn's herald flares,
And Nature's nurse the gentle Spring repairs
With soothing balm for bleakish, languid vales;
Anon a cheery trill from feathered throat,
Ecstatic welcome sings the thrilling note.

The crocus doth a golden chalice bring
To sip a dew-drop toast to radiant Spring;
The primrose spreads a gladsome greeting breath,
The faultless lily deigns to kiss her feet,
And tassell'd twigs, obeisant, curtsy sweet.

A-ripple runs the newly-nurtured rills
Whose sprightly laughter all the air instills;
E'en shadows dance a wavering tribute meet;
Now Nature's symphony's attuned; it swells
And man's enthralled by happy Spring-time spells.

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25



Intercollegiate Blue Laws.

WHAT, precisely, is the dominant issue in American college life today? What phase of the modern educational scheme has impressed itself most brilliantly, most indelibly upon our national mind since the inception of this dizzy-paced twentieth century? Is it controversy over curricula? Not so one could notice it! Is it the question of many and massive edifices of learning, of excellence in means and methods of teaching, of skilled, experienced, and sagacious pedagogues? Hardly! Is it any of a thousand-and-one problems and activities that would have flocked forward to the consideration of one seeking to answer a similar query perhaps thirty years ago? No, it is not!

The cart that at this moment occupies the center of the scholastic path is none other than the van of competitive athletics. Now sport is by no means the essence of education. But it has become within the past couple of decades one of its outstanding accidents. A man might be a truly remarkable butler without affecting the side-burns, the English accent, or the funereal demeanor which time-honored usage has rendered conventional with members of his profession. But he would not be the Jenkins-Hawkins sort of servant Mrs. Newrich had read about before Mr. Newrich cornered the market on kidney-remedies, and so never, never would he preside over the Looie-the-Quince palace that even now the plaster potentate was building at a cost of a quarter-million—not including swimming-pool and dog-house—on the Drive. So too, a school could down athletics and still maintain unsurpassed standards in the line of intellectual endeavor. But it wouldn't be the kind of school little Johnny dreams of attending—and it wouldn't be the school that *big* Johnny *would* attend when it came time for him to fare forth and set the world afire. And after all, one can't very well have a university unless somebody goes to it!

Now human nature, often frail and always anxious to win, long ago combined with the phenomenal rise of intercollegiate athletics to bring about conditions upon which it became necessary to place a stringent curb, lest school and sport alike fall into demoralization and disrepute. Over-energetic coaches prevailed upon over-zealous alumni to "fix up" over-developed high school, steel-mill, and boiler-works huskies in such fashion that varsity football elevens were soon loaded with young men who shone on the gridiron throughout the autumn, dodged classes as consistently as ever they eluded enemy tacklers, and faded altogether out of the picture at Thanksgiving or perhaps the

Saturday immediately after, their date of departure depending entirely upon the hour of the demise of King Pigskin. A similar state of affairs prevailed during baseball season, and it is not improbable that the practice extended to some degree over even the minor branches of endeavor. Soon there sprang up the evil of the "tramp athlete," the lad who flitted from school to school acquiring infinitely more letters to adorn his jacket-sweater than would ever parade behind his name—and incidentally gathering in a goodly store of currency, for every change of institutions meant advanced inducement, else the jump would never be made.

When matters finally arrived at such a pass that only radical action could save the face of the situation with university authorities and public, a number of famous institutions drew up and ratified rules whereby standards of eligibility for varsity competition were established and the more arrant breaches of good taste and good sportsmanship were swept pretty well out of existence. Unfortunately, however, the laws then passed and several since added were called into being to cope with a crisis, and as is the case in most emergency legislation, the rights of the minority were overlooked in praiseworthy effort to exterminate the malefactions of the majority.

Let us consider the reforms enacted since the beginning of the reactionary movement against loose athletic policy. There is, first and foremost, the one one-year residence rule, barring from competition all students who have not been in attendance at their school for at least two semesters. There is the three-year limit forbidding a man to play more than three seasons or parts of seasons in any particular sport. There is the migratory law, operating upon the ancient "once an Englishman, always an Englishman" principle and preventing a man who has performed for one college, and later entered another, from representing his second love on field, floor, or anywhere else. And lastly, of course, we have ever with us the lofty and simon-pure code of the Amateur Athletic Union.

And now let us note objections! The one-year residence proposition automatically casts aside all freshmen as ineligible, and in schools where the migratory rule is not in effect it bans participation of men lately come from sister institutions. But the fact is, the percentage of first-year men on hand for no other reason than dipping into athletics is so small as to be almost negligible beside the host of ambitious youngsters who have matriculated at the school because they really care for it, and whose bent for sports, however pro-

nounced, is but incidental to their main purpose of seeking an education. Is it fair, is it even logical, to discriminate against ninety-nine sheep merely because a goat or two may lurk in their midst?

The three-year limit is a sort of out-growth of the residence rule. Having assumed that the average college course requires four years, it lops off the freshman twelve-month and graciously permits a chap to play out the remainder. But if scholastic studies are maintained the full four years and athletics are a healthful recreation and not a half-baneful luxury to be encouraged less than begrudged, does not common sense shout aloud that the twain are designed to travel hand-in-hand from start to finish and are not to be torn apart by peremptory mandate?

The migratory law likewise admits of reduction to partial absurdity. Do not circumstances very frequently arise which render it expedient for a boy to change schools? Is it, for one of a multitude of instances, his fault if his parents move to another city and cannot afford to keep him at the college where first he made a team? Yet he is forced to suffer because a body of officials, of whom quite likely he has never heard, has over-looked provision for contingencies such as his, or has chosen point-blank to ignore them.

As for the amateur code, there may have been excellent reason for its adoption, but strictly speaking it is difficult to perceive precisely what it holds in common with intercollegiate sport. When a man enters college, it is neither customary nor democratic to rate him upon his previous status in life. He pays his tuition, undertakes certain obligations, and is awarded certain privileges. Manifestly one of these privileges is the right to enjoy the advantages of competitive sport. Is it the square thing, then, to bar him from the game because in the past he has received remuneration for displaying his skill at it—or even at some pastime altogether different from it in theory and technique? If he be willing to contribute his services gratis for the glory of his alma mater, more power to him!

To the mind of the writer, the entire intercollegiate governing system is off-color in a two-fold manner: it is based upon the discouraging premise that each school is trying to pull the wool over the eyes of every other school, and it penalizes a multitude of innocents in order to get to the very few who are guilty—when even these latter have offended in what may be truly termed a minor sense. Thus it is the potential breeder first of distrust and second of discontent.

But it is a poor sort of criticism that seeks only to destroy and offers no suggestion for the reconstruction along better lines of the edifice it aims to tear down. Hence it is no more than fitting that this article embody some plan as substitute for the established order of things with which it takes issue.

The writer believes and maintains that in the final analysis the ultimate criterion of true eligibility for intercollegiate sports reposes solely in the athlete's consistent attendance at class and in his scholastic standing. If a boy is enough of a student to keep up his work, he is enough of a student to represent his school on gridiron, diamond, court, or anywhere else. Let the teaching faculty decide who *may* play, and let the coach decide who *can* play. As to athletic scholarships, a man has as perfect a right to receive his education in virtue of his ability on the field of sport, as to be given it as reward for passing a mental test in an examination upon which he may have been fortunate or even dishonest. One can't crib in running back a punt or scooping up a hard-hit grounder!

Commercialism must, of course, be kept as far as possible out of college contesting. This fact in itself taboos monetary compensation for varsity players. But it puts forth no reason why a skilled performer should not profit by "summer baseball" and the like, even upon a strictly professional basis. A man should be limited to four years' competition, for manifestly if he fails to complete his course within the specified period of time, he is not following the pace of his class and thus falls automatically under the faculty ban. But why cut further his all-too-brief career? It may be argued that first-year men need every moment of time at their disposal to make a success of their studies. If so, why support freshman teams which occupy the candidate's attention to an extent as great as does the varsity? As for post-graduates and men in extended courses, let them play their four seasons and then step out and give the new-comer a chance.

Lastly, forget the migratory rule. If the money element be eliminated and scholastic standards adhered to, the "tramp athlete" scare will die a natural death.

By way of peroration, let the writer state that he fully realizes that many who read this will set him down as a radical, a revolutionary, a rattle-brained Bolshevik, and a vandal. He realizes, too, that his remarks are not at all in line with the athletic policy of Duquesne. But let those who will condemn remember that men are more important in this cosmic scheme than are the sports they play at. Let them remember that it is far, far better to let the guilty go unscathed than to punish the good along with the wicked.

Then let the guns begin to pop!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

Hope.

Despondency reigning,
Fierce cyclones raging,
Powers conflicting,
At loss of hope.

Black shadows fleeing,
Dejection deserting,
Dull spirit collapsing,
At thought of hope.

Horizon a-clearing,
Fair Nature smiling,
The righteous triumphant,
At grasp of hope!



Spring Song—in Minor Measures.

CONSISTENT spring has conformed to the rule, and is with us again, as predicted by Messrs. Shelley and Hutchinson. With the advent of balmy weather, Horace G. Wilson prepares to brave the adventures of the "great open spaces." "Bubbles," as he was wont to be called, was a good scout, despite the fact that he had long outgrown the khaki and forgotten to "be prepared." His chiselled features handsomely etched in the glow of the incandescent, he poses approvingly before the mirror of his dresser. A stray hair detected out of bounds is tediously coaxed back to the reservation. An askance view at his first straw hat painstakingly tilted at the proper angle, and the knight departs for the field of action. Before the round table of the adjutant commander of the household Horace pauses to ask leave of absence. A few words of advice concerning the treatment of the sartorial regalia, the stressed command to report coincidently with the tolling of eleven bells, and the twentieth century gallant is off on a three-hour furlough.

Thought is more rapid than Nurmi, and whilst Horace plods to the Troy domicile we arrive at the trysting place and behold the beaming hostess. Helen Troy is a senior in high school and winks a coquettish eye at the mention of worldly wisdom. And justly so,

for in the vernacular "she knew her fodder." A petite and shapely foot slipped into a tiny suede pump. Gray silk hosiery blended harmoniously with the little shoe. A satin dress to match, a few superfluous trinkets to give zest to the picture, and the brilliant setting was complete. As the last string of beads settled about her symmetrical throat the door-bell rang. Mother's voice was an added assurance that "HE" had arrived. Word that she would be down "presently" was relayed to Horace. Just fifteen minutes were required for her to read an anecdote on the life of Ronald Colman. An artistic touch of a popular cosmetic by Helen's skilled hand and "Shadowland" was unceremoniously deserted.

"Hello, 'Bubbles'! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting—but you know how 'tis."

"Bubbles" wasn't so sure that he did, but he replied, "That's all right, Helen. 'Better late than never' says an old quip."

"It's rather warm indoors. Let's take the air. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," assured Horace.

"What a grip you keep on that hat. Lay it down somewhere—I won't sit on it—and try to acclimate yourself, athlete."

"Give me a chance. The sill will hold the bonnet; now where am I supposed to park?"

"The old wooden hammock is out of practice, so it's up to us to swing out the creaks."

A vague idea of the meaning arose in the hero's mind but he sought not to clear the haze. As we said before he was an upright chap. But even an oak in this worldly forest can be swayed if, perforce, the wind be strong enough, and, I may add, Helen carried an abundant supply of that agent of the ozone, and found it pleasing pastime ever and anon to expire, thus bending the affable Horatian oak to her every whim.

Conversation dulled for awhile, and the old reliable stimulant was injected.

"Nice weather," suggested Horace.

"So it is," Helen agreed. "The air is full of romance, and romance at night appeals to me. Unravel your thoughts on the subject."

"Oh! I'm romantic, and, as the poets say, I feel I'm going to 'thrill to the season.'"

"Must you be so partial to the season?" Helen queried.

The slumbering oak felt the rustle of the breeze.

"You know I'm crazy about you, Helen, so don't tease me."

"But you don't act the part. 'Actions speak louder' you know."

Bubbles made a cave-man lurch—and was promptly repulsed.

"Why Horace Wilson!" was Helen's startled exclamation.

"There you go again, leading me on, and then acting surprised. What's the big idea, anyhow?" Horace was blushing and highly uncomfortable. Having vowed to keep his distance and then run into this embarrassment, was disconcerting, to say the least.

"If I were sure you really cared for me—," she cooed.

"Aw, can that rot. If you think I'm a fool you're mistaken. You want me—,"

"Of course I do, 'Bubbles', but you're extremely unconventional. If we were engaged, then,—well, you know how 'tis."

Horace, mollified, waxed plaintive.

"Couldn't we be engaged—secretly, I mean?" he pleaded half-tremulously.

Helen pondered a moment. "Would you promise to do everything I asked?" she demanded at length.

Horace jumped at the chance. "Even to launching a thousand ships. Your slightest wish is a command imperative." He had memorized his lines quite well.

"As a test I wish you would run over to Pert Walton's and get my India Love Lyrics, and then we'll read them together."

"But Helen, it's a quarter to eleven, and—." Horace checked himself abruptly. It was really unnecessary to enlighten Helen on the time limit of his leave of absence.

"Are you going to contradict yourself?" she taunted.

Horace flopped. "It's five blocks, but I'll be back in a jiffy," he boasted. "Hold my seat—it's reserved." And with this farewell Horace was off into the night.

True to his word he made remarkable time. As he approached the house on his return, he felt the first drops of rain. But giggling laughter rippled on his ear and for the present he forgot the elements. Mrs. Troy had come out on the porch and "Bubbles" heard something that made him put on the brakes.

"Mother, he's the *silliest* thing. He says just the *funniest* things. He even brought up the weather again and promised to sink the Mauretania if I asked. If I don't get this laughter out of my system I'll explode. Didn't know how I'd get him to go over to Pert's, but he's gone. It'll save me a walk tomorrow. I bet Pert laughed; I *told* her I'd have my errand-boy on the job."

"Why Helen, have you no respect for the poor boy's feelings?"

"He hasn't any, mother."

Horace had heard enough to last a life-time and casting "India Love Lyrics" vengefully into a flower-bed, he sulked off into the darkness. It was raining torrents, but the hero was immune to sense. Instinct led him homeward.

"Well, I'll be d——!" he exploded to the vacant street. "An errand-boy and rummy, am I? Mimic me, too? No wonder Pert was all smiles,—asking for a book at that hour. Make me marry her, huh! We'll see about that. I'm off her kind for life—if I ever marry I'm a bigger boob than I think I am."

Home again and late, Horace was helped into his room with a vigorous, well-directed rap on the ear and promise of solitary confinement interspersed with K. P. duty—penalty for disobeying orders. For a week the hero scarcely ventured out of doors and was left alone to nurse his bruised spirit.

* * * * *

And now, gazing ahead ten years into the crystal of Fate, we solve unconsciously the problem of irresistible force and immovable body. Mr. Horace G. Wilson is returning home after a strenuous day in the office.

"Well, Helen, dinner late again?" he asks friend frau.

"After getting baby to sleep I had to—well, you know how 'tis!" replies Helen comfortably.

And Horace, by that time, knew exactly how it was!

As to the solution of the problems we leave it to the discretion of the reader to separate the two given facts. If you think puppy-love is soon forgotten, you're a better judge of human nature than we, and our only apology for writing such a story is—well, you know how 'tis!

MICHAEL J. McNALLY, A. B. '25





Eastertide.

An angel tells that He is gone—
That He is risen—is not here;
The stone rolled back, the empty tomb,
Perplexes them 'twixt doubt and fear.

But yesterday with fear, O Lord,
Thy Virgin Mother's heart lay torn,
When, crucified, Thou wast upraised,
'Midst ribald jeers exposed to scorn.

"Rabboni!" rings the startled cry,
As eyes fall once again on Thee
Triumphant over sin and death
With Heaven's portals widened free.

Ah, Lord, grant when my stone's rolled back,
The stone that captive holds me bound,
I may before Thy sacred throne
Eternal Alleluias sound.

JOSEPH A. BULEVICIUS, A. B. '26





Method of Study.

BEFORE taking up the question of "How to Study," we must first realize that studying is a science and is to be treated as such. Now there is no science that can be perfected without hard work and constant application. Therefore the first principle we should fix firmly in our minds is that we can arrive at knowledge only through labor. Dr. B. A. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan has said, "The student must learn to study by actually studying, just as he must learn any other art by practicing it." The same authority, in speaking of the student's method of studying, remarks, "The student's method is implied in his work. He is wholly unconscious that he has any method." The writer, as a student, disagrees with the doctor's statement, and will endeavor to set down a few general principles which he believes are knowingly used by the majority of students, and heartily recommended to the rest.

We study that we may acquire knowledge; and since knowledge is the object of every student, we may consider our question from the point of the acquisition of knowledge. Our first task is that of choosing our subject, and having done this, we must settle down to serious and constant work, not forgetting to pray to God for light to direct us in our endeavor.

Every student realizes that if he wishes to learn, he must memorize; for it has been truly said that "all the intellectual value of a state of mind depends on our after memory of it," and that "we know as much as we can remember." It should never be forgotten that in memory what is reproduced is not the object as such, but the object as apprehended and re-acted upon by the intellect. In other words the mind can recall no more than it has made its own.

By memorizing continually, we gradually associate an idea with certain previously-formed ideas to which it bears a relation. On this principle, every new fact which is acquired, every new thought that is brought before the mind, becomes the basis and nucleus of further information. Consequently the true student will find interesting

and lastingly valuable matter where others derive only the amusement of an idle hour which passes and is soon forgotten.

Another highly important medium of acquiring knowledge is reading. Henry Ward Beecher once declared of himself: "Reading with me incites to reflection instantly. I cannot separate the organization of ideas from the reception of ideas. The consequence is, as I read I always begin to think in various directions and that makes my reading slow, and that being the origin of it psychologically, it has grown into such a habit that if I read a novel even, I read it slowly." This, from so eminent a scholar should furnish ample proof of the value of reading.

But if reading is potent in the gathering of learning, writing is even more so. By writing we bring several senses into play and as a result, what we learn we learn thoroughly. Writing calls forth the attention and elicits thought. To quote Dr. Watt, "There is more gained by writing once than by reading six times."

The man of science habitually sets up hypotheses of some sort as guide-posts to his investigations. Many who cannot claim the distinction of scientists follow a somewhat similar system. Daniel Webster, before reading a book invariably made a short, rough outline of the questions which he expected it to answer, the addition it would render to his knowledge, and whither it was apt to carry him.

The Websterian practice brings us to still another point, that of judging the worth of statements. We must not be satisfied with and take for granted everything we hear or read. On the contrary we should learn to think for ourselves, learn to be, in a genuine sense, self-reliant.

In conclusion, let us ever be mindful that we forget not what little knowledge we are able to acquire. The sole manner in which we can accomplish this is by recalling frequently and reviewing in detail our past ideas. Let us not make sewers of our memories; let us not make our books the sepulchres of our souls. But as the miser counts his wealth and as the landlord walks over his fields, so let us keep ever before us the progress we have made from week to week and from year to year.

COLEMAN F. CARROLL, A. B. '26.



Wings of the Storm.

NESTLED among the low hills that stand guard about the harbor of Cove, there peeped forth a low, spreading, white cottage, almost smothered in tangles of rose, clematis, and ivy vines that clothed the rugged cobbled walls so effectively that the habitation seemed rather a work of nature than of the clumsy hands of man. The steep, heavy roof of thatch, shaggy and coarse and ever so picturesque, lent it the semblance of a gigantic mushroom. Deep-set, square little windows blinked occasionally in the glint of the dying sun.

In the fairy-garden about the house flowers massed in multi-hued profusion. Wherever space to root could be found there bloomed clusters of delicate plants whose tiny bright faces reflected every tint of the rainbow. Tall, graceful spikes of blue-bells, fox-gloves, holly-hocks stood sentinel-like inside the thick hedge-wall that enclosed this miniature haven of peace and shut it off from the hustle and buffets of the practical, workaday world; around them, flinging their gentle perfumes to the balmy summer air, nodded blue, purple, yellow, white, crimson, and pink blossoms that only a horticulturist could have named. Great apple-trees, lofty pear-trees, and knotty-trunked trees of cherries waved venerable arms to return the caress of the fragrant Irish breeze, as if to scatter the exotic scent of the rich-arrayed garden. A beech with lacy foliage, a chestnut clad in somber green and wearing the thorny bulbs that contain the mahogany-fruit, a stately, spreading elm that reared its massive head in a far corner of the enclosure, and a rowan-tree polka-dotted with showy red berries kept company the ancient fruit trees and cast ample shade about the house and grounds. Busy bees whirling and droning in lazy cadences, butter-flies careening dazedly, pigeons cooing in contentment gave to the scene a quiet, placid touch.

The low door of the cottage stood open and in the cool shadow of the interior could be seen a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady busy at her knitting. Her nimble fingers fashioned the fabric rapidly, but the work failed to occupy the entire attention of her eyes, for every now and then she raised them to glance expectantly down the narrow, flower-guarded walk to the heavy gate set close in the wall of greenery.

Evening dusk was beginning to settle over the land. From distant Cove, the full-throated voices of mighty bells called forth from the high cathedral tower to reverberate over harbor, hills, and vales.

The aged mistress of the cottage put aside her knitting, signed herself with the Cross, and repeated the beloved Angelus prayer.

The peal of the chimes still lingered in the still, warm air when the gate clicked open and a handsome young woman passed swiftly up the walk between the brightly-colored flower sentinels.

Mrs. Birne and her daughter Anne had resided long in this charming little hill-hidden domain overlooking the deep-blue waters of the harbor of Cove. While Mrs. Birne attended to the numerous household tasks, Anne taught school each day in the little town below. Thus mother and daughter lived comfortably in the tiny cottage amid the flowers and trees.

Many years had gone by since the sainted father, Timothy Birne, had been laid to rest beside his two eldest sons in the dark bosom of the brown Irish earth. The remaining lad, Dennis, next older than Anne, had been ordained priest at Maynooth and had soon after left the emerald shores of his native isle to carry forth to pagan lands the Gospel of Christ. With a little band of eager, zealous young missionaries, Father Dennis had penetrated the rancid jungle fastnesses of Black Africa. There, in the sinister, pestilential Kongo country, he had disappeared and for four years no word of him had found its way to his loved ones back in far-off Ireland. But trusting in God's providence, mother and sister had remained full of hope all the while and daily looked for the letter that never came. As the years rolled by, however, even such sturdy faith as theirs had wavered just the least bit, and slowly but surely they came to regard him as one gone out of their lives forever.

The missing priest having been a British subject, the Government of England had sought him high and low, but to no avail. He had disappeared completely. The Dark Continent seemed to have swallowed him up and left not a trace of him behind. His aging mother and youthful sister spent many a long, sorrowing hour in prayer for the absent one. Each week-day when her teaching duties were over, Anne could be found kneeling before the tabernacle in the dim cathedral, pouring forth her orisons at the feet of the merciful Saviour. But though, after each visit of supplication, the girl rose comforted with hope renewed, as time wore on it seemed that never more would she set eyes upon the dear, merry face of her adored big brother.

And now, as she hurried up the walk, Anne's heart lay just a

little heavy within her. A beautiful summer's day had given way to an evening that promised storm, and even as she greeted her mother with all the cheerfulness she could muster, the distant rumble of thunder heralded the tempest's early approach. Through fast-darkening sky sharp lightning cast its darts of fire, first occasionally and then in blinding, almost incessant flash. The shriek of the gale and the roaring boom of the heavenly cannonade drowned out all earthly sound save that of the fierce rattle of wind-driven rain on the door and window-panes.

But Mrs. Birne and Anne, having laid away the garments they had started out to mend, seemed oblivious to the raging fury of the elements and were gazing far and away into space, each engrossed in her own thoughts.

The clock had ticked away a goodly number of minutes ere at last the mother spoke: "'Tis years and years since I saw my poor lad. How Denny loved the sound of the rain pattering on the window panes! 'Tis a bad night, indeed. How dismally the wind howls about the chimney!" And two great tears rolled down her withered cheeks.

Anne only shook her head, her heart too full for words. For was not she too thinking of Dennis, the big, kindly brother who had petted his little sister so? Only that very day, on opening an old book, she had discovered a picture of him and his smiling, good-natured face had looked up at her so whimsically that it seemed almost to speak to her across the years. She had been thinking of Denny the whole evening and for most of the morning and afternoon, for the matter of that.

A huge branch of the beech fell with a crash upon the cottage roof and startled the women from their reverie. Hardly had the din subsided when the blinding glare of lightning filled the room, a terrific peal of thunder shook the very walls, and, with roar and clatter, bricks, mortar, and dust rained through the thatch and into the room. The chimney had been struck and, ruined, was crumbling to earth.

Caught in the debris, the elder woman fell, a moan on her lips, and the daughter, rushing to her side, found her unconscious, a deep ruddy gash showing near the left temple. Anne was panic-stricken. Wildly she called for help, but the nearest neighbors were two hundred yards away and the noise of the storm and the thick walls of the cottage effectually drowned her voice. Like a woman gone mad

she strove to raise the inert form before her, and finally, half lifting, half dragging, she bore it to the sofa.

But what was that sound that filled the air about her with sharp crackle? What was that glow that danced in crazy-shaped shadows over walls and floor? Casting eyes upward, Anne shrank down in terror. The bolt that had demolished the chimney had set fire to the roof and the thatch, quite dry under the outer layers, was blazing fiercely. Already curtains had ignited and tongues of flame licked voraciously at rafters and woodwork.

With a shriek Anne grasped her mother once again, this time to seek to drag her forth from the doomed cottage to risk what dangers might lurk in the storm. Even as she tugged, the aged eyes fluttered open.

"What happened, dear?" asked Mrs. Birne, bewildered, trying to rise.

Anne flung a gesture at the smoke now rapidly filling the room. "Lightning struck—the house is on fire!" she gasped and once more attempted to lift the dazed mother and guide her from the raging furnace that had been their home.

Painfully Mrs. Birne, with the frantic help of the girl, set out for the door miles and miles away through billows of choking, smothering, overpowering smoke. Half-way there she sank again to the floor.

"I—I can't go on!" she murmured. "Go, go, Anne, and save yourself!"

But Anne was not the sort to go. Braving the falling embers that burned and seared her arms, she knelt at her mother's side and sought once more to raise and carry her to safety. But heat, exertion, and a dozen minor cuts had sapped the girl's never-abundant strength, and strive as she might she could not budge the helpless woman prone beside her. Despairing of natural means, she breathed a prayer to God that He might spare the mother whom she loved so well, in whom her life and happiness were bound quite up; "but not my will, but Thine be done!"

Even as the last word escaped her lips, there came a frantic pounding at the door.

"Anne, Anne, open the latch! Open the latch!" It was the kindly voice of the cathedral pastor, grown hoarse in horror and excitement.

Stumbling forward, groping blindly for the latch-string, Anne, in an age-long second, pulled open the door. And there, beside the portly figure of the pastor—there, framed in the black rectangle of night and rain, tense, agonized features thrown into relief by the vermilion glow of the blaze, stood Dennis, Father Dennis!

Mrs. Birne, catching a glimpse of her son through fire and smoke, uttered a cry and fainted dead away. Anne, overwhelmed, almost followed suit, but recovered as the two priests dashed past her into the roaring flames, snatched the unconscious woman from the floor, and bore her out to safety. Then the courageous girl, her last iota of power spent collapsed on the walk.

* * * * *

“Didn’t you get my telegram?”

It was an hour later. Father Birne was speaking. The little family, united in transport of happiness, was gathered in the home of the neighboring O’Farrells where friendly hands had ministered to the gash on Mrs. Birne’s forehead and to the painful burns of both women. The torrential downpour had checked the flames and the once-white, vine-clad cottage now smouldered in partial ruin while a silver slab of moon, peeping from behind fast-retreating clouds, promised a fine night after the terrific early-evening squall. Anne and Mrs. Birne, sore and shaken, but otherwise largely uninjured, sat swathed in blankets in comfortable chairs.

Anne started at the sound of her brother’s voice, as if yet unable to believe that it was really he.

“No,” she replied, “or we would certainly have been at the station to meet you.”

“It must have been mislaid when that young operator died of heart trouble,” interposed Father Sarsfield, the rector. “A number of wires went undelivered that afternoon.”

And then Father Birne told his story—a story so full of thrills and dangers that, what with rapt attention, eager questioning, explanations, and expressions of wonderment, his audience never noted the passage of time until the first rosy flush of dawn crept over the surrounding hills to tint the green of the distant harbor and creep in at the O’Farrell windows to tell the little assemblage that it was high time to break up and seek a bit of rest.

Upon landing in Africa, the youthful apostle had penetrated several hundred miles into the interior. There he had been captured by hostile negroes who had carried him from the banks of the great Kongo River to the distant shores of mighty Lake Victoria, and thence to the headwaters of the Nile. Here a band of barbarian followers of Mohammed had attacked the blacks and dragged off all, including the priestly captives, into slavery. For three years Father Dennis, held *incommunicado*, had toiled beneath the blazing darts of the murderous African sun. Then at last, when hope seemed lost, Divine Providence, through a group of French explorers, intervened in behalf of the worn and wasted prisoners.

The Frenchmen, coming upon the Mohammedan encampment unexpectedly, had discovered the white captives and by show of armed force had delivered them from their bonds. There followed a long, wearisome trek to the outskirts of civilization, a journey by horse to the coast, and finally the boat-trip to England and across the Irish sea to Cove. Thus in substance ran the Odyssey of Father Birne, and his hearers, devout Catholics though they were, marveled at the lengths to which zealous propagators of the Faith must go in spreading the doctrine of the Word made flesh.

* * * * *

'Tis spring again and the white-washed, vine-clad cottage of the Birnes gleams forth from its setting of fresh, green hills to meet the sparkle of the distant bay. Renovated, almost rebuilt, the little home, surrounded as ever by its garden of myriad blooms, presents a picture of such tranquillity that in all appropriateness an artist might have set it to canvas and named it "Pax." And peace there was, and contentment, in the hearts of its inhabitants. For soon after his arrival, Father Birne, beloved son and brother Dennis, had been stationed at Cove and there resides with mother and sister in the vigor of health regained after his exile and privations in the dim, dark fastnesses of Africa. The passing years have treated the Birnes with kindness. Mother, Anne, and Father Dennis tread slowly, pleasantly down the lane of life and one would travel many a long day to find a brighter, happier home than theirs in all the length and breadth of the blessed Emerald Isle!

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25.

The Philosopher's Stone.

(A Farmer's View)

If ye win all your wealth in an instant,
When sweet Lady Luck smiles your way,
Ye'll find that the gold doesn't mean much,
And its glitter soon passes away.

Ye can search every nook and each corner
For the famous Philosopher's Stone,
That can turn into gold, as I've often been told,
Every shovel and barrow ye own.

There is many a way to git wealthy
In a month or in mebbe a year;
But the quicker it comes, the quicker it goes,
And more bitter your sorrow and tear.

I reckon I'd rather keep living
In my small, insignificant way,
Just a-walking behind the old plough-share,
Or roamin' through sweet fields of hay,

Jest happy because I'm a-workin',
A-toiling with brawn and with brain,
Jest loving the blue skies and sunshine,
Not fearing the clouds or the rain.

Then let wealth or riches come slowly,
I reckon I'd value 'em more;
And if the good Lord should decree it,
I'm contented and happy, though pore!

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B. '27.



Personality.

ONE of the prime elements making for success in profession or business is that real, though very elusive, force we call personality. It is difficult to define precisely what the term denotes; still we know—or rather we feel—a basic magnetism behind it; and in it, somewhere near the source of it, is consciousness of personal power, of certainty of judgment, of mental poise. One thing is sure: personality is something alive, something dynamic,

something electric, something that without effort wins the other fellow mentally, sentimentally, or both.

Personality is doubtless to some degree a gift of beneficent nature; but it is also a product of victorious strife with self and circumstances.

Personality is most often found in men of mental stamina and moral substance—men who, by means of work, study, and reflection have steadily progressed in lives of useful and profitable service. Mental stamina can be developed, and moral substance can be strengthened, another way of saying that the dormant seeds of personality can be quickened into life. Personality, in other words, is an effect of an inward condition.

What that condition shall be, mentally and temperamentally, depends upon us. Let us exercise our brain and keep our hearts unstified. Then will we develop unconsciously the personality we seek and require.

FRANK J. ZAPPALA, A. B. '25.



Peaceful Sky.

The pasture where the cloudlets graze
Now gleams a beauteous, tender blue;
Old Shepherd Sol's directing rays
Herd forth his charges into view.

The wanton puffs in revels gay,
Like tots from Never-Never Land,
Disport themselves throughout the day,
Accompanied by the zephyrs bland.

Enraptured at the summery sight
Of carnival empyreal,
I gaze entranced until the night,
When fades the cirque ethereal.

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Duquesne Duke.

NOT many days ago we hailed with delight the initial appearance on the campus of a new University bi-weekly, *THE DUKE*. Just how much of a want *THE DUKE* fills in school life at Duquesne may be judged from the avidity with which it has been sought out and perused alike by faculty, students, and alumni. Duquesne has long felt the need of a campus newspaper, a sheet to take care of events of particular interest to persons connected officially or sentimentally with the University. *THE MONTHLY* is perfectly all right within its own province, which, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, chances to be that of a literary magazine. But the very fact that it is a monthly precludes the possibility of its handling adequately what tillers of the journalistic field have aptly termed "live news." The essay, verse, fiction, the drama, the review—all these fall within the scope of *THE MONTHLY*; but news stales both itself and the periodical by crowding between its pages. Ergo, enter *THE DUKE*!

The daily papers, of course, are most generous in their treatment of accounts of our athletic contests, social affairs, and the heterogeneous host of activities that go to make up a scholastic year. But the daily papers are designed for a public at least a goodly part of which is passive to the ups and downs of the University. Hence it follows that of necessity they must at times forget us for the nonce to take up questions of more pressing moment to the majority of their readers; for even newspapers must emulate the rest of the world and look out mainly for themselves.. *THE DUKE* is *of* Duquesne, *by* Duquesne, *for* Duquesne. Advancing Duquesne advances *THE DUKE*. That is how *it* looks out for *itself*!

THE DUKE is already a splendid sheet. Its articles are well handled and its editorial policies are most commendable. The students of the School of Accounts, Finance, and Commerce, to whom we are indebted for this latest and possibly greatest Duquesne innovation, are to be congratulated upon the spirit, energy, and ability which they have combined so admirably to place their Alma Mater in a lofty niche in the halls of journalism. They have done *their* share and more. It is now up to the rest of us to pitch in and care for *our* part of the work. Let every undergraduate subscribe to THE DUKE and read it religiously. Let us patronize its advertisers. Let us boost it to alumni and friends of the University.

Pioneers have lighted the torch. May those who follow in their path add fuel to the flame!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



Easter!

THERE isn't much one can say at this season of the year, and still less is there one can write. It isn't like the Yuletide holidays when a chap can dash about shouting, "Merry Christmas," and "Happy New Year," and all that sort of thing. One doesn't rush up to one's friends, seize their hands, and cry, "Happy Easter." "Happy Easter" sounds rather like quoting from picture-postcards, and of course quoting from picture-postcards isn't done. At least it isn't to be encouraged, if we're to avoid degenerating into the mushy kind of persons about whom sloppy old Tin-Pan Alley writes silly sentimental songs.

But regardless of one's attitude toward pronouncing the words of Easter felicitation, there can be no possible ignominy attached to one's *feeling* them. Precisely as the birthday of Christ imbues all Christians with heartfelt reverence, pity and love for the poor, chill, helpless Babe of Bethlehem, so also the anniversary of His resurrection stirs up in us that exultation, that deep-set sense of security, peace, and joy, that only knowledge of the Son of Man triumphant, of the Kingdom of God regained, can give to us weak, earthy creatures.

Then too, with Easter comes the fair, green, fragrant mantle-cloak of Spring—Spring with all the pomp of Nature's morning audience, Spring with her heraldry of tender shoots and blossoms,

Spring with clean, cool, crisp air that bids one live and want to live, if only just to breathe!

Thus it is, *THE MONTHLY*, exalted in the glamor of momentous hour and day, is moved to gladness of quality unalloyed. And now that it strikes us, *feeling* as we do, what's to prevent our *saying* what we think? What's to prevent our scaling convention's lofty wall to make the exception proving the anti-picture-postcard rule? Nothing --nothing at all!

THE MONTHLY rises to wish its friends and readers an exceedingly Happy Easter!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



Credit Where It's Overdue.

THERE'S an old saying to the effect that "you never miss the water till the well runs dry." We doubt if there's anything truer to be found outside the Bible and the multiplication tables. Take, for instance, the case we are about to cite.

For years, years, and still more years, Brother Ammon has gone quietly about his way to make Duquesne a bigger, brighter, and better school. In his informal capacity of superintendent of construction, he has been directly responsible for more improvements, great and small, about the University than any man ever connected with the institution. If repair jobs were to be attended to, Brother Ammon pitched into them himself or saw to it that they were performed by his assistants. If a class-room was to be re-arranged or a corridor painted, Brother Ammon could be found deep in the labor of renovation. If this, that, or the other sports squad sought improvement of gridiron, diamond, floor, or court, Brother Ammon saw that naught was left wanting. The Arts Library in Canevin Hall and, in high degree, the new gymnasium building, stand as monuments to his industry and taste. Through his co-operation in providing for and laying out tennis rectangles atop the gym roof, varsity tennis was at last made possible. And these are but the most recent of his achievements. Could we but retrace the decades, it would require the pages of a dozen *MONTHLYS* to contain the chronicle of even his major works.

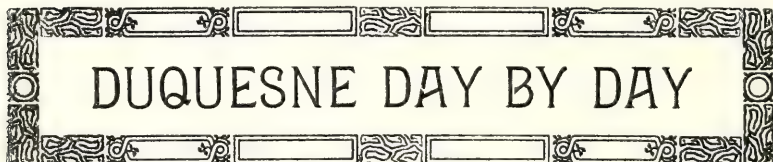
But like the prophet who was "not without honor, save in his own country," Brother Ammon long went unappreciated by those about him.

Then some little while ago, he fell from a shaky ladder, fractured several ribs, and chipped a piece of bone from his spine. For weeks he laid in Mercy Hospital, propped up in bed and scarcely able to move. And finally his friends at Duquesne arrived at full realization of what his presence had meant to activities at the University. Matters simply seemed to flounder. This was to be done and that was to be done and no one knew whither to turn to see that some one did it. Athletics slowed almost to a standstill. Track men, baseball stars, and racquetters were ready for action—and had no place to play.

But after an age or so, Brother Ammon was released from his hospital cot and returned to school. Though yet in weakened, dangerous condition, he plunged immediately into the tasks before him and soon the campus hummed the vigorous tune of summery pastimes. At the present writing the erstwhile patient is convalescing rapidly and the teams are making up at whirlwind rate for the early-season time they lost.

In the name of the student body, THE MONTHLY welcomes Brother Ammon back into our midst. May he enjoy complete recovery and many a year of health and happiness, first for his own sake, and afterward for the sake of the University he has served so faithfully and well.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

FEBRUARY 24.—Dukes 27, St. Bonaventure's 28. We can offer no alibis whatever, for the unexpected set-back was purely our own fault. The Dukes failed to get going at the start and as a result, the Saints kept a little ahead of our boys throughout the tussle. Several times the Varsity took decided braces but failed to maintain the pace consistently enough to pull the game out of the fire. Perhaps our boys held the visitors too cheaply and suffered the consequences.

FEB. 25.—"Nig" Savage has accepted the position of coaching the team which only a few years past represented Cathedral High School. How this new system will agree with "Nig" is unknown,

but we hope he will turn out a winning combination. "Spike" Monaghan has been appointed publicity agent.

MARCH 6.—Dukes 26, Geneva 27. The smiling countenance of Dame Fortune found contentment on a certain individual, Clarke by name, and to him she granted the chance that sent the Dukes, a heart-broken lot, back to the Smoky City and thus placed upon his brow the hero wreath.

The Bluffites were one point in the lead with barely fifteen seconds to go ere the final report of the timer's whistle would bring to an end a game abounding in brilliancy and thrills. At this juncture, with the Dukes but a trice away from undisputed possession of the Tri-State Conference Championship, the afore-mentioned Clarke snatched a hurried pass from a team-mate, darted down the floor guarded as no unfortunate inmate of the ball-and-chain league would ever care to be, and hurried off a shot seemingly repugnant to the laws of "possibilitas", but good enough to shatter the dreams of almost five hundred loyal Duke rooters.

It is true that Clarke will never see the day when he will equal his "impossible" game-winning shot. Still we must give credit where credit is due. His try was for the marker and regardless of how lucky his achievement, had he been a Duke at that critical moment, we would have raised him proudly on our shoulders and chanted to him paeans of praise.

MARCH 7.—The Dukes' initial taste of conducting a high school elimination tournament is daily becoming more and more bitter. Last evening's tussle between Homestead and Allegheny proved that by fostering the prep contests more harm is done to the gymnasium than good to the school. Duke gym was built to accommodate a large crowd—but when you try to pack two crowds into it, you'll discover that worse than mere congestion is bound to result.

MARCH 9.—The Varsity baseball and track candidates have reported to Coach McDermott and are daily practicing in the gym.

MARCH 10.—"Babe" Savage, who at one time was a mean batterer from the portside of the plate, and a catcher, is considering the idea of staging a comeback. "Probo" Butler predicts a bright future for "Babe" on the diamond. "Probo" knows his oats along baseball lines as well as other matters *de societate domestica*.

MARCH 11.—After attending Mass this morning, the Seniors and Juniors of the Arts school were given a free day by the Very

fallen on last Saturday, thus denying them the accustomed day of liberty.

MARCH 12.—Tough luck, Paul! As Sullivan entered class this morning he sported a very conspicuous patch over the left optic which, after a much demanded explanation, he modestly attributed to a mis-step while hurriedly enroute to Mass this morning. An explanation was rather appropriate, judging that the day is Thursday and last night was Wednesday.

MARCH 14.—At the request of "Jim" Hackett, a member of the School of Accounts and publicity agent for the Newman Club, I have the following announcement to make: The Newman Club of Pittsburgh, composed of Catholic students of the various institutions of the city and district, will hold its formal dance on May 1, 1925, in the ball room of Duquesne Council House, Bellefield and Fifth Avenues. This is an annual affair and tops the Club's list of social activities.

MARCH 16.—Just at the time when we were beginning to wonder whether "Jerry" Doran had left the old town or not, we beheld his unexpected entry into class this morning. Being as tomorrow is St. Patrick's day, Jerry thought it best to be on hand to help Butler, Sullivan, Murphy, McCaffrey and McCherdini celebrate the occasion.

MARCH 17.—Observing the feast of St. Patrick, the students attended Mass in the College Chapel. The Irish hymns rendered by the faculty choir added considerable dignity to the occasion.

For some reason or other the Seniors and Juniors found it quite difficult to settle down to serious work this morning, after once seeing the green ties that Noroski, Kontul, and Trybus wore.

The afternoon was given free to the students.

MARCH 18.—We noticed with a pleased eye today that Brother Ammon, after a few weeks' stay at the Mercy Hospital where he gradually recovered from a recent injury sustained while at work, is again back on the job. We all realize the value of his presence around the school and so we are more than glad that he is with us again.

MARCH 20.—Somebody ought to take a few moments' time to tell "Jim" McCaffrey that St. Patrick celebrations have ended for this year at least. Ever since Tuesday morning "Scandals" has been sporting a prominent green neck piece. The "Mc" is quite sufficient signification after the 17th has gone by.

MARCH 21.—Spring has come; we now anxiously await one of "Frog" Tushak's appropriate descriptions of the verdant season.

"Barney" Appel informs the boys that on April 5, he will take time to celebrate another birthday. A good chance for the renowned Corinthian Six, headed by "Spike" Monaghan, to secure the engagement. Preparations are under way to accommodate and feed a large crowd—word being received that Vitullo may come.

MARCH 23.—The recent decision of the combined Junior classes of all the University departments to hold a Junior Prom has been unanimously favored and accepted by the student body.

This will mark the first attempt of the kind the school has undertaken, and, judging from the present attitude and the interest shown, it should prove a huge success. Coleman Carroll, president of the Junior class of the Arts Department, has been appointed chairman of the affair. More than likely the Prom will be held at the Schenley Hotel on May 15.

MARCH 24.—The baseball and track candidates have been taking advantage of the unusually mild weather that we have been enjoying for the past week or so. A little more than a week's time remains ere the ball tossers journey down to Morgantown for their opening game with West Virginia University. The track team will display its wares on next Friday and Saturday evenings at the Hunt Armory where the great carnival featuring the famous Nurmi will be staged.

MARCH 25.—Considerable interest has been shown in the College Department regarding the organization of a senior choir to function at the church activities of the University. The principal aim is to interest the students along these lines so that, in the near future, the institution will be able to boast of a well trained group of Gregorian chanters.

MARCH 26.—Paul Butler finally found his chance to get a few wise words in today. After Father Carroll had finished reading a bit of poetry in class, he smilingly added, "Who would have thought that it was in Cherdini to write poetry?" At which statement Butler hurriedly answered, "No wonder, he has a girl—which, in most cases, accounts for one's poetic instinct." Bravo, "Probo"! But to what do you attribute the usage of "Greensburg" latin while translating "Horace"? A good draw—discard the gloves!

MARCH 27.—I wonder what could be more soothing to Guthrie's ear during Philosophy class than the fading sound of the Latin verb, "Perge"!

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25

ATHLETICS

The basketball season is history now. The first of the last quartet of games played was with Westminster at New Wilmington. The Presbyterians at the time were one of the few who had a chance for title honors, while Duquesne, leading the league, was favored to win. The contest had not progressed far until the Dukes secured an advantage of six points and thereafter they played a cool, determined style of game. No pass was made nor shot attempted unless it was safe to do so. A lead was held throughout but only after a typical Duke defense manifested itself in the closing moments when Westminster threatened. The whistle found the Red and Blue better by ten points.

Next came the Bethany tilt at home. The Varsity encountered little opposition, however, as the Bison outfit failed to check the home offensive, and could not penetrate the cordon of the Bluffites. The defeat of early season was more than wiped out by the thirteen-point advantage compiled by the locals.

A bomb was hurled into the Hill works when the basketeers of Juniata College came here for what was presupposed to be a mild encounter. What a wallop! The Huntingdon huskies stampeded and trampled the Red and Blue aggregation. It was the worst defeat of the season. The Middle-Staters possessed the best team seen on the Bluff court this season. "Nuf Ced."

"On to Geneva!" "Beat the Covenanters!" "Cop that championship!" These were the cries of four hundred loyal sons of Duquesne as they boarded the special train for Beaver Falls. The championship of the Tri-State Conference was at stake for the Varsity. They needed only win this game. The support given the team was wonderful and as the contest progressed the cheers made tremble the walls of the auditorium. The battle was the hardest-fought of the season and at no time did either team enjoy a comfortable lead. With but fifteen seconds yet to be played the Dukes were leading by one point. The tilt seemed "in" but Clarke of Geneva made an almost impossible shot in the last five seconds thereby winning the game and placing the Varsity in a tie with Waynesburg College. So the Tri-State Conference race ended in double leadership.

A conspectus of the team visions the completion of the career of one Captain "Chuck" Cherdini. "Chuck's" name may well be written as Duquesne's foremost athlete. He was par-excellent while performing on field and court for his Alma Mater. The Varsity this

year possessed no outstanding star for the men played as one, the main reason for their success. The brunt of the campaign was borne by Captain Cherdini, O'Donovan, Serbin, Schradling, and Monaghan. Heaps of praise are due them but let us consider also the loyalty of the other members of the squad, Bruckoff, Graff, Reich, Savage and Ebitz. These men were not the chosen few; but they were ready at all times to do their utmost that the squad might be successful. Let us not forget the real, true spirit of these men and sing loud in praise of them.

Finally, be not restrictive in your praise of the faithful work of Coach "Chick" Davies. With tireless effort he gave to the Dukes their first recognized championship. The success of the team speaks well the ability of Charles Davies as coach. His is a character that can obtain the best that is in the men to whom he pleads, as was manifest a dozen times throughout the season. There will be no fear of the calibre of basketball teams as long as "Chick" Davies is handling the reins.

But enough for the winter pastime. Spring is here, as the poets say, with its triangular array of outdoor sports. Have you noticed the remarkable turnout for baseball, track and tennis teams? Did you ever before see so many athletes appear on the field endeavoring to "make" the various squads? Or did you ever previously witness such enthusiasm as is shown by the entire school in every line of activity? We venture to say you have not. You never saw a squad of twenty-nine players come out for the baseball team; nor did you ever see some fifty men working out at the one time as is the case every afternoon; nor have you witnessed the spirit displayed in all in watching the track and tennis teams perform; you never before heard of a Duquesne Junior Prom which is to be held in May as the greatest social function in the history of the University.

No, for these are all new to you. A mere handful traversed the diamond in former years while the track teams have been idle for almost a decade. The tennis squad has increased to thrice its number yet it is only in its second year.

The Junior Prom will cap the climax of this year of remarkable transition in Duquesne University—a year that is proving wondrous for the bearers, past and present, of the Red and Blue gonfalon. All of this is only proof of Old Duquesne's rise to the top; of her upward trend to the heights of athletic and social achievement; of her manifestations of new life imbibed from the ceaseless efforts of a

certain Francis P. McDermott. His time here has been brief, yet the fruits of his labors are beginning to show themselves in the campus life of the school. Each and every student feels the change wrought by the Athletic Director, and the Alumni body has many times expressed its appreciation of his work and has pledged staunch support of future activity of Alma Mater. With a situation such as this great things will be accomplished, for as once was said, "In union there is strength."

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A. B. '26



C. S. M. C.

The Father Simon Unit held its regular meeting on March 4th. The assembly enjoyed the privilege of listening to a stirring appeal for support of Crusade activities by Father Edward Malloy, C. S. Sp., adviser of the Unit. Father Malloy recalled the vigor and enthusiasm of the Father Simon Crusaders of other days and bade present students to arouse once more that dormant spirit and to launch into their mission work and prayer with fervor and zeal for the remainder of the term.

It was decided by unanimous vote to hold a Mission Day in the near future. The details of the project were turned over to the Executive Board which is at present compiling a program probably to be built around solemn high mass and a sermon by a priest of experience in the field afar. It is possible that some appropriate dramatic sketch will be presented in connection with the exercises of the festival.

The meeting likewise went on record as favoring the action of the Pittsburgh Local Conference in its announcement of the fact that it will stage a play and rally between now and June. Duquesne men have pledged themselves to assume whatever tasks may be assigned them in making the event a success, and have also volunteered in goodly number for the Speakers' Bureau.

The Father Simon Unit will henceforth congregate in the University Chapel regularly once a week for half-an-hour of prayer. During Lent this session is taken up by noon-day stations on Fridays, but after Easter a special day will be chosen when all will be asked to attend and take part in the services.

The Mission Stamp Company is functioning very successfully. Under the leadership of Pirhalla it has accomplished much in a financial way for the cause. The Prep School units are to be commended for their exceptionally praiseworthy and effective efforts.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

The Students' Association Spring Dance will be held Monday, April 13, in the William Penn Hotel. The event is expected to be a gay one. The ballroom will be decorated in school colors, carried out in various schemes. Thomas E. Murray, general chairman, in making arrangements has overlooked nothing that will serve to make the affair a success. Lounging chairs have been provided for the faculty in the balcony overlooking the ballroom. Here faculty members and their wives can enjoy themselves between dances. The music will be of an exceptionally high order, Ralph Harrison's orchestra having been procured.

The Duchesses have a party planned for the students for April 18 in the new gymnasium. The girls have a reputation for being delightful hostesses and a second invitation to be present will hardly be required to insure a gala crowd. Entertainment and refreshments will be provided for the guests.

The Duchess Club, not yet six months old, has an enviable record and to have on the campus such an organization is an asset to any University. That the Duchesses continue in the future with the success they have had in the past is to the decided advantage of Duquesne.

An inter-class baseball league has been formed under the auspices of the DUKE. One game has been played on the schedule, the Frosh taking over the Sophs.

HENRY X. O'BRIEN



Exchanges.

THE DUQUESNE DUKE.—Most hearty congratulations! This is not the sentiment of this department alone, nor of THE MONTHLY alone, but of the entire school, for the DUQUESNE DUKE. The very first issue bore a dignity and thoroughness enjoyed only by the best in college news sheets. The staff of the DUKE is to be highly complimented for its organization at Duquesne of a news medium that is recognized today as a practical necessity in any large institution. It will serve to keep the students of the whole school in close touch with the activities of the various departments. This will tend to produce more intimate relations among the students of the different departments, thus fostering a closer fellowship which will inevitably develop a more sincere school spirit throughout the University. We

hope that the DUKE has come to stay, and, from present indications, we can assure its publishers that it will continue to enjoy its well earned popularity.

THE VIATORIAN—The February issue warrants much of our commendation and little of our disapproval. "Lincoln, The Statesman", appeals to us as the most striking article from the standpoint both of thought-content and style. We agree with the author in his view that the world in general little recognizes, much less appreciates, the help which comes from the hand of God. The style is direct and clear, and, consequently, interesting, than which little more can be said in extolling an essay. "Agnes Repplier, the Stylist," although it evidences a smoothness of style enhanced by simplicity of diction, is marred by a slight defect, that is by the repetition of the same thought. Until the standard of the vast, vast majority of short stories appearing in college journals is elevated, we will be forced to judge as satisfactory those of the type of "The Rookie Backstop."

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.—A perusal of the March number was not performed as an unavoidable task. If the Beatty journal is always of the same high standard it is deserving of a place among the leading college magazines. "Custody of the Children" displays more than ordinary ability. Possessing a rapidity and vigor of style, accompanied by unity of thought and an abundance of facts, it cannot fail to impress. The editorials are unusually good, treating of subjects of universal and national interest. The plot of "Prune & Plum, Inc." is of no literary value whatever, but the unique method of narration employed by the writer renders the story interesting. The atmosphere of the *Journal* in general is one of completeness.

REGIS C. GUTHRIE, A. B. '25



Duquesnicula.

"Is the world round?" the schoolma'am asked.

"No'm," replied little Jimmy.

"Is it flat, then?"

"Nope, my Pa says it's crooked."

"I understand there's been an addition to your family," remarked the inquiring friend.

"Addition my eye!" cried the father of triplets. "Multiplication!"

"Hullo, Rastus, how's yo' hawgs?"

"Dey's all right—how's yo' folks?"

STEW: "Do you like codfish balls?"

DENT: "Dunno, I never was at any."

ALICE: "That last note was D-flat."

JACK: "Yes, it was, but church is hardly the place to mention it."

CITY SLICKER: "Hey Rube, how do you get the water in your watermelons?"

FARMER (*still slicker*): "Plant 'em in the spring, son, plant 'em in the spring!"

BOMBASTIC PROF: "What could be worse than a man without a country!"

DEMURE CO-ED: "A country without a man."

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Is This The May ?

Is this the May?

Ah! well I know, for myriad charms proclaim it so:
Yon mite of blue, half-hid 'neath scented drops of dew;
The laughing flood whose sprightly wavelets, wanton, scud;
The mystic sounds in which the clustering vale abounds—

This is the May!

Is this the May?

The blessed earth a-teem with Springtime's gentle mirth;
Fair, happy hours that beauty hastes amid the bowers;
The cooing dove that watchful guards his nesting love;
Rare paeans that swell from plumed minstrels—all these
tell,

This is the May!

Is this the May?

The zephyrs sweet that haunt each lovely, green retreat;
The tintless light that sails effulgent 'cross the night;
Gone pensive care—in joy my happy heart holds share—
Oh! all things go to prove it and I know, I know,

This is the May!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25





The Modern Novel.

THE novel was not the result of an instantaneous urge to expression, but rather a gradual evolution from literature of no particular field but the broadest range of human endeavor to self-expression in writing. Literature itself was a gradual process of development; from ancient times up to the "Golden Age" we find no overlapping of parts but rather the pyramidal formation of gems of beautiful minds. It is quite evident that literature exercises an ever-present influence on a nation or an individual of that nation, not only at the time it is written or rather formed, but on generations yet unborn.

What are the effects of a literature? To reply to the question would be a confession of supposed omniscience. One may sketch an answer, which may be intended as a generality but it will fit only particular cases; yet we may observe the results of literature on the peoples of yesterday and although our spheres vary, we can apply our observation to human nature of today which is the same as that of yesterday. Newman says a literature is the mirror of the life of a country; it is the picturization of the social, political, economic and religious life of a country; more, it is the portrayal of the individual life of persons at that period of its formation. So we can see the effects not only on the people of the period, but on people of tomorrow. If this be true of literature it is more true of the novel as an integral and important part of the field of the pen.

The questions revolving about the modern novel are principally: Has it degenerated? Is it exercising a degenerating influence? Does the omnipresent sex problem therein presented occasion good advice in itself or is its effect just the opposite? To answer any or all these questions would require, to my mind, a wisdom of worldly things acquired only after study of long duration. But one is permitted to conjecture and advance a hypothesis, which, while perhaps untrue in itself, is sometimes the outgrowth of true answers.

Society in our country is slowly stabilizing itself. In spite of all

our protestations of democracy, we are becoming stratified to a great extent. This fact is rather disconcerting to some minds; accordingly they rebel and will attempt the unconventional; to the fellow members in the strata from which they come they hold an interest, and here is where the novel enters.

Fifty or even twenty-five years ago novelists were busy in the occupation of satisfying the avid public with stories of Indians, soldiers, revolutions, international love affairs, court affairs, and diplomatic alliances. The change in living necessitated a change in theme, a change in the novel.

The symphony orchestra gave way to the jazz band; the old-fashioned organ is discarded for the Victrola; the barouche passing down the avenue drawn by prancing cobs, bows before the straight line eight; so also gives way the novel of Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, Crawford and the other geniuses who made it what it *was*.

As the prides and joys of our fathers are laughable to many, so are the themes of their novels laughable; not that they are detestable, modernists will say; no, they are rather charming in their stupidity, rather attractive, much like the fragrance of faded lilacs.

What has the modern novel done? It has invaded the home, it has bared matrimony, as instituted by God, to the gaze of those who would make a mockery of it. The *modern* novel has shown how children should acquire polish and culture through association with twentieth century adventurers and the frequenting of modern haunts of pleasure. If the display of these things is advantageous to the people of today, then the modern novel certainly is accomplishing a great deal of good; if such things should be suppressed, not glossed over, why then, the modern novel is working harm. By this I do not mean that we should close our eyes to facts; but there are many things better left unsaid and unseen, and here is where the modern novel works incalculable harm. It is to be admitted that it is very easy to be a reformer, to sermonize, and it is not my desire to be one or do the other. I rather state conditions which make one smile when a modern genius discourses on life, a life into which no God enters. So also with the majority of modern novels and modern novelists: no God, stunted moral sense, poor taste, small contribution to literature.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A. B. '26

What Fools We Mortals Be.

When bluest skies are decked with fleecy white,
And songs of birds call us to leave the game,
To play awhile and rest our weary souls
While nature smiles upon our sweet repose,
We turn our backs and plunge into the fight,
Where wretched morals strive for gold and fame—
“What fools we mortals be!”

But when we once o'er step the bounds of duty
And turn to play with energy unbound,
'Tis often then we drink too deep, the wine
That's poisoned with the devil's sweetened brine.
'Tis then we close our calloused hearts to heaven
And choose the path where worldly joys abound—
“What fools we mortals be!”

No matter if we seek for joy or fame,
Our human weakness tries to beat the game—
“What fools we mortals be!”

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B. '27



The Lure of Gold.

GOLD is man's worldly aim in life. From early boyhood to the grave, he is ever striving for and ever pursuing the coveted and elusive metal. He knows that when he has accumulated gold he has drawn so-called friends to his side. In the attainment of gold he sees the phantom of perpetual pleasure. Few human beings now living or long dead have been immune from this magnet which has been the downfall of nations.

A man will for a certain time seek to perfect himself in a profession or he will set a definite goal to be achieved. But no matter what his ideas, or what he may try to be, he seems always to have his eyes open for his chance of hoarding gold. Kingdoms and empires in their eagerness for gold have found themselves suddenly destitute. They have sought to pillage and to plunder less fortunate nations in order that they might fill their coffers with treasure. In

their desire they find that they have been neglecting internal necessities and disorder; riot and finally revolution prevail.

Gold has been the means of colonizing lands hitherto unknown. It naturally attracts men. When its discovery is made known in a certain locality, men flock thither in droves. A small village arises and soon grows into a large city. We have in the United States a fair example of this. The gold discoveries in the west and in Alaska have been the main causes of these territories' becoming inhabited. No other reason can be found for the colonization of Alaska. Some will say that the seal has drawn fishermen there. But this industry was not fostered to any great extent until gold was discovered. The climate in Alaska is very cold during most part of the year and for this reason no men were anxious to settle. But when gold was discovered they hastened there by thousands. The lure of gold will attract men when all other earthly magnets have failed. Man is blinded by the soft, yellow lustre. He thinks not of the life beyond the grave where worldly wealth is of no use.

We have many examples of great men of history who have fallen from their lofty pinnacles simply through the lure of gold. They had gained high position of trust and had been honored throughout their lands. But when an opportunity to augment their store of riches was presented to them they weakened and their corruption dragged them down from pedestals of honor and respect. Mighty generals and brilliant statesmen, men of world-wide fame, have been the victims of gold. Their ideals have been shattered and their positions in life plucked from them forever. Upon first reading of these illustrious men we are edified and admire them. But when we learn of their disastrous endings, our admiration gives way to doubt. If their successes had not been tainted by lust for gold we could have held them up as true examples of splendid manhood.

Let us profit by their mistakes. Let us not lose our true goal by making wealth an end unto itself. Let us not devote our lives to heaping gold into countless millions. We cannot take it with us when we pass beyond the grave. So why should we consume our every energy in seeking to amass a fortune? We can truthfully say that there is little real satisfaction in possessing gold. We constantly read of men who have millions of dollars and are none the less unhappy. They tell us that their money has rendered them depressed, nay, even miserable and that they are discontented with life. They

have achieved their aim of accumulating gold, but what can they do with it? They say that they find no pleasure in spending it and they are constantly worried lest they should lose it. This everlasting worry soon works havoc on their minds and often we hear that they have taken the final resort of gun or poison. We Christians must find salvation in heed of the passage from the gospel. It keeps us to the straight and narrow path and should be ever-present in our hearts. Not only the allurements of gold but other worldly temptations can we shun when we think of these wonderful words of our Lord: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B. '27



May Flowers.

Golden daffodils fill the air
With fragrant breath of Spring;
Hyacinths, faint and fair,
Their play-bells gently swing.

Sturdy apple, pear, and peach,
In veils of pink and white,
Their blossom-laden branches reach
Toward heaven's azure height.

With slender, drooping grace,
The purple iris stands;
Tiny gloves of foliage lace
Of columbine demands.

Elfin hands of fairy charm,
Yearly the May-flowers grow;
Buds blossom as sun-darts warm,
Then melt as melts the snow.

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25

Sophomore Potpourri.

Inspired youths are as scarce as shamrocks in Bulgaria and probably considerably less valuable. Don't think you are a genius. Go to work instead!

* * * *

The world awaits the doer. For him the door of opportunity stands open. The magic word, the passport, the countersign is, "I do."

* * * *

The practical dreamers of today are the achievers of tomorrow.

* * * *

There are ten million hidden truths and undiscovered facts about us today, waiting for some one to pluck out the heart of their mystery.

* * * *

The world is too full of thinkers, and like "The Thinker" of Rodin, the majority of them are mere piles of cold sculpture. It isn't the thinkers who are the benefactors of the race. It is the doers, those who dream to be sure, but who carry out the ideas that are practical and cast aside those that are impossible. The best things of life are not mere thoughts, but thoughts fulfilled.

* * * *

God's gift is the power of utterance, and man through his intellect reveals the culture of his mind and thus creates an art.

* * * *

Imagination is a good thing, but all dreams and no effort will go as far, let us say, as an automobile without an engine.

* * * *

It was "long thoughts" that gave us our writers, poets, inventors, discoverers, philosophers, generals, and scientists. And remember, "men erect no monuments and weave no laurels for those who fear to do what they can, or who do not think ahead."

* * * *

Power, resources, intelligence are the consequences of "long thoughts."

* * * *

Long thoughts pay; for if one is not able to see farther than the end of one's nose, one is apt to be run down in the pathway of life.

* * * *

What are "long thoughts?" They are those conceptions of men that surpass the limitations and possibilities of today and look forward to the future.

Reforming is a poor business. Any fool can condemn and cry out for a change. It takes a real man, though, to employ the facilities at hand and improve the world by working in it and with it. Any one can find a flaw, but the best man is the one that corrects the fault without turning the world upside down.

* * * *

A real friend is life's greatest asset. The knowledge that there is some one on the sidelines pulling for us, watching our efforts with love, hope, and expectation, puts new spirit and impulse into toilers tired and worn out with the strife. The friend is the Master's gift to mankind, the friend to comfort and to encourage, the friend to help and to console, the friend to serve and to defend!

ARTS '27



Le Printemps.

'Tis Spring again, and oh,
All blooming Nature calls
My gypsy spirit forth
From close-confining walls
To where soft breezes blow.

She bids me roam afield
Where wondrous beauty rare
Entrances ear and eye;
She lures with mien so fair,
My willing fancies yield.

The azure heaven-hue,
The tender green beneath,
With myriad colors bright,
Make glorious the heath
Spring spreads before my view.

A mystic loveliness
The scented vales afford,
While joyous bird-life sings,
" 'Tis Spring!", with sweet accord,
In rapturous excess!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

May Daze.

[FOREWORD:—*The tale here printed is the third of a series of direct translations from the works of the early Roman poet-historian, Sciatica. As mentioned exclusively in THE MONTHLY in connection with the two previous articles we have been privileged to use, we are indebted for these extraordinary contributions to Professor A. Thucydides Stump, P. M., R. S. V P., A. D., N. S. F., P. R. R., A. M. E., of the archaeological, palaeontological, metaphysical, diabolical, and highly impractical departments of Quinceton University. At no small personal risk, Professor Stump has explored at length the most ruined sections of the ruins of the ruined cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among his most interesting discoveries we have the now famous Sciatican scroll, from which, as the spirit has moved him, the learned pedagogue has seen fit to render into gutter-al English numerous anecdotes of ancient political, social, and economic conditions in the Eternal City. "The Daze of Ancient Rome" and "A Few More Daze," Professor Stump's initial Sciatican transcriptions, have already pleased and thrilled countless millions of MONTHLY readers. "May Daze," the current story, is both timely and—but let Professor Stump describe it for you. "My latest gift to the world of the literary," aptly remarks the modest Quincetonian, "is without doubt the finest of my long and, if I may say so, spectacular career. Though, as a director and staunch upholder of the Anti-Saloon League, I cannot place the official stamp of my approval upon the ethics of the noble Sciatica and recommend to the emulation of American youth the characters whom he so brilliantly delineates, none the less I find myself frequently in mood to sympathize with him and only beg of you, gentle and admiring reader, that, when our benighted Roman bard feels constrained to mention the contents of what I have often termed the flowing bowl, you will make allowance for the place and time in which he lived, and breathe a prayer for the repose of his saturated soul."*—THE EDITOR.]

A SPRING sun just warm enough to lay low in sleep the banana tradesmen along Appia Via streamed merrily through the windows of the Forum Cafeteria of Gammonius, casting across pyramids of grapefruit and canteloupe and appetizing goldfish-bowls of "Shredded Triticum" shadows of the iron bars installed since the wily Caius Cassius had pulled a nose-dive through the plate-glass to escape payment of a bill of 65 drachma the week before,

and throwing into bold relief the coffee and egg stains on the historic cafeteria table-cloths. Imperial Rome was donning verdant garb and, as one on the outside might say, all was not only well but serene.

But, though generally speaking things were breaking nicely for the Queen of Cities, matters were not what they might have been with each and every of her sons. Semper Plenus Bacterius, ginning son of Quartus Bacterius, most *praeclarus* bootlegger in all Rome, was among the number of the unfortunates. Ever since last evening when the famed J. Caesar had remarked, "The die is cast!" and had gathered in the talents behind the Senate-house, leaving Semper Plenus stranded financially, the existence of the youth had been bleak indeed. The elder Bacterius had warned the boy lest he stray from the straight and narrow on this most important of occasions. Macfersonius Edinburgensis, world-famous distiller of the deadly rye, had arrived incognito from Scotland that very morning to supply the wants of the Prohibition Party convention, and Semper Plenus, in the absence of his father who had been summoned to Brundisium to adjust with the praetorian guard a shipment of the justly-prized "Dago Red," had been delegated to show the tight-lipped visitor the town.

The instructions given Semper Plenus had been simple. "Here, *mi Bacteri*," had said Quartus, "is enough *pecunia* to last until the *Nones* of the month. Take this Macfersonius where he may wish to go. Spend freely. Buy for him all the *vinum* thou canst make him drink. And when at last thou hast him soused unto the gills, pry from him the secret whereby he doth manufacture high-voltage rye within two days. Findest thou the process and rich reward shall be thine. Failest through some folly and thou had best be far from Rome on my return!"

And far from Rome was precisely where Semper Plenus was wishing himself this fine May morning. As intimated above, he had fallen for the alluring click of the cubical bones the night before, had been plucked clean, and even now as he smiled a wan, sickly smile at the taciturn Macfersonius across the breakfast table in the cafeteria, he was cudgeling his brain for ways and means of escaping from the food emporium without the embarrassing admission of his moneyless plight and the session of dish-washing likely to be consequent. He rejected the possibility of the Scotsman's settling the bill as too absurd for consideration. And as for stalling off the husky

and capable Gammonius—well, he had tried that a month before and was still sitting down gingerly.

Macfersonius drained his fifth saucer of java with a gurgle, a sigh, and a note of finality, wiped his mouth in his sleeve, slipped several loaves of sugar and a hard roll under the folds of his plaid toga, and prepared to leave. Semper Plenus glanced about in despair. It was now or never. Then opportunity beckoned. M. Tullius Cicero, a trifle put after an evening at the Tiber Roadhouse of the genial Bongius, rose from a neighboring table, deposited a three-talent piece under the edge of a plate, and, reeling slightly, made for the door.

Furtively the hand of the young Bacterius strayed toward the place vacated by the noted forensic orator. Under the plate slid the fingers. They closed over the coin. With a howl of pain, Semper Plenus snatched away his arm, four angry gashes showing blood at the wrist. The returning waiter had beheld the act and pinioned Semper's paw with a salad fork.

Less resolute men than Bacterius would have given up on being thus repulsed. But not so our hero. Even as the servitor gathered in the silver and strode off in high dudgeon, Semper Plenus was figuring further ways and means of exit. With a suddenness that left him dizzy, inspiration struck him. Seizing a copy of "The Roman Daily Tuba," he stealthily ignited the paper at the stove, allowed it to blaze, and cast it under a table.

"Fire! Fire!" shrieked Semper Plenus, grabbing a dish-pan—cups, saucers, knives, forks, and all—and hurling the whole works in the direction of the blaze. But Semper had calculated well. Gammonius, dashing back from the cash-register at the front of the restaurant, was on hand to stop both bric-a-brac and cutlery. Down he went, yowling profanely in the Greek jargon he had picked up while learning the food game under Epicurus at Athens. Confusion reigned supreme. Casca and half-a-dozen other conspirators, thinking a new revolution had begun and aiming to be on the proper side, piled from a dark corner crying, "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!" Cassius, forgetting that bars had been put up, tried another window dive and cracked his head on the two-inch cross-piece, adding his clamor to the general din. Marc Antony, who had been dividing his attention between kidding a couple of Gallic waitresses and writing his father-in-law's name on the latest proscription list,

made for the coal bin, knowing no fire could take hold on the slate and clinkers he himself had sold Gammonius.

Semper Plenus alone retained composure and power to think. Seizing the Scot by the arm, he hurried him to the doorway, pushed him into the rapidly gathering crowd, grabbed a handful of currency from the open cash-register, and was soon swallowed up in the milling throng. The day was saved!

But though free of the clutches of Gammonius, and in funds again for the nonce, Semper Plenus was far from out of the woods. To begin with, the cash at his disposal would barely meet the demands of luncheon and the evening meal. What would be left—if anything—must be converted into real money at the expense of J. Caesar, Marc Antony, and Crassius behind the *Senatus*. Then too, it was obvious from the events of the morning that the egg Macfersonius would be difficult to handle. Only one rift of brightness filtered through above the clouded horizon of Semper Plenus. The Scot was traveling incog. If the ever-thirsty *Patres Conscripti* and parched *Quirites*, not to mention the host of rival boot-leggers who flooded Rome, had been aware of the presence of so great a *benefactor publicus* as the citizen of *Edinburgensis*, the task of Semper Plenus would have been rendered herculean, indeed.

The day wore on. Macfersonius ate heartily at noon and the expense of Semper Plenus. That unhappy youth nibbled a sickly sardine sandwich. Trips to the Palatine Museum, the zoo at the Circus Maximus where Semper bought peanuts for the *elephantes* and Macfersonius, remarking, "Dinna ye ken vegetables ar-re ver-r-ra apt to gi' the puir, wee beasties indigestion?" ate them—the peanuts—and gave the *elephantes* a pan of water, and to the free zither recital at the *Librarius Carnegiensis* consumed the hours before dinner. At this stage of the game the visitor again partook with gusto. Semper Plenus tightened the girdle about his *toga virilis* and ordered a bouillon cube.

The youth heaved a sigh of relief when, promptly at ten o'clock *Lux-diei-saving Tempus*, his guest announced that he had had enough, called "Guid nicht!" and repaired to the *Gulielmus Pluma* hotel for well-earned repose.

Two hours later Semper Plenus, bleary-eyed and a bit put, likewise turned homeward footsteps. Fortune had smiled on him. Staggering slightly from force of circumstances and the weight of

four togas, one dyed in the royal purple of Caesar, and clinking with the soul-satisfying clink of coin, he piled up the steps to the Bacterian palace, kicked open the front-door, hurled the bundle of clothes in a heap into the refrigerator, washed his face, placed the cake of *Vita-puer* carefully in bed, climbed into the wash-basin, laid his head in the soap-dish, and gave himself to peaceful slumber, content to let tomorrow bring what it might. He had cleaned out the *Senatus* as Caesar, Antony, Pompey, and Crassius, shivering as they slunk home in their Beta-Gamma-Deltas, would have readily attested. *Vive la bones!*

* * * *

It was five full—quite full, in fact—days later. Macfersonius Edinburgensis had been dined and wineed incessantly. And the drawn, haggard, despairing face of Semper Plenus Bacterius told too plainly with what signal lack of success. The Scotchman had been having a royal time. "In Rome," saith the sage, "do as the Romans do." Macfersonius had been doing just that—and doing it oftener than any Roman before or since. Since the date of his arrival, the Eternal City's per capita consumption of "Dago red" has jumped not one notch, but several. The stern-visaged son of the Highlands drank often, and said little. The secret of two-day rye remained locked within his bosom. And tomorrow the convention of the *Prohibitiones* would be over and Macfersonius would return to the mighty northland where men were men and water was employed for sailing boats and running under bridges. For Semper Plenus, fast work was the order of the day!

The Garden *Caupona* of Ediclinius was a riot of color, song, and mirth. The *Promenadium Juniorum* of the *Universitas Romae* was at its height. Harmonius and his merry Saxaphone Sizzlers, most popular symphonizers in all Latium since Socrates had taken his famed Greek Philosophy Phive back to Athens, were tearing off "I Kissed Her on the Forehead, I Kissed Her on the Nose, I Kissed Her on Each Eyebrow—She's My Frisky, Kiski Rose!" Gay young Romans wearing the latest in *Cor*, *Schaffner et Signa* balloon togas trod the fantastic, some with fair co-eds but most with those who were merely "fair" and "co-". All was set for a large and exceedingly memorable evening.

In the midst of the revelry sat Semper Plenus and Macfersonius, the former striving desperately to play a final card and the latter seeking with equal ardor to count the house, for, gentle reader, the

canny Scot had sneaked the refreshment contract from beneath the very Bacterian nose.

But the loss of a chance to supply even as moist an event as an *Universitas Romae* hop with the several aids to lemonade was a minor detail to Semper Plenus now. That worthy lad's mind was on bigger, brighter, better things.

"If," cogitated Semper, "I could but get this close-lipped clam to imbibe of my father's brand of Scotch, he would talk indeed. But how? He is *sapiens*. An hundred times have I urged him in vain. He knoweth I seek his secret and he guards it well. I speak of the rye that he doth peddle. He but laughs a tight-lipped laugh and peddleth more. Verily Macfersonius is a man most cognizant of his *otium*!"

The hour of two rolled 'round. Festivity was at its height. A moment before, amid wild applause, Cerdinius, idol of the *universitas* and champion discus-hurler of the *Tri-Civitates Concilium*, had been presented with a handsome trophy-cup, M. Tullius Cicero speaking appropriately and making the award; and now admiring classmates had jammed about the *praeclarissimus athleta* and were loudly urging him to christen the vessel with potions that would soon have corroded its golden lining. Nubian slaves dashed hither and yon, serving belated supper. A roar of mirth arose as a giant black stumbled and spilled a steaming bowl of *consommae bovinæ* down the back of the pompous mayor, Megaius, who, if popular report be credited, had gone on record as disapproving the art of terpsichore as far as he himself was concerned and who was only on hand at the *Caupona* for a bite of lunch ere going home after a protracted session with the *Patres Conscripti*.

It was, perhaps, a quarter after two when a rousing cheer from near the doorway proclaimed the arrival of a trio of jovial newcomers. "Ave Clipho! Ave Antique! Ave Sunni!" rose the shout. Dancers gliding about the crowded floor turned at the commotion to behold three stalwart youths meandering through the throng. There, in the lead, strode Rianzi Clipho, silversmith to Caesar; behind him Antiquus Conarius of the *schola legis*; bringing up the rear, Sunnius Aetates, whose prowess on the ice in winter and skill with the *mashiniblicus* during the warmer months had spread his name abroad throughout the land.

And then, as the carefree trio passed by the table of Semper Plenus and Macfersonius, there transpired an incident that was to

alter the destiny of empires. Macfersonius, rounding up a knife-load of peas brushed a soup-spoon to the floor. Bending to retrieve that ingeniously-devised article of culinary ware, the Scot pushed back his chair squarely into the ribs of Sunnius Aetates. Sunnius grunted in pained surprise and with the quick, natural swing of a lad accustomed to banging 'em down the fairway, withdrew the chair completely from the support of the Scotsman, permitting him to flop neatly on the tile.

It was a fatal stunt!

Emitting a blood-curdling howl of rage, the irate and astonished Highlander scrambled to his feet roaring for a claymore. In default of a copy of that interesting and effective weapon, he seized a handy *cerevisia*-bottle and set out to spread destruction. Sunnius, unfortunately for himself, had by this time taken seat at a nearby table, his back to the onslaught of Macfersonius of which he was quite in ignorance.

Now according to the best-advertised ethics of personal combat, one is not encouraged to sock one's adversary upon the coco without first intimating to him that such is one's intention. Walloping from behind is, and always has been, in the main, taboo in better circles of society when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one chap to go biffing about after another.

But Macfersonius Edinburgensis in that hectic moment was in no frame of mind to observe the niceties of polite manslaughter. Two giant leaps brought him to the rear of the unsuspecting Sunnius, and a split second later the clatter of shattered glass proclaimed to the expectant assembly that the Scot had holed out the bottle to perfection immediately atop the right eye of Aetates.

Tales of what followed differ vastly, except in general agreement that Sunnius flashed to dreamland for a minute and that the Garden *Caupona* was mussed up considerably. According to best-authenticated report, however, Conarius was first to reach the embattled alien, his well-directed right putting the Macfersonian left optic out of action at the very start. The rest ran true to the form of the average mob scene. The women, Semper Plenus, and a couple of praetorian guards held aloof from the brawl. Pretty much every one else seemed engaged in the timely pursuit of handing it to the Scot.

But even the most enjoyable of pastimes cannot go on forever, and presently Macfersonius was tossed down the stairs and the party

resumed. Here was the chance for which Semper Plenus had been waiting. Bunged up and pretty well out, the Highlander would be in no condition to resist the ministrations of the younger Bacterius. "It's an ill wind!" quoth the lad, and slid blithely down the ban-nister to where Macfersonius lay on the dusty pavement of the Via Sacra.

* * * *

A week had slipped by on the wings of *tempus*. The sun shone with pleasant warmth as Semper Plenus and Quartus Bacterius, lolling back luxuriously against the rich upholstery of the Bacterian family Pierce-Sagitta chariot, drove noisily down the drive from the *Statio Unionis*. Accounting time was at hand. The elder Bacterius had but a scant five minutes before arrived from his sojourn in Brun-disium, and even now Semper Plenus was regaling him with details of the seeking of the Scotch.

"As I reached the *Via*," the youth narrated, "I knew that it was *nunc* or *numquam*. Hastily uncorking a pint of your finest *Haigus et Haigus* cedar-grain rye, I forced a draught between the lips of the stiffened Scotsman."

"Ha!" interjected Quartus glowingly, "I'll wager that made him speak!"

"Speak!" returned Semper Plenus, a trace of a shadow passing over his usually genial countenance at the very recollection. "My gawds, you should have heard him. First did he curse me in Scotch, then in the language of the Gauls, and lastly in such Latin as never I heard before! Finally said he:

"'Did yere faither make this most awful stuff?'

"'He did,' said I.

"'Doth he peddle it?' queried he.

"'He selleth it in quantities,' said I.

"'Yere faither is a low crook,' said he, 'a poisoner, a scoundrelly tonsil-burner, a—'"

"Mind not the details, thou sap!" interrupted Quartus in anger. "On with thy tale!"

"Then, my lord," continued Semper Plenus, "ere I could stop him, this maddened Macfersonius rose, withdrew a parchment from his toga, thrust it in my hands, pushed me backward into a vile ash-container, and fled up the *Via Sacra* toward the Forum drinking fountain, shouting over his shoulder, 'Gi' the scroll to yere faither. If ye R-r-r-romans drink the swill he makes an' ca's it Scootch,

we'll ha' Caesar and a' his legions invadin' the Hee-lands an' sailin' up the Doon in a month!"

"And what gave the rascally Macfersonius to thee?" demanded Quartus, mortally insulted.

Semper Plenus hesitated a moment, undecided whether to hold out for better terms or let matters go as they were. He decided in favor of the latter.

"He gave to me—the formula!" pronounced Semper Plenus. And Quartus Bacterius, *praeclarissimus civis*, fainted dead away!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



May Brook's Song.

Meandering through the sylvan shades,
A May-brook in its youthful verve
A-gurgle breaks at every swerve
To May's fair Queen, in serenades.

By tinkling silver tongues upraised,
Melodious strains to her are sung,
Like paeans from Seraph harps gold-strung,
Waft loving tributes sweetly phrased.

Now modulated tones breathe low
The sacred mysteries that they tell;
The limpid waters gently swell
Along the calm and winding flow.

Sing forth the waves a surging lay,
Crescendo-like, as if inspired,
Sing on and on, nor e'er are tired—
Hail Mary, Queen! Queen of the May!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25

Ultra Realism and the Stage.

THE swift, headlong motion and the nervous, impatient disposition, now so prominent in every walk of life, do not overlook even the dramatic complex. The stage, though primarily set apart for attainment of supreme ideals of an art, succumbs to more easily reached material standards and to the applause of the lowly. Although not all acting has deteriorated, for there are a few rare jewels of talented and finished performances contributed every season, the greatest popularity lies chiefly with plays and episodic scenes which are merely exhibitionary and whose aim is to acquire a realistic effect. The musical revues and vaudeville acts, on account of the brevity of the scenes and numerous changes of settings and circumstances, are almost totally incapable of inspiring the spectators to any great degree of receptivity. It is especially in these forms of dramatics that realistic scenes and mechanical gestures copied from the outside world are bounteously employed.

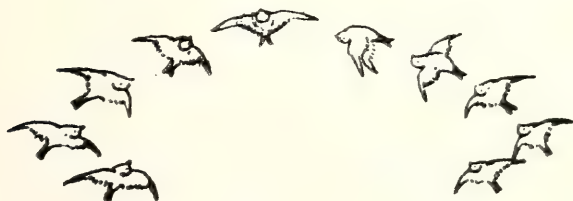
The time when a card was placed on the stage to inform the audience of the place of the scene, thereby leaving the background to the activity of the imagination, has given way to a standard according to which sets of scenery, each for a different scene, must be used, until now stage scenery has become so elaborate that it often overshadows the entire production. Instead of leaving it a means to an end, present day producers are making scenery in itself the end. All the extrinsic details of a scene, with every branch of a tree, every ripple of a brook, every duckling on the water, even the minutest of objects, all are painted on with greatest fidelity to naturalness, that the spectator may be deceived for the nonce into thinking it real, instead of granting to the audience the privilege of completing the scene, each person in accordance with his own fancy. Scenery should be such as will create a mood; its color and proportions should not be in themselves features of attraction, but only instruments directing the mind to a definite goal intended by the author. The eccentricities of an over-prominent setting become only a barrier of uncongeniality between the actor and the audience. Settings, though simple, but with creative potency, are true aids and even necessities for complete productions.

There are still many followers of the old drama school, who have formulated a certain gesture, a definite look, an exact posture for man's every emotion. Such acting can be nothing but artificial, and the gesticulation, no matter how gracefully and delicately executed, will remain cold and lifeless, unless animated by the soul. When

gestures and general stage demeanor come simply from the will, in hope of counterfeiting the emotions of another, and not in response to one's own feelings, their superficiality will be obvious, and hence ineffective and injurious to the play. If every one in rage were to be portrayed with clenched fists and dishevelled hair, if anger were to be displayed invariably by a heaving breast, if every possible mood and emotion were to be characterized according to directions of a catalog, plays would certainly be dull, monotonous spectacles, where originality and personality, powerful factors for successful drama, would be completely thwarted.

Realistic representations are often farcical failures. Scenes, with horses taking part, or a goatskin filled by two boys parading about to represent a goat, take the mind off the progressing plot. Acting is not a mere reproductory process. It is an unfolding of character; it should allow the human soul to radiate its feeling in such a way that others may likewise be affected. It is to instill into the hearer a sympathetic harmony of heart with heart—and this cannot be properly brought about by demonstrating to the eyes the perfection of the imitation, the meticulous resemblance to the actual.

JOSEPH A. BULEVICIUS, A. B. '26



Reine de Mai.

Oh handmaid of the Handmaid of the Lord,
Vested in virtue, fairest of the fair,
Poor human tongue can seek to soar high toward
Thine excellence, but must at length despair,
Frustrated by sheer poverty of word!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

University Growth.

SIGNS of expansion—except, perhaps those manifested about the belt-line—are usually encouraging. The announcement that a School of Pharmacy will be installed at Duquesne next September is to be greeted with gratification and pleasure by every loyal follower of the Red and Blue. During the past year our University—not printed “OUR UNIVERSITY”—has gone forward extraordinarily along the lines of scholastic, athletic, and social endeavor. It is no more than fitting, then, that 1925, the beginning of a new and brighter era at Duquesne, should be climaxed by the addition of a department certain to draw to the Bluff further hundreds of ambitious young aspirants to professional dignity.

But the school of Pharmacy is not the only innovation planned for the coming autumn. Information gleaned, as Mr. Boyle of the “Chronicle Telegraph” would phrase it, “from trusted spies,” assures us that courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Arts in Letters, and possibly Bachelor of Arts in Education, are also to be inaugurated, while dentistry will be adopted in the near future. These branches, combined with the present Schools of Arts, Law, and Accounting and Finance, will enable Duquesne to cover the field of education in as thorough fashion as practically any institution in the land can boast.

We, sons of Alma Mater, rise to congratulate the faculty, especially Father Hehir and his confreres of the Holy Ghost Order, upon the progress of Duquesne. We feel that the growth of the University has been from within; that it has been of itself and by itself, if not selfishly for itself. Duquesne is solid. There is naught of the mushroom about her. She builds to endure. May her career

be long and useful. May she prosper to guide generations yet unborn as she has guided those that have gone before—as even now she guides the stream of youth that daily crosses her thresholds!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



Will Pittsburgh Keep Us With the Jones ?

CLEVELAND has been showing Pittsburgh the way in one respect at least for some time past. Poor, benighted Pittsburgh can, for example, support the Chicago Civic Opera Company for but a three-day visit annually. The Lake-side city, on the other hand, not only listens to this company but also enjoys a ten-day call from the Metropolitan Opera Company. Strange to say, quite a few persons from our city will journey to the Ohio metropolis to wax enthusiastic over this call. Such a trip is worth the inconvenience it entails. Local critics may make light of the whole affair, as in years gone by, but there is no making light of or denying the fact that Pittsburgh is missing a golden opportunity.

We, civically, love music just as much as our neighbors in the Buckeye State, but we haven't adequate facilities to make our musical efforts worth while. Cleveland stages the offerings of the Metropolitan Opera Company in the Public Auditorium, a structure erected by the city with public funds. This hall has a seating capacity of twelve thousand. Compare these figures with the "four thousand capacity" of the Syria Mosque, the largest auditorium in Pittsburgh. The result is that the local manager must raise the price of admission to such an extent that it becomes prohibitive for the man of moderate means. Cleveland, with a civic auditorium, offers seats at prices which assure the promoters of the success of their project before the curtain has been raised or even before a wealthy patron has been approached.

A movement was inaugurated here quite recently for the erection of a public auditorium but for various reasons this agitation has been permitted to subside. Pittsburgh certainly needs a hall of this sort and a plan for the erection of such a structure would be deserving of the whole-hearted support of every loyal citizen. It would be a boon not only to the man of moderate means but also to local man-

agers; for under such circumstances the very best productions could be brought to the city without the now constant fear of a large-sized deficit. In time the structure would pay for itself many times over. It would be striking proof of our motto, "Pittsburgh Promotes Progress."

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



The Polyphonic Choir.

WHILE on the subject of Duquesne's advance, let us not neglect mention of a group of earnest young men through whose efforts and the efforts of Director Father Williams, the reputation of the University will be borne forward into the realm of vocal music. The Senior Polyphonic Choir, a living monument to the spirit and energy of a zealous band of what we so-called upper-class persons have been wont to term "lowly Freshmen," has taken to the study and rendition of the Gregorian chant with application and interest worthy of far older and more experienced men. Giving freely of their time, the choristers have progressed to a point where their debut is distant by but a matter of days. That they have talent we harbor not the slightest doubt. That they will be well trained we are certain. It remains now only for the student body to display its appreciation of their labors by extending to them the full meed of encouragement that none deny is properly their due. The members of the Polyphonic Choir are engaged in activity as much a part of varsity curriculum as football, baseball, basketball, or tennis. Their soloists, in offering the sublimely beautiful, remarkably difficult Gregorian melodies, parallel exactly the offices of quarterback, of pitcher, of forward, of number one man. We trust that the Polyphonic Choir will receive all commendation that it deserves. We suggest that the individuals who compose it, whose sacrifices have made it possible, be rewarded with insignia of some sort in recognition of the love of God and Alma Mater that has inspired them in their toil.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

MARCH 31—Bishop Gogarty, who is touring the States in quest of spiritual and financial aid for the successful operation of the missions in Africa, has been a visitor at the University for the past few days. This morning he visited the Junior and Senior classes where he rendered a very interesting account of the adventures which the missionary is forced to contend with. The many bear and lion stories, of which he mostly treated, amused the mighty Vitullo who says that he certainly would like to meet some of this wild game.

APRIL 2—The third term examinations got under way today. This will mean that the young men will be kept busy throughout the week.

APRIL 3—Rain, Rain, and a little more of it. In order that King Pluvius might have his way, the Duke-W. Va. U. baseball games, carded for tomorrow and Saturday at Morgantown, were forced to be postponed until a later date. The bad condition of the Mountaineers' playing field necessitated the move.

APRIL 4—Fate certainly casts her smiles in the way of Barney Appel. If you rightly remember I had once informed you that our friend "Sam" had the good fortune to meet Miss Ruth Malcolmson, better known as "Miss America," winner of the annual beauty pageant held at Atlantic City last summer. This very afternoon she was a visitor at the Southside Market House where she acted in the capacity of judge at a beauty contest for the best looking "puellae" of the South Hills. As it was Barney managed to secure a formal introduction through the kind efforts of one of his friends. It so happens that Barney works at the market on Saturday afternoons, and we have learned from reliable sources that after the meeting his employer was forced to dismiss him for the day—when he discovered that Barney's mind was far distant from the banana stand.

APRIL 5—At a gathering held at Appel's home to celebrate his birthday we were afforded the opportunity of listening to a magnificent Spanish eulogy rendered by a certain Frank Zappala. The way this boy knows his Spanish ought to warrant him a place on any bull fighting team in Spain. As usual, Butler went home with all the profits of the penny-ante tussle.

APRIL 8—With the ending of the examinations at hand, the students will begin their Easter vacation today.

APRIL 12—I was a visitor at "Spike" Monaghan's home this evening where I also had the pleasure of partaking of some of the delicious five-pound Easter egg which the Bunny brought him.

APRIL 13—Bad news! "Cuba" Thornton informed his helpers, Butler and Monaghan, that their painting proposition at Bellevue has fallen by the way side. I wonder how this bit of luck will strike Paul Butler who had planned on getting a few chairs and a table with his earnings. Then, too, consider poor "Probo" and "Cuba" with the Junior Prom but three weeks away.

APRIL 14—Many Duke alumni, now seminarians, spending their Easter vacation in town, found their way to the Campus to meet the old friends. I might say that we are always glad to see them around and hear that they are getting along in fine fashion.

My friend, "Mike" Cusick, and I had lunch together and I still maintain that Mike could bat fourth at any table squad whatever. Experience will teach me that the immediate ending of Lent is an inopportune time to take a seminarian out to eat. They surely are capable of staging great comebacks.

APRIL 15—The results of the recent examinations were made known this afternoon in the school auditorium.

The officers composing the executive board of the Holy Ghost sodality were elected this morning. The standard bearer position was a hectic race between "Prob" Murphy and the mighty Vitullo, with "Prob" winning out in the end.

APRIL 16—In the opening home game of the season the Dukes batted their way to a 9-4 victory over the highly touted Juniata ball club. Capt. "Jim" Reilly pitched air tight ball and there was no time when he found himself in danger.

"Sammy" Weiss, one of the half pints of the team, gave the boys a real treat when he socked one over the middle field fence. The town-folks of Glassport have the ball that "Sammy" hit on exhibition in the window of the First National bank.

Should "Scandals" McCaffrey follow the footsteps of Weiss and turn into a home run hitter the Duke management would experience great difficulty pursuing the many young "Macs" in quest of baseballs. "Jimmy" has them stationed at all angles of the ball park.

APRIL 21—The newly organized student choir is progressing in fine style. It is almost certain that within a few months the University will be proud of its Gregorian choristers.

APRIL 22—A half holiday was granted the students in order that they might enjoy watching the Pirates perform in the opening game at Forbes Field.

APRIL 23—The Bethany baseball clan, regarded most likely contenders for the Tri-state laurels, visited the Bluff and administered the first Duke defeat of the year, when they beat our boys 4-1 in a ten-inning game. The visitors' pitcher, Hermann, was just a little too much for the Duke batters when hits meant runs.

The frequent arrival and display of perfumed letters is the latest thing of interest in the Senior class. "Bill" McGarry, who sits directly in the front of Butler, claims that the scented air is a little too much for him.

APRIL 24—Time to take notice, ye tennis fans! The Duke tennis squad started its season with a bang when it very neatly trimmed the court representatives of W. & J. College. Judging by the manner in which our players handled themselves, the Bluff institution should garner another Tri-state championship ere the school year is brought to a close.

APRIL 27—Monday morning and Appel is absent—perhaps a sore arm!

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25

Exchanges.

In the Spring number of *The Champion*, "A Hint to Winter" entitles the magazine to be placed among the best in the department of verse. It is rarely, if ever, that we are favored with anything so artistically finished in the papers that come before us for review. Incidentally we find that it is not listed in the table of contents, and that it bears only the initials of the author. At any rate, we could not fail to be impressed by its simple beauty and by the refreshingly novel manner in which it treats of the exit of winter and the advent of spring. In "Bells" the writer brings out very touchingly the hidden messages contained in the cold ring of wintry chimes. "The Rosy World of Ads" is an exceptionally clever satire on the tendency on the part of advertisers to exaggerate a little as to the

quality of their products. The mock seriousness running throughout renders it unusually interesting. "The Oregon School Law" succeeds in proving its point: that this law is an organized attempt to put an end to the Catholic parochial school, and that as such it is opposed to the fundamental tenets of the Declaration of Independence. Its real worth consists in the abundant references which the writer employs to substantiate his statements. "A Feeling of Security" finds a place among the better collegiate short stories. We cannot say as much for "Kith or Kin?" however, because of the fact that the incident described has become hackneyed as the plot of countless stories, and is scarce of sufficient importance to constitute a creditable narrative.

The anniversary number of *The Trinity College Record* is one of the best-balanced college magazines that we have reviewed for some time. Each department is capably and completely handled, lending to the whole a literary tone that makes it the rival of the leading scholastic publications. The quantity and quality of verse attracted our attention most. Nothing, in our opinion, increases the literary value of a college paper more than its verse, provided it be something more than mere rhythmic lines. So prolific is this issue in poems worthy of commendation that it is difficult for one to single out the best. Perhaps a prejudice in favor of the theme impels us to pronounce "The Beauty of God" the outstanding poetic effort. "The American Homer" displays a skill and style especially adapted to such works. With the exception of "Two and Three," whose redeeming feature is the sympathetic manner in which the author depicts little Pat, we will not comment on the stories.

"The Twentieth Amendment" in *The Ambrosian* for Spring wins our hearty approval. In simple, direct style, and clear, forceful logic lies its literary value. "Christianity in Russia" is a studious attempt to set forth the religious situation in Communist Russia. The author of "Sabatini" does justice to the great novelist and calls to mind the singular gift which he possesses for weaving truth out of probability. "Whoa, Henry!" is refreshingly entertaining and we are thoroughly sincere in saying that it is a good example of the short story. We were very much impressed by the various editorial comments on the question of "A New College," considering such endeavors on the part of editors worthy of emulation. The verse is out of harmony with the prose works and leaves room for improvement.

REGIS C. GUTHRIE, A. B. '25



BASEBALL

The national pastime has made its debut on the Bluff Campus 'mid all the grandeur of spring, and with characteristic benevolence Lady Success bedecked the Varsity with the garlands of victory in the season opener. The inaugural tilt found the Juniata College nine to be entertained on the Hill diamond. The reception was warm and consisted of a barrage of wallops from the bludgeons of the McDermott clan at the expense of the offerings of Diehl, who pitched for the visitors. Jimmy Reilly, captain and star twirler of the Dukes, was a bit stingy with his deliveries until the closing stanzas when the Up-Staters managed to secure a few markers. Jimmy was quite true to expectations, forcing the Juniata sluggers to scatter their few bingles, so that with timely hitting behind him the Duke Captain copped his first start quite handily. Diehl was plastered pretty much all over the field. The Dukes garnered thirteen hits, two of which were of the long range variety. The diminutive Sammy Weiss was responsible for a four-ply smash and the reliable Chuck Cherdini duplicated the feat a moment later. When all was said and done the Varsity was ahead by a 9 to 4 count.

The Bisons of Bethany were the next opponents on the home lot and Reilly again drew down the mound assignment. The McCandless proteges placed their ace, the rangy Herman, in the box. Both hurlers were at their best and the joust was a nip and tuck affair throughout. In the sixth inning the invading Green broke the mutual void of the run column with one lone marker on a sacrifice fly. This tally seemed insurmountable as Herman had allowed but one hit up to this time. In the ninth, however, the Duke artillery opened fire and tied the score at one apiece. The extra time was disastrous to Duke hopes, though, for Bethany counted thrice on two hits, a walk and three errors of the Red and Blue inner works. The Varsity failed to score in its half of the tenth.

The schedule called for a return game at Bethany, W. Va., for the third encounter of the season. Consequently the Saturday fol-

lowing the initial Bison clash found the two teams matched again with the same pitching as was witnessed in the former tilt. Captain Jimmy Reilly was never in better form, but his mates were sadly off color when it came to support. As per usual there was a large crowd present to watch the proceedings because this annual affair is always bitterly fought from start to finish. In days gone by the yearly fracas had been replete with a splendid type of baseball, but 'twas not so this time. The Duke defense crumbled at the most critical moments, thereby handing the decision to the home team on un-earned runs. The final score read 6 to 3, and by virtue of seven errors behind Reilly, the Bluff team managed to donate four to the six counters that helped the enemy cause along.

With but one victory in three starts, the team left on its eastern trip. Juniata was met at Huntington in a lively contest. Bent on revenge, the Middle State institution's baseballers were in fine fettle. But primed as they were, they received a surprise in the person of one Vic Latriam, Coach McDermott's selection for the mound. Vic, who throws from the port side, proved not at all to the home team's liking, for the wickedest Huntingdon hitters swing from the left of the plate. Diehl again faced the Varsity and was touched for three runs, whereupon he was derricked in favor of Captain Snyder. Slowly but surely Juniata sneaked three tallies across and the seventh frame saw the score deadlocked. But with a Hillman roosting warily on third, Latriam won his own game with a long sacrifice fly. Juniata's half of the ninth opened with a screeching two-bagger, but the next man bounced into a fast double play and blasted all hopes of a belated rally for the home club. It was a Latriam game by a 4 to 3 count.

The St. Francis College nine was met on the ensuing afternoon at Loretto, Pa. The game started at two thirty o'clock—so did the rain. The game continued—so did the rain. Because of the poor condition of the field the contest was of the free hitting variety, but the Dukes seemed to boast a bit more freedom in their bats than did the Saints, for the contest was called at the end of the sixth with the Red and Blue on top by an 11 to 8 score. This was another victory for the Duke captain who pitched well considering the inclement weather which retarded him in his delivery. Jimmy's slants failed to annoy the St. Francis crew but his teammates drove three rival slabbists from outdoor showers to those of the gymnasium sort.

Home again to oppose West Virginia University! Reilly was once more assigned to the knoll, while Skeets Farley of football fame served 'em up for the visitors. It was Friday the fifteenth and a red-letter day for Duquesne because of the imminence of the Junior Promenade to be held that evening in the Hotel Schenley. The baseball team was expected to begin proceedings with a victory, but when a club makes four costly errors it is a difficult matter to win. That is what happened and five runs were presented to the visitors on a silver platter. Seven points in all the Mountaineers registered. Two of 'em were four-base wallops. The Dukes pushed four across in a ninth inning rally that fell short and the game ended with the Old Gold and Blue to the fore, 7 to 4. It seems that the Varsity blows to pieces behind its leader for in the three games marked against him the team has amassed a grand total of eighteen errors. No man can win ball games with support of that calibre. How about a change of form, men?

* * * *

TENNIS

The Varsity tennis team under the tutelage of Grant Siverd, veteran local player and coach, is gaining ample recognition hereabouts for the brand of sport it has displayed thus far. In six starts the court cavorters have won three, tied one, lost one and witnessed another snatched away by rain after they had hauled it practically "in." The opening joust brought W. & J. College, last year's sectional champs, to the Bluff. The Siverd crew tore right through the renowned Presidents and copped the laurels with no great difficulty. After witnessing this set-to one can easily recognize the fact that Duquesne boasts one of the finest players in collegiate ranks in the person of a certain Mr. Jim O'Connor. The former Peabody High School star was called upon to face Friederichs of Wash-Jeff, last year's premier court star in Tri-State circles. The scores of the games may pronounce Jim's ability for he walloped the President number one man by 6 to 0 and 6 to 1. Besides the stellar O'Connor, the Dukes have Jim Creighton, a consistent winner; Tom Petrisco, a newcomer who is doing more than his bit for the success of the Varsity; Hank O'Brien, Sandy Felding, and Chuck O'Connor, veterans of other campaigns, and the team captain, Paul

Sullivan, who has had some tough luck in a few of his matches, being beaten by slight margins. Jim O'Connor, Creighton, and Petrisco are playing fine tennis against the section's best. The first mentioned has appeared in only two matches because of his class hours and had he been available for the others, we venture to say that Duquesne's tennis squad would have yet to taste defeat.

The W. & J. match score read 4 to 2. The next debate saw the Varsity falter before Westminster and lose by the uncalled for margin of 1 to 5. The Dukes came back, however, in the next encounter and held Bethany to 3 all. In the Bison match the play was strenuous and the games were bitterly fought as is the custom when the schools meet, be it in football, baseball, basketball, or track.

The Juniata College racqueteers were next entertained on the Bluff. The sets were rather slow and the Varsity eased away with victory, garnering four verdicts, while the visitors managed to obtain but two. Next the Bison appeared on the card again and threatened to snort; but the Dukes were walking away with things when the tears of the heavens halted proceedings and the match was called to a close. The last encounter to date was a victory. Grove City College came here to win but went away disappointed and sorely so, for the score read 5 to 1.

If the play of Jim O'Connor becomes more colorful Duquesne should advertise him as a treat for sore eyes. Watching his performances is certainly enjoyment unalloyed. His style of play is beautiful. His every stroke is timed to perfection and his manner of delivery is a delight indeed. The winning form of Creighton and Petrisco has helped bring victory to the Varsity while their captain, Sullivan, is coming into his own; and when this quartet gets going, look out!

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B. '26



Duquesnicula.

COP (*to intoxicated gentleman bending over door-knob*): "Hey! What are you doing there?"

I. G.: Sh-h-h, I'm trying to get 'Frisco!"

* * * *

FAIR ONE: "Don't you think Proms are wonderful?"

HARASSED COMMITTEEMAN (*perspiring over check-book*): "Yes, for orchestras, decorators, hotels, and fraternity-jewelers!"

* * * *

CO: "What's wrong with this picture?"

ED: "He lost all his money, but every one is treating him like a gentleman."

* * * *

SHE: "My husband writes fiction."

ALSO SHE: "That's nothing—mine talks it!"

* * * *

BUNK: "That hotel you're painting doesn't look like the real thing."

ARTIST (*looking up from canvas*): "It isn't. It's a summer resort palace."

* * * *

STUDE (*reciting*): "'And we go to bed in the close of day.'"

SARCASTIC PROF: "Close of night, you mean."

HELPFUL WISE GUY: "Both wrong! Pajamas is the word you want."

* * * *

LITTLE WILLIE (*to rich relative*): "Please, Uncle Gordon, do that trick for me."

OPULENT UNCLE: "Why, what trick do you mean, my boy? I don't amount to much in that line."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Oh, yes, you do—mother says you drink like a fish."

* * * *

Suggestions for graduation gifts to departing Seniors: Overalls, pick, lunch-pail, shovel.

* * * *

DIMINUTIVE ATHLETE: "Say, coach, I'm a little stiff from running."

HUSKY MENTOR: "I don't care where you're from! Get on the field and practice!"

* * * *

COLLEGE GAY-BOY (*counting his coin*): "It's certainly tough the way money goes these days. A guy can hardly break a nickel without the whole Buffalo walking off!"

* * * *

OTIS (*yes, the same big-hearted egg you've heard of before*): "Here, my man, take this dime and buy yourself a chicken dinner down at the feed-store."

* * * *

IRATE COP: "Hey, cut that slobbering on the sidewalk. D'yer want me to run yer in?"

SOUSED CITIZEN: "Aw, go shashe y'rshelf. Don' tha' shigra shay 'Fine fer spittin'?"

* * * *

Blank—very blank—verse to the tune of "Ben Bolt":

Oh, don't you remember that letter, Ben Bolt,
That note teacher sent to your Ma?
Each step of the way you were filled with dismay,
Well knowing Ma'd show it to Pa!

PAUL R. BUTLER, A. B. '25

THOMAS H. YEAGLIN, A. B. '26



Brook of Life.

On! On! commands the rippling brook,
Our way so long is still to be;
Pass by this rock, 'tis none too great,
Compared to what we must await.

So glides along the hurried stream
That shapes the trend of life's long stay;
Oft-times its course all smoothly goes,
Through sylvan grace and beauty flows.

Alas, appears a jagged rock,
Tears rough the surface, mirror-calm—
'Twas Nature's work past doubt, we know,
But to the brook, a tale of woe.

No longer sings the merry brook,
Unheard its lyric lilt of joy;
In anger toils the fretting stream,
O'ercomes at length a task supreme.

Behold! the rock, hereto so strong,
Concedes at length the needed pass,
And, free, the laughing, purling rill
Rolls on, its destiny to fill.

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25



Herbert J. Wilhelm
Teacher of Violin

PITTSBURGH, PA

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Duquesne Monthly

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JUNE, 1925.

Number 9.

"Perge, '25!"

Class of Nineteen-Twenty-Five,
Life's dread battle-line, arrayed
Anxious wait to try your steel.
Student knights, be undismayed;
Standards true unfurl, and strive!

Mars may leer with frightful grin,
Omens dire the stars portend;
Tyrant Time relentless press
Till Hope dies—but onward bend;
Only quitters never win!

PERGE, then, with might and main,
Eager, charge each warring host;
Rest not till on honor's scroll
Gracious Pride shall pen her boast,
Ecce! sons of Old Duquesne!

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25



Baccalaureate Sermon.

IT is eminently fitting that we should assemble here in the presence of God to adore Him and to thank Him. He called us forth out of nothingness. He took us from the dunghill and set us to be princes among His people. Your highest wisdom is to recognize that fact, and to ask Him to protect you now as you face the great adventure.

You face a great and perilous adventure, the adventure of being a leader among men, the adventure of being a man. As you start upon your way the sky is fair but there is thunder on the horizon. To the reflecting mind the American situation is tense with possibilities of disaster.

We have just concluded a great and victorious war. Our appetite has been whetted by the taste of the spoils of war. The next may quite conceivably start us upon a career of conquest that will carry our flag southward, no man knows how far. To-day we hold the key position in the commerce of the world. Italy, that near-island, held such a place in the Mediterranean world. The British Isles held it in the Atlantic world. To-day North America, that continental island, holds it in the Atlantico-Pacific world. Whether the future holds peace or war our prospects are boundless.

But let us beware lest, while our wealth accumulates, we ourselves decay. Our material growth has been natural. Our spiritual decay, if it come, will be no less natural. The first was to be expected, given our position, our resources, and our enterprising people. The second is no less to be expected; for in our nation, in its very cradle were implanted the fatal seeds whence come doubt in religion and philosophy, and consequent anarchy in morals. Let me explain:

Two irreconcilable systems of morality have battled for empire since the world began. The one is founded on the fact that God creates man; the other, on the assumption that man is himself God or unto himself a God. The first system which is that of the Jewish synagogue and the Christian Church places man in entire dependence on God. The other, the gentile or pagan system, has in its practical development assumed two forms, the supremacy of the state and the supremacy of the individual; but both these forms asserted the supremacy of man either individually or collectively.

Western civilization from the fall of Rome to the close of the Middle Ages was dominated by the Christian principle. Meanwhile paganism was not dead; it but slept. And with the

opening of the modern period, it revived in letters, in art, and in morals.

North America was colonized during this pagan revival by men who attempted perhaps unconsciously to synthesize these two irreconcilables. By tradition and practice the American pioneers were theists, while at the same time imbedded in their theory, there were principles that led irresistibly to deism, and deism, I need scarcely tell you, is but veiled atheism. I shall not labor to prove the foregoing points. I instance Ralph Waldo Emerson, who perhaps more than any other man, voices the spirit of American paganism, and is himself the finest product of that spirit.

The labor of subduing the continent absorbed attention for a time and retarded the development of atheism,—retarded, but could not stop. The mill of historical logic grinds slowly, but it does grind irresistibly, What you put in, that you get out. Poisoned grain in the hopper will give poisoned flour at the spout. Call it naturalism in Germany, England, and France, or pragmatism in America, these are but different blends from the same grist ground from the same grain.

Members of the graduating class, fellow alumni, you of the younger generation, are now attacked by press and pulpit, and upon you is placed the blame for the present reign of lawlessness and crime. This is nonsense. This is unjust. You are only what your elders have made you. You are the children your fathers deserved to have. If the fathers ate bitter fruit and the teeth of the children were thereby set on edge, why blame the children for it? If your fathers destroyed the foundations of order in the domestic, civil, and religious spheres, then not at your door can be placed the blame, if marriage be without honor, the state without moral force, the school powerless to stem the pagan tide, and the Church reduced to a Kiwanis society.

Now, while we are not responsible for what our fathers were, or for what they have made us, we shall be responsible for what our children shall be. Not only that, but we who are natural and trained leaders, are responsible in large measure for what the children of the masses of our fellows shall be.

It is appalling, the burden of responsibility that falls upon the shoulders of leaders in modern society; burdens which these shoulders are ill-fitted to bear.

Nevertheless, this very month, thousands will go forth from

our schools and colleges and take up all unwittingly that fearful burden. And before they go they will assemble as you are assembled to listen to commencement addresses. They will be encouraged to become leaders. They will be told what the sociologists such as Cooley, Ross, Bogardus, and Lindeman, consider the qualities requisite for leadership, and they will be exhorted to acquire those qualities.

Now, I have examined these and other authors, and it seems that the leader they describe is not the pilot of the social locomotive, but rather the cowcatcher, which is ahead, it is true, but only because the locomotive happens to be going that way. They will be taught to pray, "O, 'God', grant that I may be worthy of myself." They will be trained to sing, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my 'soul'". They will be told to go forth and lead ever onward. That there is a God or that they have a soul, they may not be told. What road they are to go or what direction they are to follow may not be pointed out to them. They will be exhorted to strive ever upward, perhaps to climb upward on a ladder of their own ectoplasm, as the Hindoo yogi throws a rope into the air and climbs up on it out of sight, drawing the rope after him for another upward throw. They will be told that right should be done, wrong should be avoided, and law should be obeyed. But they are keen enough to see that if there be no God, or if He be an absentee God, which amounts to the same thing, then this "should" is only a grammatical subjunctive and not an ethical imperative, a manner of speech and nothing more. They will be told that they are heirs of all the ages, that they are rich with the spoils of time; but that in religion their heritage is to have no heritage, save always to be seeking one—"Ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth."

Gentlemen, these ideologists are very trying to one's patience. Because ideas are motor, do they imagine that the hortatory subjunctive can promote virtue or check vice? Ultra-Cartesian skeptics, do they wish us to rise each morning with everything an open question? Theological *dilettanti*, would they tell us that the religious experience of the race is without meaning and without fruit?

God is. On sundry occasions and in divers manners He spoke in times past by the prophets. Last of all He spoke by His Son. The sum of these communications is revealed religion, objective and absolute; not religiosity, but religion; not a

religion, but *the* religion, the absolute religion,—no misty abstraction, such as “a stream of tendency within us that makes for righteousness,” or that other, “the process whereby we project our ideal values into the universe, to be universalized by religious feeling, and come again into consciousness with reinforced intensity and validity.”

No, *the* religion, the absolute religion, is not from man but from God, and consists of that assemblage of truths and laws by which the living union of man with God is effected, and by which man's thoughts, desires and actions, in regard to God are actuated and governed.

Now this absolute religion was not merely an abstract ideal and nothing more. It would ill-become the Wisdom of God to give truth to the world and then, withdrawing into an eternal repose, leave it exposed to the inroads of time and subjected to the disputes of men. Experience shows that powerful institutions are required for the preservation of great moral truths. The ideals of Judaism were embodied in such an institution by Moses, its founder under God, and protected by all the means of defense he could devise. Neither was Christianity a doctrine only, nor was it enough merely to announce that doctrine. There was still required a society to preserve and transmit it, to preach it incessantly to men, and to apply it continually to all the acts of life.

The Jewish Church was Moses incarnate; there was need of a Christian Church as Christ incarnate. “The scribes and the pharisees,” said Christ, “sit on the chair of Moses; whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do.”

And addressing His own authorized successors, He said: “Go forth, teach all nations. He that heareth you, heareth me. And I shall be with you to the end.”

When Moses said obey the will of Jehovah, you know what he meant. When Christ says follow me, you know where. But these infidel exhorters would make out of each of you a humanitarian ass pursuing a wisp of your own metaphysical hay.

In the name of youth, I resent, and bitterly, these exhortations from infidel lips. If this deistic god had so little interest in his own world that he did not take the trouble to enlighten man as to why he put him here or what he wants him to do here; if it did not interest this languid god, why should it interest you? If he did so enlighten man, and yet failed to

leave an enduring and adequate witness to his will, why burden your young shoulders with the task of rectifying his stupid blunder? These men ignore God. They removed the ancient landmarks and changed the sign-posts on the road to life, and then ask you to lead when there is nowhere to go. These men deny the Church of God. They would destroy that Church whose derivative junction it is to keep in equilibrium the contending forces of the social universe. Yet they exhort you to stand for the right, even though the majority is against you, while by their very denial they have deprived you as citizens of your only adequate moral defense against social despotism. Later they tell you as rulers to maintain ordered freedom, when they have already deprived your government of moral power to restrain anarchic individualism.

The foremost duty of intelligent and scholarly men to-day is to dig again the wells these Philistines have filled; to restore the ancient landmarks of the moral world, and to remove the rubbish with which they have littered the road to life. God still lives. The Church of God still lives. We hold that the Catholic is that Church and we have the courage or, if you will, the impudence of our convictions to say so. That Church wove the fair tapestry of Christian society out of barbarian woof and pagan warp. That fabric was sadly rent. But what she alone could weave she alone can re-weave. These may be harsh words. They are not harshly meant. They represent the reasoned conclusion of a large number of disinterested and scholarly men who have given much time and thought to the consideration of this vital question.

Gentlemen, there are the two standards. Raise which one you will, the Judaeo-Christian, or the pagan; this of life, that of death. But choose you must. If you choose death, your blood be on your own head. If the people follow you to ruin, their blood too will be on your head. I have warned you. I have done.

DANIEL RICHARD SULLIVAN, M. A., Lit. D.



Flower Queen.

RICH month of June,
Ablaze with roses,
Perfumed, adorned,
Harmonious, in tune.

Brought thou the bloom
Of velvet rose
From Eden's vales
To lift Earth's gloom.

Proud, queenly flower,
Exquisite bloom,
Wondrous in beauty,
Nature's magic dower !

STEPHEN J. TUSHAK, A. B. '25



Horace Up-To-Date.

(A 1925 Answer to Maecenas's Urgent Request That Horace Would Join Him in Rome.)

(1 *Ep. vii.*)

DEARR MAECENAS : —

I was telling you I would be in from the country in something like 5 days, but I gess I have over stayed my lieve and make a lyer of myself. But to tell the truth if you wont me to be helthy & ect. you ought to do the same for me when I think I am going to be sick as if I was really sick, because Maecenas if its all the same to you, when the first fig-blosom is busting fourth and it gets so hot the undertakers is begining to chear and people woant let the kiddies play in the st. for fear maybe they will get sunstroke or bit by a mad-dog and even capitolists have not got enough ennargy to make money and polititions is too over come by the heat to make speaches and everybody thinks he has fever and is righting out a will, why I doan't wont to be on

hand in the city. Then when the whether gets bad again and they is snow out in them now Albanian hills and it is slushy and sew fourth, I will go down to the beech and take it easy and woan't do nothing except maybe go in batheing or reade. I will vissit you again, if you doan't mind, when the zephyrs is playing amongst the cokoanut-trees and they are hanging out the balk-beer signs and you taste the first swallow, witch by the way doan't make neither a summer or a head-ach.

You are not the kind of guy to do me a lot of good like this Calabrian bird that wanted to give his gest a lot of pares. "Eat plenty of 'em," he says. "No thanks I got enough," says the gest. "Well take some with you," says the Calabrian. "Your two good," says the gest. "Take some home to the kiddies," says the Calabrian. "I couldn't be no more greatful if I took 'em all," says the gest, "but I ain't got no kiddies so will not take none home." "Have it your owen way," says the Calabrian, "but you might as well take them because I got to give them to the pigs anyway!" It is a pretty dumb guy that thinks he can give away stuff he doan't wont himself. Its awful the way people is getting ungreatful these days and it is going to keep right on this way till they start begining to bring up children differant. Its got so it takes a wise bird to see wether they's a fake behind a pr. of blue glasses and a "I am blind" card and you got to be careful you doan't be giving all the time to these hear fakes insted of persons like I. They ain't nobody can say I am not all O. K. and have treated you right, so if you doan't wont me to take no more vacation you better fix me so I can stand it their in the big town and get me some glands of some thing to bring back my wait-lifting mussels and I woan't be bald or gray-headed and can kid the debuttantes like I use to and likewise laff and holler for more gin between drinks.

A wheezle happen to crawl into a crack in some farmer's siloe and goes to work and eats so much he can't get back threw. He starts to squeel and a mouse heres him and says "You are not no hog but a wheezle and if you wont to get out you got to get out on a empty stumack like you come in." If that is the kine of a position I am in you can have all you give me and will have no more to do with you. You might not think sew, but I would rather not have nothing and be tyed to nobody than be putting away a hevvy dinner and haf to be some cheep polition's yes man. You often heard me say what a good egg you are and I assure you I do it just as often when you are not around as if you

was there. And of coarse they is the consideration that I have not got all that you have give me any more and of coarse could not give everything back to you on acc't of that fact. This young Telemachus who's old man was Ulysses was not so backward in class when he says to a guy that wonts to give him a horse "Ithaca is not no place for ponies and the planes is too dusty and they is no grass or at leased not much. You better keep this hear nag around wear you can use it."

Simple things for simple minded people. I doan't wont one of these large cities but would ruther be some wear around the grate open spaces along the Tiber or up in Tarentum. You remember this grate loyer Philippus that bilt up a big reputation on acc't of winning a lot of cases in cort and sew fourth. Well Philippus when he come home about 4 o'clock of the P. M. use to crab as it was two far from the Forum to his palatial residue out in the subburbs at Carinae. He had to do some thing to take his mind off of it on acc't he was ecsentricks, so he drops in a barber shop. There is a guy there sitting in the chair polishing off his nails, so Philippus sends his valley, a young fellow named Demetrius, to find out all about him. Demetrius goes and comes back and says "His name is Vulteius Mena and he has got some kind of a job ringing bells on a vegtable waggon or some thing. He has not got much money but says he is a good egg and his faverate ocupation is running home after work and hanging out on the corner with the boys or maybe pitching horse-shoes on the Campus."

"I wood like to here him say that himself," says Philippus. "You better go and tell him I wont him to come along to the house for dinner and I am boss and they woan't be no unpleasantness from the Mrs. like they is in the commic section." But this Mena thinks they is kidding and is practicly speachless with surprise when he finds this rich bird is dead in Ernest. "Many thanks," he stutters at last, "but I got an engagement and cannot be on hand."

"What's that!" says Philippus when he heres from Demetrius. "Is this begger going to refuse a meel!" "Not only that he got funny and doan't care if you sit on a marling-spike," adds Demetrius.

Well Philippus is intrusted and in the A. M. he goes out and finds this hear Vulteius pedaling vegetables. Vulteius is bussy sorting onnyons and Philippus sees him first and remarks "Hello there." Vulteius looks up and is all embarrast on acc't of not

axcepting the dinner the prevous nt. and says he is sorry but business keeps him tyed down and that is why he was not on hand with a lackrity.

"That is all O. K.," says Philippus, "provide it that you come to dinner with me to-day." "I will surely be please to," ansers Vulteius begining to fold away the onnyons, carits and other vegetables so a lot of young urgins will not be steeling them and throwing them around while he is eating. "Then come about 3 P. M.," says Philippus, "and I wish you luck in the vegtable business.

Well this hear Vulteius come as per a rangement and they eat like Philippus a greed two. After they is no more food avallable, they set back and begin to talk, but as Vulteius ain't intrusted in loying and Philippus doan't no nothing about selling vegetables egsept maybe by heresay, why it is not very long before they is a stall in the conversation and neither of them doan't no what to say. Well you wood think that under these sircumstancs this Vulteius wood deside to move on, but he must of like the place and doan't show no indiacations whatever of going and at last Philippus says "If you got to sell vegetables and onnyons tomorro you better be running along and getting at leased a moddicum of sleep," and Vulteius replys "Yes I gess I better," and run along.

But Vulteius is not done for good and comes back offen, a speshially in the A. M. witch is customary with a bird that has a wealthy gardian angle, and finely Philippus sends him to a shottalkwa celebration in the suburbs. Vulteius is quiet taken with the country out that way and comes back with a mule teem and can not say enouch nice things about the Sabine fields and sew fourth. Philippus has got to laff at this on acc't of being their once himself but figures, "Well if this guy doan't no nothing better, why he wood maybe enjoy it as much as I wood some place else." Sew Philippus gives this bird 7000 sesterces and says "Why doan't you by one of them their Sabine fields you was menchoning about and start a farm?" "That is a grate ida," ansers Vulteius," and much a head of pedaling vegetables so will try it."

Well to amputat the details of a long story, Vulteius takes the 7000 and lieves the city to be a farmer and all you here him talking about is plowwing and how his vines is doing and trimming the helm-trees. He works like a dog and is killing himself

and begining to look old from shear a tempting to make a pile of money. But its a touch racket! Some body steels the sheep and some body else poisons the goats, witch you woodn't hardly blame them for doing a speshialy in summer. Then the crops goes bad and the ox keels over on acc't of plowwing two much. Finely a bergler busts in the middle of the nt. and swipes a lot of tools. That is the last straw. Vulteiuis is so soar and discusted he jumps a board a horse and rides the hole way to Rome to wear Philippus lives. Philippus sees him coming and nottices he is fill the dirty and neads a shave, sew Philippus says "You look like you been working hard." "That ain't no name for it," Wales Vulteiuis, "if you wont to no the truth I am all in and discusted ! I got enouch of this hear rural life. For the love of these house-holed gods you got hear get me back my vegtable bussiness." Sew from the four-going you can see Maecenas that a guy that is use to one thing can't never seam to get use to no other that is esscentally differant and always wons to get back to what he had before when he has had a whurl at the other. You got to remember that each individuell messures himself by his own ida of what a ft. is and trust that you will see the path cleer to acting a coardingly in the case of yrs. truly.

Affectly & sincerly yrs.,

Q. H. Flaccus.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.



Work in the World.

A POET once said, "Labor ipse voluptas." And so it is. Work is not mere drudgery. Rather is it a thing that fills a void in our lives and satisfies some peculiar twist in our make-up. Every worker feels that satisfaction. It may not be that he senses it consciously, and he may not be able to name it or describe it, but he knows it and re-acts pleasantly to it.

There are many who rail at the thought of work; but their notion is a wrong one. Work is necessary. Without it the

the mighty wheels of progress would cease to revolve. Production would fall off. The very necessities of life would become luxuries to be enjoyed only by the wealthy. Industry cannot continue unless there be workers. It seems so ridiculous to think of stopping what makes life livable.

There can be no prosperity without labor. It creates and builds. It fills the mills and work-shops with opportunities for men to earn a living and thereby raise themselves and their families in standard of decency and respectability. Work crosses the ravines with bridges, gird the world with steel rails and over them sends its products to every spot inhabited by man. Work orders its ships over the seven seas to other nations. Work lifts aloft the roofs that offer refuge to men. Work, in a word, is the basis of all worldly transactions. It is the currency of man, for on it depends the value of that metal we call money, and it belongs not alone to the rich, as does this so-called money, but to all classes.

Perhaps at times work really becomes tiresome and dull. But it is ever worth while; it is ever a mark of character and ability. No man of sturdy stuff despises work. Only the shiftless fellow, the creature willing to sponge his way through life, scorns toil and fails to seek daily occupation.

There is naught of which to be ashamed in work. The grime of labor is no badge of dishonor. In the ranks of those who lead the field to-day are a host of industrial masters who have fought onward and upward from the humbler positions to the seats of the mighty. This is especially true in America, land of infinite promise, where no man is bound by caste or restricted by accident of birth. The names of Lincoln, Westinghouse, Edison, Ford, Carnegie stand as lasting monuments to the triumph of toil, testimonials demonstrative of the value of hard work as a means toward ultimate success.

It is the will of God that man labor. Every creature in nature works. The bees gather honey, the birds build their nests and rid the land of insect pests, beavers construct dams that are models to men, trees rise to give shade and shelter and fall, decaying into coal. All the forces of nature work to carry on the universe.

And if these natural forces are operative at all times, why then not man? Why not the grandest creation of the Divine Hand?

But if nothing else will bring one to realization of the need of work, self-preservation will soon drive one to it. Nothing lives, save it works and fights for its own existence. And man is no exception.

Hope without object cannot be. Hope without work will never see achievement. The noblest conceptions of the human intellect are worth nothing till they are carried out and attain reality by toil and effort. Work overcomes, wrestles to ground, all difficulties. Man, performing each day the duties assigned him by his lot in life, is helping solve the problems of the world, is partner in the vast corporation of the earth.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27



Ideal Vacation Spot.

Not far-off lands of wide renown
Where genius was born
And prospered till it won the crown
That it alone has worn.

Not pyramids on lonely sands
With ghosts of Pharaohs 'round;
My fond ambition ne'er demands
To tread the ancients' ground.

I'm weary fighting for my "rights";
Tall structures can't appease;
I'm sick of cities, sick of lights,
And stern formalities.

Oh, take me to yon distant hills,
Where wild-flow'rs wanton grow,
Where is no rumbling din of mills,
Where tiny brooklets flow.

'Tis there that I shall find repose,
'Tis there that I'll be free—
All free from rule of friends and foes—
With only my thoughts and me.

JOSEPH A. BULEVICIUS, A. B. '26

Valedictory.

Homo est animal rationale. "Man is a rational animal." Thus runs the philosophic definition of humanity. Down, on down, through the endless, mystic aeons of the ages since, nay, even before the first tint of gorgeous dawning made roseate the sable horizon of history, man, because God had endowed him with the priceless heritage of rationality, man, because God had created him in His own eternal image and likeness, has sought to pry open the well-guarded strong-box of jealous Nature to withdraw therefrom the sealed, long-secret solution to the three-fold problem of existence: "Why am I? Whence have I come? Whither shall I go?"

So rose philosophy!

Great thinkers of the Orient, rare gems of minds set in the exotic grandeur, in the magnificence and luxury that fabulous wealth had brought to monarchs of the Ancient East, attacked the question ere ever the world of man had spread east and north and west from the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates and the Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean. Babylon, Egypt, Assyria—mighty nations all—were seekers of the truth that endures as well as pursuers of conquests that were not to survive the potency and vigor of a generation of conquerors; and kaleidoscopic China; smooth, ivory-white India; Persia, drenched in the splendor of perfumed gardens; Greece, with her Golden Age of Intellectualism; even war-like Rome were to follow in their wake.

But man's early attempts at reasoning, linked too closely to the practices and superstitions of idolatry, could not long stand alone. The birth of the Redeemer, Christ, His life of miracles and the sublimity of His doctrines, turned the mind of humanity into channels hitherto unsounded, and gave to us a Justin, a Tertullian, an Augustine, a Jerome, an Athanasius, an Anselm and finally, to cap the apex, a Thomas Aquinas.

I gloss over details of the life of Aquin. His piety and wisdom manifested from boyhood to premature death; his years of study under the famed Albertus Magnus; his appointment to the chair of philosophy at Rome and later to similar honors at Bologna, Valerbo, Perugia, and Naples, need no more than passing mention.

It is the Thomistic doctrine that claims attention here. The scope of the endeavors of Aquinas was many-sided. His versatility is attested by the copiousness of his works. His *Summa* includes complete treatment of Logic, Criteriology, Ethics, Ontology, Theodicy, Cosmology, and Psychology; and wonderful

to relate, his philosophy never once conflicts with his theology—his reason never once defies his faith!

Thomas was above all else a firm believer in the "golden mean of virtue." No philosopher before or since has preserved the nicety of balance that ever characterized the dicta of the Angelic Doctor. Where one school founders on the Scylla of pantheism and another perishes on the Charybdis of atheistic bleakness, Thomas steers well the middle course to the open sea of Truth. He is neither arrant sceptic, nor blatant pragmatist. He indulges not the body at the expense of the spirit, and he exalts not the spirit to the exclusion of the body. In his theory of universals, he combines nominalism and conceptualism on the one hand with realism on the other, and from the union brings forth sane and tenable explanation. He perceives the excellence of analysis as well as the obvious value of synthesis, and employs deduction and induction with like favor and confidence.

And if the Great Scholastic combatted well the errors of his ages and the ages before him, he wrote as aptly for us humans of to-day. Had he been endowed with the prophetic faculty of the patriarchs of old, he could not more effectively have anticipated and controverted the fallacies of philosophers in his time yet unborn. He brings to earth the sceptical idealism of Kant; he reduces to absurdity the methodic doubt of DesCartes; he relieves the gloom of the dismal Schopenhauer's fatalism; he teaches one to despise the grossness of the French utilitarians; he exposes and warns us from the damning snares of spiritism; he refutes the extreme materialistic and rationalistic contentions of the modernists, Nietzsche, Bergson, Huxley, Angell, Pillsbury and Ladd; he rises, as it were, a bulwark between Christianity and the enemies of revealed religion—a protecting wall between morality and those who would seize license to destroy it.

For seven hundred years St. Thomas has stood the test, at once the Pole-star guiding weary wanderers to the blessed haven of Truth and the beacon-light warning them off the menacing shoals of falsity. What wonder we pay homage to the intellect that has preserved unscathed our doctrines of salvation!

And now I strike the keynote: if men are to live well, they must be taught to live well—they must be taught the Truth. And where are men being taught the Truth? I respond and respond without hesitation, "In Catholic colleges and universities all over the earth!" For in them and, I might almost say, in

them alone are young men taught to live according to the "golden mean of virtue;" in them and in them alone are expounded whole-heartedly the theses and commentaries of St. Thomas Aquinas, approved in solemn conclave and signed with the seal of Pius IX., vicar of Christ, in the sacred name of Holy Mother Church!

Such, my friends, is the education Duquesne offers sons of Pittsburgh, sons of America! Such is the education of which, by the grace of God and the sacrifices of beloved parents and sainted teachers, we, the graduating class of 'Twenty-five, have been privileged to partake. May we never forget it! May we never forget the fear of the Lord, the service of the Lord, the love of the Lord in which we have been reared!

Our hearts to-night are heavy with the thought of parting. Four years, old friends, we've worked and struggled and played together. It is not easy to say, "All this shall be no more." "Good luck! God bless you!" comes readily to tongue. "Farewell!" sticks chokingly in sorrow-swollen throat.

But now at last we have arrived upon the shores of the ocean of life. Before us ride at anchor our tiny boats, each pitched and provisioned as its owner has prepared it. To-night we embark upon our Odyssey, our Great Adventure. For some of us land's welcome green already looms ahead. For others, only the blue of sky and wave stretches, 'twould seem eternally, before eager view. What lies beyond that dim horizon, lost in the mists of future, only time can tell. Let us trust that fortune waits upon us all—not, indeed, the vile fortune of worldly pelf, the empty phantom of mere material riches; but the glorious fortune of upright lives, of Christian virtue, of useful citizenship, that we may live and die worthy scions of country and our *Alma Mater*!

And now with deepest reverence, with sincerest gratitude for parents, relatives, teachers, friends—all those who have made this moment possible,—let us say farewell.

Farewell, Duquesne! Farewell, old school! The days we have spent in your tender care have been long and happy. We have learned to love you, to love the men who guide you and who have guided us. Farewell, professors, who have borne with us patiently! Farewell, too, you undergraduates whom we leave behind! It is time for parting now. We pass on to join the shades of the thousands gone before us, to enter the weird, shadowy realms of school tradition.

And lastly, men of 'Twenty-five, it is farewell to you! Let me say it as I feel it. Let me wring it from the dull, aching depths of a heavy heart. Let me wrench it from the sad recesses of a soul made free and sorrowing at its freedom. Let me fashion it finally after the words of the noble Brutus:

“ This same day
Must end that work that long ago begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: —
For ever and for ever farewell, classmates!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made!”

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



June.

MERRILY down from the portals of Time,
Smiling, sweet June doth now trippingly glide;
Shyly, all-roseate, favors our clime,
Queen of the Seasons, the Summer's fair bride.

Nature aglow in her brightest array
Welcomes her here, and with fostering arms
Tenderly cares for this child bright and gay,
Blissfully laden with life's dearest charms.

Never a breeze that so fitfully plays
Whispers of aught but content and repose;
Never a time through the span of her days
Speeds by unblest by the fragrant red rose.

Gaudy the lights are, but mellow the shades
Happily nestling in blooming, wreath'd bowers;
Love's chubby archer in moon-tinted glades
Darts by the quiver-full artfully showers.

Calm are the days and sublime all the nights,
Peace folds the vale in embracement serene;
Myriad hearts for exotic delights
Ardently laud thee, June, bountiful queen !

GERALD D. DORAN, A. B. '25



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

We of '25 Are Graduated.

IT seems rather queer to us to be a graduate. Through eight long, pleasant, occasionally laborious years—four in prep school and as many more in college—we looked forward, half-hoping for, half-dreading the day destined to see conferred upon us our bachelor's degree. We knew that it would mean the end of various undesirable and nerve-racking ordeals, particularly quarterly examinations, and as such we welcomed it; but we were also aware that on the other hand it would sever ties of friendship, break up associations that the joys and sorrows of almost a decade had welded firmly together, and for this we would have staved it off indefinitely.

The parade of the months, however, waits no man's pleasure, and eventually there came the fateful hour of commencement. Sweltering graduates clad cap-a-pie in black formed lines, filed onto the stage, and melted into five or six rows of chairs, there to talk or fidget nervously while oration after oration—necessary evils of occasions such as this—dragged with lagging intonations into history. Faculty members and visiting dignitaries, inured to the thing by sad experience, sat awaiting the conclusion with something of the resignation of the early martyrs. The audience, apathetic at first, rouses to applaud as diplomas are awarded, then relapses, wondering vaguely if festivities will be over by ten-fifteen or if the valedictorian, last on the programme, will

prolong the affair as late as ten-thirty. All hands, both on the platform and off, perspire freely.

And then, presently, *finis* is written and we find ourself, sheep-skin under arm, standing dazedly outside. Relatives and friends congratulate us. But strangely enough the exaltation we had anticipated for this moment supreme is absent. Venerable attendants—it's just another, not *the*, commencement to them—are switching off the auditorium lights. One can scarcely feel exalted with the lights going out so soon. Some one remarks more or less aptly, "Well, you're a Bachelor of Arts now!" "Right-o," we reply striving to inject a note of triumph into our voice. "What of it?" would have expressed our sentiment better. Not till we returned home to parents and the immediate family did we really catch the spirit of the evening—then it was different. When persons are vitally interested in one, one re-acts more whole-heartedly to their mood—but that is invading the province of applied psychology, and we are no applied psychologist.

Graduations are splendid institutions. They release upon the world hosts of young men and young women qualified at least to make a creditable start in life. If college does nothing more for the average student, it brings forcibly to him the realization that the fields of knowledge are vaster than ever he can thoroughly explore. If it cannot take him over the ground foot by foot, it supplies him with a chart directing him whither he may wish to go. The difficulty often lies rather in choosing an ideal than in attaining it. Let us trust that the members of the Class of '25 have—each and every one of them—set eyes fixedly upon their several goals.

It is well to bear in mind that a rolling-stone not only gathers no moss, but if truth be told, it acquires considerably more roughened edges than polish!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25



“ They’re Off! ”

THE cry has been lifted time and again by eager thousands thronging stands and infield at mighty races in the realm of sport. It is the cry of the start and is followed at the finish by roar of triumph and silence of men whose hopes have fled. So too, at the end of each school year, a new race is begun. The barrier is raised and another hopeful graduate array speeds to the initial turn, the shout, “ They’re off! ”, still ringing in their ears, the dust of experience growing denser in clouds behind them as they meet and clash with the obstacles of a harsh and practical world. And as they whirl ahead, their progress is retarded perhaps by a host of misconceptions and disappointments. But for them there is no turning back, for theirs is the race of life, and the goal of each contestant lies hidden deep in the distant future.

So again, in this year of 1925, another Senior Class takes leave of its *Alma Mater*, and with strong resolve to win, lines up before the starter in readiness for the signal soon to unleash another loud “ They’re off! ” The time for equipping themselves has been spent, and in that time they have constructed a solid foundation on which to build. They have trained for the race as steeds of the turf, and now their trainers leave the rest to them. The work of the conditioner is done. He cannot run with his proteges, but can only watch from the paddock never, perchance, to see the finish. But those who run in the race of life can and must see its end, regardless of how happy or how tragic it may be, and thus it is well that we, who remain behind a while, should wish them luck, success, and vivid realization of their dreams.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, A. B. '27



“Jerry” Doran—An Appreciation.

IT has long been a cherished intention of ours to editorialize on “Jerry” Doran. We’d have done it before this except that by waiting until after commencement we relieve “Jerry” of the embarrassing necessity of not only reading a eulogy of himself but of facing a certain amount of well-meant but ill-timed “kidding” from facetious classmates. “Jerry” served through the World War, returned to school upon its completion, and has now been graduated with the Class of ’25. But his claim to a top-rung place in our private esteem is based not so much upon these admittedly meritorious achievements as upon his remarkably likable personality and the fact that he has proven the MONTHLY’s most faithful contributor throughout our hectic regime as editor thereof.

“Jerry” Doran, whether he likes the title or not, is poet-laureate of the MONTHLY. No man in the history of Duquesne has turned out verse that surpasses “Jerry’s”; no man in the history of Duquesne has turned as much verse as he. He began writing by accident and kept it up by request. Ask “Jerry” for a poem, and in a day or so he’d hand you three or four, tell you none of ’em was any good, but that you might be able to doctor up one of ’em for use and that the rest, or all of ’em, might be thrown away and there’d be no hard feelings. We’d look ’em over, find that to “kill” any of ’em would be a crime against art, and run the lot of ’em.

Duquesne will never have another “Jerry” Doran. Knowing him as we do, we feel positive of that. His position as veteran of a mighty conflict, as poet, musician, and all-around good fellow has been unique. Once vacated, it will never more be filled. Let us trust that the spark of genius that glows through all his verse is not to be extinguished by the damper of a world sometimes indifferent. Let us trust that it will burn on and on till “Jerry” has taken seat among America’s foremost men of letters. For, to mix metaphors a bit, “Jerry’s” a good egg, absolutely a good egg—long may he wave!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. ’25

Which End of the Telescope?

IT is amazing, the different view-points at opposite ends of the telescope. One brings the object close, renders it large and wonderful; the other casts it far away, reduces it in size and importance. The same principle may be applied in estimating the value of school life to the individual student. All of us have a goal to strive for, and unless we attain it, our lives have been fruitless. To many this goal, this position we aim to occupy in later life, seems far away, reduced in size, unimportant. It appears to be the tendency in the world to-day to accomplish everything in a hurry, yes, even in a rush.

In years gone by, when a man missed the stage-coach, he patiently awaited its return in two, three, perhaps five days; but the youth of the present generation is enraged when he misses the opening in a revolving-door. A school career strikes the student as a bit too long drawn out simply because he has absorbed this habit of break-neck speed into his make-up. He is looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

Time, we are fully aware, is valuable, but is it not better for him to consume plenty of it in productive effort than to waste it altogether in penny-wise-pound foolish haste? He cannot stop to pry loose the half-buried treasures along the pathway to success. He sees not the beauty of mountain to his left, of vale to his right. To him his journey lies along merely a road—a road that is long, narrow, and thorny. The joy and merit of labor are not for his blinded vision.

Education is an important factor in every man's existence. If students would but view it from the proper end of the telescope, they would perceive clear and conclusive evidence of this. That which formerly seemed out of reach, now appears within a few steps of their grasp. The hidden excellence of scholarly toil now looms large, wonderful, inviting. Look through the right end of your telescope! Discover the foot-holds on the face of the insurmountable cliff, the sail of the rescue-ship on the far horizon!

FRANCIS T. HEILMANN, A. B., '28.

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

The Initial Duke Junior Prom.

MAY 15—Of all the social enterprises undertaken by the students of Duquesne University this evening's affair at the Schenley Hotel easily surpassed them all. It was a night of nights which will live long in the memory of all those who were present.

Great praise goes to the Junior Class of '25 for their work and efforts in making this event the greatest social activity in the history of the institution. Everything was conducted in perfect fashion, leaving nothing in want. It will be a difficult mark for next year's class to shoot at, even if they should care to rival it.

The boys found great delight in approaching their friends, who showed signs of being busily engaged with their fair ones, only to ask if the suit which they were sporting was one of Whittington's specials.

MAY 20—If only Cicero had been around to enjoy this bit of humor, or what else you might wish to call it! On a recent Cicero examination paper the following was detected, "He proficiscated to the senate." Well, when you find yourself stuck with the correct meaning of the verb *proficiscor* you must make a try at something or other!

JUNE 1—It used to be that the Dukes went up to Seton Hill only on exceptional and special occasions, but now they even get up for the May crowning and for tea parties. I wonder who can be held responsible for leading our boys so far away from home?

JUNE 2—Now that the tennis season has ended I wonder what Sullivan intends doing with that old rattler which carried the players to and fro? Perhaps Bennett may get the gift, or possibly the museum. Of course, if any student is contemplating on exercising pushing muscles, he may have the relic if he will promise to avoid downtown traffic.

JUNE 3—From this time until commencement day any person desiring to get in touch with the Seniors can do so by writing, or phoning, in care of the "Dug-Out".

Cuba Thornton has recently finished a painting job at the

Bellevue ball park, which to my knowledge, looks good. Now that Barney Dreyfuss has installed new bleachers in right field, it would behoove Cuba to secure the contract for doing up that job, likewise.

JUNE 5—Mr. Rosser, the school's photographer, had the opportunity of putting his camera to the supreme test as some twenty students of the Senior class found occasion to visit his place.

A prize of five dollars has been offered to the student displaying the handsomest features. Rumors are afloat that Kontul has already arranged with Father Danner to pay the final installment due on his diploma as soon as he collects the above-mentioned five.

JUNE 10—That they might bring their scholastic friendship to a fitting close, the Seniors held a sumptuous banquet at the Oaks this evening. The gong starting the fireworks at the table was sounded at 8 P. M., and it was not until 9 P. M. that the gang agreed to throw the sponge into the ring.

The next event for the evening was the usual dreaded part of any such affair—speeches. However it was most surprising to notice the willingness with which each member ascended to his oratorical task.

It must have been something more than rare courage that urged the majority of our silent friends to take the floor and hold it until almost forced to resume their former seated position.

Somehow or other diminutive Teddy Noroski proved to be the hit of the evening, at least Appel and Butler thought along those lines.

After the formality of the affair had ended, the gang withdrew to the dance floor where Kontul, a renowned ballet dancer of West Homestead, gave a clever exhibition.

Appel and Doran confined their attention to the beautiful lawn, fruitlessly searching for four leaf clovers. Jerry claims that it was the best banquet "a la stag" that he has ever attended; and that certainly means a great deal considering the numerous ones at which he has been present.

It was agreed that twenty years hence, plans will be made to gather again for a similar good time. It would be a wise move that the future affair be a joint one in order that the youngsters may be under the care of their parents for the night. How about the suggestion, "Probo"?

Among the prominent visitors who remained for a brief time were a few of the Juniors.

During the course of the speeches familiar voices could be heard on the lawn, and we later on discovered that Savage, Brent, and Buechel, had driven out to assist the Seniors in disposing of the plentiful supply of refreshments procured through the kindness of Noroski. The best part of it was that they went right ahead while we were still conducting our farewell orations, so that when we finished, we were surprised to discover that our supply was almost exhausted, and that the thoughtful and appreciative Juniors had taken the road leading home. Well there is nothing like showing everybody a good time. Perhaps some day we, also, may be presented with the opportunity of rendering our assistance to some worthy cause originating in the present Junior Class.

CHARLES J. CHERDINI, A. B. '25



Summer-Shower.

WE'RE the dames of brush and broom,
Who scour the stars and light the gloom;
We dust the moon and sweep the sky,
And shake the pillows till the feathers fly.

The sons of Mars have brought us here
To sweep the earth and bring good cheer;
We've soap and water, broom and mop
To scour the street and steeple-top.

We never fail, so watch the dust
When we begin to move the crust—
When things are clean, on brooms we'll fly
To home again up in the sky !

DAVID BYRNE, A. B., '27.



BASEBALL

The last half of the 'Varsity baseball campaign was disastrous for all concerned because it found the team floundering in the depths of ignominious defeat. The all too numerous errors were entirely uncalled for as the men hit well enough to win these games. The pitching staff rendered a calibre of twirling that was on a par with any college hurling crew hereabouts, but the support of the men behind was weak, and consequently little could be accomplished in the way of victories. The Red and Blue played nine contests in all, winning three and losing the rest. The last three engagements were with St. Francis College and Grove City, two games with the latter.

The fracas at Loretto placed the team in dire straits as the members on the squad who were attending the Law school had to remain at home for their examinations. Due to this misfortune Vic Latriam who had been on the sick list for several weeks was forced to do the mound work. The Monessen lad performed in great fashion, but a few close decisions at the plate turned the tide of battle in favor of the Saints, and the 'Varsity was nosed out by a two run margin.

A great rival next appeared on the Hill Campus in the personnel of Grove City College. The old basketball feud lingered in the hearts of the players of both teams and the crowd realized the situation and anticipated a hard fought struggle. It was so for five innings. The 'Varsity played in a manner worthy of the applause they were receiving; but, alas, the usual bauble occurred, then another and another, until the entire team blew up in the air. All this time the Crimson was taking advantage of the situation and consequently amassed enough runs to win a half dozen games.

Big Jake Trybus was on the mound for the Duke forces, and after these errors the Grove City lads plastered his offerings to all corners of the Campus, while two swats failed to stay within bounds, and sailed far and wide over the wall. Hartman of

basketball fame twirled for the visitors, and his fast ball was ignored by the Duke hitters, but the enormous lead donated to Grove City was too strong an obstacle to be overcome, so from the fifth inning until the end, everything was Grove City. The game ended with the visitors' victors by the overwhelming score of 15 to 3.

The finale brought the same teams together, but this time at the home of the Crimson. This second encounter was the better, for only in the eighth inning was the game decided in the home team's favor, when Hartman tripled with a runner on the paths, and scored a moment later on a sacrifice, giving his team a one run lead, which was the winning margin. The final score was 7 to 6.

With this game ended the career of Duquesne's peerless athlete. He needs no introduction to the institution's sport followers, as his name has been on the lips of every Duke since his ability has brought him into the limelight of stardom. No school has honored an athlete as Duquesne has honored him. He has earned every jewel in his crown. May he always have the success which marked him while a student at Old Duquesne. May our lasting farewell take! Farewell, Chuck Cherdini!

TENNIS

This year's tennis team bore the Red and Blue gonfalon into the lairs of the Tri-States' best court aggregations and defied them to besmirch it with the stain of defeat. In fourteen games the 'Varsity racquet wielders have met with defeat but twice, bowing to Westminster and Grove City. In both matches lost, at least one Duke regular was unable to appear, and this misfortune cost the court representatives of the Hill institution the Tri-State tennis title. Had these two games been registered as victories, the 'Varsity would have undisputed possession of the championship. Westminster College was the only team not to be defeated by the Dukes. In the two games, the Presbyterians won the first and tied the second, thus giving them a slight edge over the 'Varsity and the right to claim the collegiate title. Grove City managed to slip an unexpected defeat across while Bethany College held the team to a tie. Thus ten encounters were won, two lost, and the same number tied.

Since the last issue nine games were played, of which seven were registered as wins, one defeat and one tie. The first of

these was a home match with Allegheny which ended in a Duke victory. A trip eastward caused Juniata to accept defeat at Huntingdon. Great anxiety for the safety of the team was shown by followers of the 'Varsity, when it was learned that the boys would make the trip in the "Leaping Lena" which they had purchased to transport them on their jaunts. "Hank" O'Brien was destined to place himself behind the wheel and steer the course to Huntingdon. On the team's return, "Hank" stated that he did not realize the multiplicity of telegraph poles until he tried to pilot that crew on the aforesaid trip. However, there were no after affects, and the court artists came home safe enough to wallop W. Va. Wesleyan and Waynesburg College. A snag was struck at Grove City. The Crimson defeated the 'Varsity quite unexpectedly. Jim Creighton was unable to make the trip. This crippled the team to a great extent, and the Grove City aggregation took advantage of things, and snared the aspirants to a Duke championship.

The ensuing brace of matches, both with Thiel College, were victories. The final match of the season, upon which rested the championship of the Tri-State Conference, was to take place at New Wilmington with Westminster College. Both teams were at their best, but tennis is supposed to be a gentleman's game, which fact was not deeply impressed upon the minds of the large gallery that turned out to witness the match. It was anything but a gentleman's game as far as the crowd was concerned. The jeering was uncalled for, but still it grew louder and louder as the match progressed. With all this, the best they could do was to tie at three all. The less said of this affair the better. Our boast is that the 'Varsity can defeat any Tri-State college team on any neutral court at any time.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B., '26.





Exchanges.

It is with kindred feelings of both relief and regret that we lay aside our pen—relief that we are freed from our arduous task of attempting to aid without offending, regret that we cease to be, in ever so small a way, of service to our fellows, provided, as we hope, that we have been of some service throughout the past year. At any rate we can safely guarantee that our successors will just as capably, and our modesty prompts us to say even more capably, perform the duties of this department during the coming year.

In our own paper, laying aside all prejudice and egotism, we take a just pride and merited satisfaction. To our Editor-in-Chief is to be attributed almost the total of the MONTHLY's success and progress in the past year. His literary ability and journalistic efficiency stand unsurpassed at Duquesne.

Toward the journals that came before us we have endeavored to be sincere and truthful; never failing to commend where we felt that praise was due; yet censuring, by way of suggestion, what we considered below the standard of what a college journal should be. Our general impression of the year is that the college magazine is keeping pace with the times as well as maintaining the literary standard that should be its distinguishing feature. To get down to a final analysis of a student's purpose in attending school one must admit that the art of self expression is his ultimate aim. It is only when one has mastered this art that one can exert an influence over and be of a service to one's fellow creatures. In these days of progress—for in spite of the views of the cynics and reformers civilization is to-day moving forward by leaps and bounds—no more patent or far-reaching means can be employed in achieving this than the "press"; for which reason we consider the school paper one of the most important factors, if not the most important factor, in the curriculum of any institution of learning. It is the dress rehearsal previous to the real performance.

Now that we have managed to squeeze in our private, personal idea, we had best get back on the track. Wishing to thank our fellow editors for their exchanges, we hope that they will

continue to favor us in the future. Neither time nor space would permit that we review all the papers that came before us throughout the term, but we will welcome all renewals during the coming year. To any whom we might have in any way offended we extend profuse apologies, hoping that, when the storm had subsided and tranquillity set in, they regarded our remarks as we intended that they should be regarded.

REGIS C. GUTHRIE, A. B. '25



C. S. M. C.

Over twelve hundred Crusaders of Duquesne University and of other schools, guests of the Father Simon Unit of Duquesne, joined forces in an immense Mission Rally held Monday, June 11th, in the New Gymnasium. Noted priests and prelates addressed the throng, both at morning services in the University Chapel, and at the mission meeting in the afternoon.

At the Mass, which was celebrated by the Right Reverend Henry Gogarty, C. S. Sp., Bishop of Kilima Njaro, Father D. A. Lawless, president of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine preached the sermon. In words glowing with the zeal and enthusiasm of the true missionary, the reverend speaker sketched the vastness of the work that confronts the Church to-day. He urged all Crusaders to hearken to the call to serve if God should summon them.

Other dignitaries of the Mass, besides Bishop Gogarty, were the Very Reverend M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., president of Duquesne, assistant priest; the Reverend Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., vice-president of Duquesne, deacon; the Reverend Thomas McCarty, C. S. Sp., sub-deacon, and Father Zaborowski, C. S. Sp., master of ceremonies. The Right Reverend Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., president of St. Vincent's College, offered Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament following the Mass. The Senior Polyphonic Choir, under the direction of Father F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., also assisted.

At the huge rally in the afternoon, Bishop Gogarty and Archabbot Aurelius were the principal speakers. Their talks were interesting, instructive, and, above all, inspiring. The Bishop is about to leave for his diocese in the heart of Africa, and the Archabbot has but recently returned from China where he spent some weeks in an exhaustive study of conditions at the University of Peking. Father Celestine, C. P., and Father McGolrick likewise made eloquent appeals to the students to lend active aid to the missions. Father Hehir, in his concluding remarks, stressed the need of vocations. Paul G. Sullivan, president of the Father Simon Unit, spoke the address of welcome and Father Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., acted as chairman. Music was furnished by Professor Charles B. Weis and his Students' Orchestra.

With this splendid affair, the Units of the University closed a year of mission activity in both the spiritual and material sense, carrying on to the end with the missionary fervor of true Crusaders.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B. '27



Duquesnicula.

Waiter: "Where's that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Frosh: "Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."—*Punch Bowl*.

A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip. The horse lost.—*Columbia Jester*.

"Is this pre-war stuff?"

"Yes, sir. It's always followed by a fight."—*Life*.

First Student: "I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?"

Second Student: "Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar."—*Dirge*.

BETTER THAN BEFORE.—G. D. Seymour, Hit by Auto, Is Improved.—*Headline in New Haven (Conn.) Register. (Via Literary Digest.)*

Chemistry Prof.: "Name three articles containing starch."

Student: "Two cuffs and a collar."—*Epworth League Herald*.

"Are you fond of music?"

"Not very, but I prefer it to popular songs."—*Boston Transcript*.

"That's a nice suit you're wearing, old chap. Will you give me the address of your tailor?"

"With pleasure, providing you don't give him mine."—*Royal Magazine*.

Small Boy: "Dad, how do they catch lunatics?"

Father: "With face powder, beautiful dresses, and pretty smiles, my son."—*Tit-Bits*.

Agent: "You'd better let me write that insurance for you, Rastus."

Rastus: "No, sah, boss; ah's none too safe at home as it is."—*Libertarian*.

"Josh," said Farmer Wilkins to his son, "I wish, if you don't mind, you'd eat off by yourself instead of with the summer boarders."

"Ain't my society good enough for 'em?"

"Your society's all right, but your appetite sets a terrible example."—*Mutual Magazine*.

Wife: "How would you like mother for lunch, dear?"

Fed-up Husband: "Fried!"—*Passing Show*.

Ermyntrude: "They tell me you love music."

Reginald: "Yes, but never mind; keep right on playing."

The Sydney Bulletin.

"The dealer made you pay more than this car is worth," commented the candid friend.

"I know it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm selling him a piece of property, and I want to convey the impression that I am guileless and easy."—*Washington Star*.

All joking aside, these intelligence tests really do indicate those who have brains. Those who have, don't take them.
Purple Parrot.

Customer: "It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

Butcher: "Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."
Illinois Wesleyan Argus.

OPTIMISTS—ONCE UPON A TIME. The man who tried to get Los Angeles the night company came in to hear his radio.

The man who bought pre-war stuff from a strange boot-legger.

The man who thought it was all right for son to have a car of his own.

The man who thought a flivver was a match for an express train.

The man who thought a husband was head of the house.

Those still living are among our leading pessimists now.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Station Sergeant: "What! back again?"

Habitué: "Yes, sir. Any letters?"—*Passing Show.*

BUTLER, A. B., '25—YEAGLIN, A. B., '26.



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